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MEMOIRS OF
BERTHA VON SUTTNER

Bertha v. Suttner

MEMOIRS OF
RTHA VON SUTTNER

THE RECORDS OF AN EVENTFUL LIFE

AUTHORIZED TRANSLATION

VOLUME I

PUBLISHED FOR THE INTERNATIONAL SCHOOL OF PEACE
GINN AND COMPANY, BOSTON AND LONDON
1910

943
S96m

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PREFACE

TO MY ENGLISH AND AMERICAN READERS

It is a great gratification to me that the story of my life — which I cannot suppose to be of general interest except in so far as it is linked with the story of a world-wide movement — is now put before the great community of the English-speaking nations; for it is in these very nations that the origin of that movement is to be sought, and by them its final victory is being most efficiently hastened. I have been brought to a clear recognition of this fact especially by the days I have spent in the United States and in England in recent years. There I perceived with astonishment and admiration how in these two countries (especially in America) the peace problem, still largely antagonized or ignored on the continent of Europe, has not only met with widespread comprehension but also received already a positive and practical working out. Little of this is told in the present book; yet in it I have set down the fact that the reading of English scholars and thinkers (Herbert Spencer, Henry Thomas Buckle, etc.) was what opened my mind to take in the peace cause, and furthermore that a tract of the London Peace Association presided over by Hodgson

Pratt, accidentally coming to my knowledge, gave the initial occasion for all that I have endeavored to do as a helper in the peace movement.

In the year 1904 I came to America on the occasion of the Boston Congress. Of the sublime impressions that I there received I give a brief and fragmentary account in the supplementary chapter appended to this edition. In the year 1907 I attended the Interparliamentary Conference in London, and there had opportunity to hear Campbell-Bannerman speak; his proposals for the limitation of armaments, and for a League of Peace among states, bore renewed witness to the pacifist disposition of British statesmen. A year later, while the Peace Congress was being held in London, it was my privilege to meet the King and Queen of England; and in words that I heard from the mouth of Edward VII, and in those which he caused to be written to me by his private secretary, Lord Knollys, I have confirmation of the fact that the name by which he has passed into history, Edward the Peacemaker, is in full measure his due.

At the last moment, just as I am writing these lines, the question of the peace of the world has led to the taking of remarkable steps in America. The most prominent men in the Union—Taft, Roosevelt, Elihu Root, Knox, etc.—are coming forward with positive proposals for the organization of the world, and the House of Representatives has accepted a most significant law. Of this one of the greatest American

workers for peace writes me as follows in a letter dated from Skibo Castle, June 30, 1910:

. . . The greatest news received lately is the passing of a bill by the House and Senate of the United States, establishing a commission to take measures to bring about a League of Peace among nations. Mr. Roosevelt is to be chairman. This means business. America is now in earnest. We hope she will no longer be dragd into enormous armaments. The good work goes bravely on.

Always yours
Andrew Carnegie

Yes, indeed: our brothers of the English-speaking race — especially those in the young New World — " mean business " when they undertake anything. And their enterprises are not (as an old prejudice assumes) limited to the commercial and financial domain, but embrace the region of the highest human thought, and rest upon the deepest ethical foundations.

BERTHA v. SUTTNER

VIENNA, 1910

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PART ONE

1843–1861

I

CHILDHOOD

My certificate of baptism · The revolution of 1848 · Landgrave Fürstenberg · The Feather Ball · Castle Matzen

WHAT gives me some justification for publishing my experiences is the fact that I have met many interesting and distinguished contemporaries, and that my participation in a movement which has gradually grown to be of historic consequence has given me many glimpses into the political affairs of our time; and that hence, all in all, I have something to say that is really worth publishing.

Of course, if I meant to tell only of this period of my life, I should have to confine myself to the history of the past fifteen or twenty years, and wholly forego conjuring up pictures from my youth; and I should have to deny myself the writing down of those personal recollections which my whole changeful life has stamped upon my memory. But I will not deny myself this. Now that I have been induced by the above-mentioned reason to write my memoirs, it shall be a genuine record of a life. Once again shall the stages of the long journey come in due order before my inward eye, and from them what seems to me suitable for reproduction shall be photographed on these pages.

So, without further exordium, let us begin:

The beginning of all human life is birth. Where and when and in what environment I came into the world is most authentically shown by my certificate of baptism. Here is the copy of that document:

CERTIFICATE OF BAPTISM

ad W.E. 200

From the Register of Births and Baptisms of the Parish of St. Maria-Schnee, Lib. XIII, pag. 176, it is hereby officially certified that in the year one thousand eight hundred and forty-three (1843) on the ninth day of June was born in S.C. 697/2, and on the twentieth day of the same month was baptized in accordance with the use of the Catholic Christian Church by the then parish priest, the Reverend Father Thomas Bazán,

Bertha Sophia Felicita Countess Kinsky of Chinic and Tettau, legitimate (posthumous) daughter of the Right Honorable Franz Joseph Count Kinsky of Chinic and Tettau, retired Royal and Imperial Lieutenant Field-Marshal and Actual Chamberlain, born in Vienna — a legitimate son of his Excellency the Right Honorable Ferdinand Count Kinsky of Chinic and Tettau, Royal and Imperial Chamberlain and Grand Steward and seigneur of the domain of Chlumec, by his wife the Honorable Lady Christine, born Princess Liechtenstein — and his wife, the Honorable Lady Sophia Wilhelmine Countess Kinsky of Chinic and Tettau, born Von Körner, born in Prague (a legitimate daughter of the Honorable Herr Joseph von Körner, Captain of Cavalry in the Royal and Imperial Army, by his wife Frau Anna, born Hahn).

The sponsors at the christening were Barbara Kraticek, lady's maid, and the Honorable Herr Arthur Count Kinsky of Chinic and Tettau. Midwife Frau Sabina Jerábek of S.C. 124.

Hereto witness the hand of the undersigned, and the parish seal.

Prague, Parish of St. Maria-Schnee, November 27, 1866

Dr. (illegible)

Minister at St. Maria-Schnee

At this christening service — though I vowed and abjured so many things in it — I was not present. For I do not understand by the word "I" the living corporeal form in which it is contained, but that self-consciousness which is absent both in infancy and also at frequent intervals throughout life: in sleep, in fainting, in narcotic stupefaction, under the influence of drugs, and in a great many moments when one merely breathes and does not think, look, hear; when one merely continues his existence vegetatively until the I resumes its functions.

Prague, then, was the city where they set up my cradle, over which, as over all cradles, so much was unprophesied. But my mother, who at my birth was already a widow, soon moved to Brünn, and what I remember of childhood is events that took place in the Moravian capital.

There I see myself standing by the window — five years old — and looking down into the "great square," where a noisy throng is in wild commotion. A new word strikes upon my ear, — Revolution. Every one is looking out; every one is repeating the new word and is greatly excited. What my sensations were I no longer remember, but at any rate I too was excited, else the picture and the word would not have impressed themselves on my mind. But there is no more to it. The picture does not arouse any comprehension; the word has no meaning. Thus appears my first experience of a historical event.

But my memory reaches farther back, and shows me a scene which I was concerned in at the age of three, and which stirred me far more powerfully than the political overturnings of the year 1848.

I am about three years old. It is a beautiful afternoon, and my mother and my guardian are planning to take me with them to a picnic in the Schreibwald. The Schreibwald, a favorite place for excursions from Brünn, shines among my memories of childhood as the sum of all natural beauty, festive joy, woodland shade, mountain-climbing, social meals, — in a word, as the acme of that combination of delights known as a picnic. At that date, on the memorable afternoon, all these experiences were doubtless not yet part of my consciousness; perhaps it was the very first time I was to be taken to the Schreibwald; but to me the name was forever afterwards associated with the following event.

They dressed me in a white cashmere frock trimmed with narrow red braid. A superb thing — décolleté; I can still see before me the pattern of the braiding, I could draw it on paper. How the onlookers would marvel when they espied that! I felt myself beautiful in it, positively beautiful. And then my guardian, looking out of the window (I can see him too in his general's uniform), remarked that it was clouding up, it would probably rain. There followed a short session of the cabinet, — the general, my mother, and the chambermaid Babette, — and the decision was announced: the beautiful new frock might suffer harm.

"Put an old frock on the countess," was my mother's command. But the countess declared most positively that she protested against it. I am in the new frock: *j'y suis, j'y reste;* with this plagiarism thirty years in advance of its original she made known her inflexible will. Perhaps, as a matter of fact, not so much with words as with shrieks and stamping of feet.

But consequently the next picture in this indelible picture gallery shows me the brilliantly clad, beautiful, and energetic creature laid on a large table, her face against the table-top, her red-embroidered frock lifted by the obliging hand of the tall army man who stood by; and from the maternal hand, slap, slap, the first whipping, with its burden of despair and dishonor, came down on the object.

Yes, despair: that there could be such great woe in the world, and the world not go to pieces under it, was most likely incomprehensible to me. At last the wild sobbing subsided; I was stood in a corner and had to beg for pardon — the victim of such grievous outrage, beg for pardon into the bargain! But I did; unhappy I was, deeply unhappy, but subdued. To-day I do not know why this occurrence made such a deep impression on my soul; was it injured vanity on account of the ravishing frock, or injured honor on account of the disciplinary procedure? Probably both.

Still another picture is fixed in my memory. Oh, I must have been a very vain and pleasure-loving little ninny! My mother comes into the nursery; she is

wearing a beautiful gown, such as I have never yet seen on her, and jewelry on her bare neck: mamma is going to the ball, and they explain to me that this is a festivity where all are dressed so beautifully as that and dance in rooms that are all lighted up. I want to be taken with her, to go to the ball too. "Yes, my little roly-poly is going to the ball too." (I scream with delight.) "To the Feather Ball she is going." With that the beautiful mamma kisses me and goes. "So," says Babette, "now we will get ready for the Feather Ball." And she begins to undress me, which I permit in joyful anticipation. But when, instead of being dressed in my best, I am put to bed and learn that this is the Feather Ball, I break out in wild sobbing, deceived, trifled with, humiliated.

I must delay a moment over the portrait of my guardian. It cast a friendly radiance over all my childhood and early youth. Friedrich, Landgrave of Fürstenberg, had been the comrade and friend of my deceased father, and he faithfully fulfilled till his death the duties which he had undertaken as guardian and protector and watchful friend to the fatherless child. I simply worshiped him; I regarded him as a being of a higher race, to whom I owed and gladly rendered unconditional obedience, honor, and love. He was an elderly gentleman, past fifty, when I came into the world; and, such being the way of children in judging age, he seemed to me ever so old, but ever so dear. So

smiling, so jolly, so lordly, so indescribably kind. That confectionery that he used to bring with him! those rich Christmas presents that he gave me! that care for my education, my health, my future!

Lordly — he was a lord in fact. A member of the proudest Austrian nobility, Master of the Ordnance, ultimately captain of the *Arcièrengarde*, one of the highest positions at the court. He was never absent at any of the great court functions, and brought me such lovely bonbons from every imperial dinner. His lofty station inspired me with pride rather than awe. For me he was "Fritzerl," to whom I said *du;* on whose knee I used to climb, as long as I was little, and pull his mustache.

He died unmarried. His life was so methodically ordered, it ran its course so free from cares and passions, between service and sociality, that the wish to change it never arose in him. In Vienna he occupied handsome bachelor quarters in the Inner City; in Moravia he had a domain where he often spent a few weeks of the summer to see what his factors were doing; but he preferred, instead of living in his own lonely castle, to spend the summer months as a guest at the homes of his old mother and his various sisters. He never took journeys. At the Austrian boundary-monuments the world came to an end for him. Devotion, both churchly and military, had an essential place, I will not say among the virtues of his character, but among the virtues of his station in life. He was never

absent at any Sunday mass, any feast of the church, or any parade. He had an enthusiasm for Field Marshal Radetzky, whom he had known well personally. The glory of the Austrian army was in his eyes one of the most admirable constituents of the universe. Society (by this name he distinguished the circle in which he was born and in which he moved) was to him the only class of human beings whose lives and fates interested him; and he always attended all the great functions given at the houses of the Schwarzenbergs, the Pallavacinis, etc. In the Adelskasino he had his regular rubbers of whist with sundry friends of his own rank. He was fond of card-playing in general — not gambling games, for he was in the highest degree steady, but innocent games such as piquet, omber, tarteln. This last he used to play with my mother at his twice-a-week morning visit to our house, and I was allowed to sit by to mark the points of the game with my little pencil. The various marriages in society interested him greatly; he had a troop of nephews and nieces who made more or less successful matches. He himself, though the male line was to become extinct with him, did not think of marrying. The reason was that he cherished an affection for a lady who, while she was the widow of an aristocrat, was not by birth capable of being presented at court, so a marriage with her appeared to be simply out of the question. He would not cause such a vexation to his family — and at bottom it would have been a vexation to him

too; for everything that was out of the rut, outside of tradition, outside of "correctness," went against his grain.

This figure stands before my memory as a type of the old-fashioned Austrian: a type of which there are doubtless some specimens still, but which, as is the fate of all types, is dying out. Our country is now made up of Slavs, Germans, Croats, Italians, (it would not do at all to say Magyars, they would grievously resent it,) and a few more nationalities, but the collective name "Austrian" cannot again become a proudly patriotic conception until — if ever — all the different races, with individual autonomy, form a federative state as do the Germans, French, and Italians in Switzerland. A friend of mine — a middle-class man, but one who is made very welcome at court — was lately telling me of an interview that he had with the Emperor not long ago. In the course of a political conversation the Emperor asked him to what party he belonged: "To the one which has only a single adherent, that is myself." "And what party is that?" "The Austrian, your Majesty." "Well, how about me? don't you count me?" rejoined Franz Joseph, smiling.

— To come back to the past and my dear Fritzerl. It is a good thing that he did not live to see the events of 1866. The defeats in Bohemia, the severance of Venetia, — it would have cut him to the heart. And he would have found it simply incomprehensible, as it were a calamity violating all the laws of nature,

and especially all divine ordinance. In that conception of the world which characterizes the type that I refer to, an essential point is the belief that Austria is the center of the world, and that any disaster which befalls it — especially any disaster in war — means an unnatural neglect of duty on the part of Providence. Unless such defeats be meant as punishment, as merited chastisement for the spread of unbelief, the dissolution of morals,[1] the dissemination of revolutionary ideas. Then, surely, there is no help but by introducing strict discipline, reorganizing the army vigorously; then perhaps the Creator can be reconciled and the history of the world corrected by future reconquests. Fritzerl was spared these pains and these reflections.

If I said just now that there were still living some specimens of that type, I was probably mistaken. It is simply impossible that to-day the world is still mirrored in any head as it was mirrored in the heads of those who were born within the eighteenth century, who lived during the first introduction of the railway, who held the first photograph in their hands, who saw with some repugnance the displacement of oil lamps by petroleum. Essential to that old Austrian type (and it is the same with the old English and other old national types) is a certain limitation of experience and knowledge which to-day can no longer exist even in the most conservative circles.

[1] *Sitten*, like French *mœurs* and Latin *mores*, has the double meaning of "morals" and of "customs," "manners." — TRANSLATOR.

That types alter from generation to generation, that outlooks, views, feelings change, is a fact of which one can best judge by one's self when one looks back into the past. For every man, though in most cases he hugs the delusion of being a uniform continuous ego with definite qualities of character, is himself a chain of the most diverse types. Every new experience — leaving quite out of account the bodily changes of blooming and fading, of health and disease — modifies the mental essence. How much one sees, whether with the bodily eye as a landscape or with the mental as an outlook on the world, is not a matter of stronger or weaker eyesight, but peculiarly a matter of horizon.

If I look back into my childhood and youth, I do not see myself as the same person, as having altered, but see standing side by side the most diverse girl forms, each with a different horizon of ideas and filled with different hopes, interests, and sensations. And if I set beside them the forms from my maturer womanhood, or my present age, what have I (beyond the mere recollection, as faint as the recollection of pictures long since seen, or books long since read) in common with those phantoms, or they with me? Dissolving mists, flying shadows, a passing breath, is what life is.

My first love was no meaner a person than Franz Joseph I, Emperor of Austria. To be sure I had never seen him, — only his picture, — but I idolized him ardently. That he would marry me did not seem to me at all beyond the bounds of possibility; on the

contrary, fate owed me something of the sort. Of course I should have to wait five or six years yet, for I recognized that a ten-year-old child could not be made empress. I should have to have bloomed out into a maiden of fifteen or sixteen, the most beautiful maiden in the land; the young sovereign would sometime espy me, enter into a conversation with me, be ravished with my qualities of mind, and immediately lay his august person at my feet. That was the time when I was convinced that the world had a fairy-tale fortune ready for me. I exerted myself sincerely to deserve it and to be ready to show brilliantly, when it came, that I had found my right place; learning, learning, practicing, practicing, amazing myself with my progress and knowledge. I was a real infant prodigy — in my own eyes. It is true that I spoke French and English well (from my earliest childhood I had had French and English *bonnes*), I played the piano remarkably well, I had read an enormous deal: the Abbé Fleury's *Histoire de France*, *Le Siège de la Rochelle;* Victor Hugo's *Ruy Blas* and *Marie Tudor;* half of Schiller, Fladung's Physics; "Jane Eyre," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," — those were the books (not children's books, it will be seen) in which I reveled at that age. Besides, I loved to dip into the cyclopedia and pluck blossoms of all branches of knowledge. From love of learning? I will not assert it; I think those lovely blossoms seemed to me desirable only to make a wreath of for my adornment.

As an evil chance would have it, so soon as the year 1854 — consequently I was only eleven years old — Emperor Franz Joseph espied his cousin Elisabeth, engaged in conversation with her, and laid his august person at *her* feet. I was not exactly unhappy (there are plenty more fairy princes), but thenceforth I took a lively interest in Elisabeth of Bavaria, sought for portraits of her, thought she bore some resemblance to me, and imitated her way of doing her hair. You see, my actual vehement passion for my young liege had died out some time since. *Chiodo caccia chiodo;* the Italians use this proverb to illustrate the fact that one love expels another.

On my eleventh birthday I had been taken to the theater for the first time. "The White Lady"[1] was given. Ah, but that George Brown! ("What joy to be a soldier!") Yes, that is the comeliest profession — next to that of opera tenor. For anything more captivating than that singer, — I still remember his very name, Theodor Formes, so the impression must have been deep, — anything more chivalrous I had never dreamed of. The prince destined for me must look like that. He would not even have to be a prince; only, if possible, in case he was not a tenor, — I would not have given Herr Formes the mitten, — at any rate a soldier. In telling this I see that I was a silly girl, to be sure, but not a genuine child. That is probably due

[1] *La Dame blanche*, opera by Adrien François Boïeldieu, composed in 1825. Theodor Formes died in 1874, at the age of forty-eight. — TRANSLATOR.

to my not having had any playmate of my own age, but living only in the world of books, whose heroes were themselves not children but grown people, whose fortunes turned mostly upon love and marriage.

The most important thing in the universe, anyhow, was my little person. The course of the world was only the machinery whose wheels were all geared for the purpose of preparing a radiant good fortune for me. Was I alone such a foolish, conceited child, or is this center-of-the-world feeling a natural feeling in general among children and creatures of limited intelligence? Is modesty a noble fruit which ripens only on the tree of experience and knowledge?

It is just by this that the type of a man or of a class may be authentically gauged — by *what appears important.* Of notable importance to me in those days of childhood, besides the all-overtopping "I," were the Christmas festival; the great spring house-cleaning; the Old Ladies' Home at Brünn; chestnut-gathering in the paths of the Augarten, carpeted with autumn leaves; Fritzerl's visits, my mother's beautiful singing, this mother's axiomatic great love for me, and my love for her, which was so great that when she went to Vienna for two or three days I would sob for hours as if my heart were broken.

With such a circle of importance I might frame all the various sections of my life, and thereby most clearly realize the phases, from that first memory of the important pattern of braid on the white cashmere frock

down to the ideal of an assured international reign of law, which to-day appears to me a thing so important as to discount everything else.

Here it is a question of something that is yet to come into existence, and I think that attention to such things is but rare. Most people — and with them I in the earlier epochs of my life — take the surrounding world and the prevailing conditions as something given, axiomatic, almost unalterable, upon whose origin one thinks but little, and upon making any possible change in it not at all. As the air is here for breathing, and one is not called upon to make any change in it, so the given social order — political and moral — is here to furnish the atmosphere, the vital air, of our social existence. Of course one does not think that in these words, for the conception I speak of is altogether artless; that is, it exists rather in sensation than in consciousness, just as we also, without becoming conscious of it, draw breath constantly and do not think of the quantity of nitrogen and oxygen in the air.

The recollection of a visit to the country in the year 1854 has remained vividly fixed in my memory. To this day I see before me different pictures of the castle, garden, and forest of the domain of Matzen, while so many other scenes which I have since looked upon have vanished from my memory. A peculiar camera it is that one carries in his head, in which many pictures etch themselves so deeply and clearly, while

others leave no trace. It must be that the apparatus just snaps open for a moment in the brain, but remains closed most of the time, so that the outer world does not get photographed.

Then was not the first time that I had been at Matzen, but of the earlier visit I have only a very dim idea. I only see myself carried into the drawing-room in the nurse's arms to be caressed there by the lady of the house, Aunt Betty Kinsky, and her two grown daughters, Rosa and Tinka. In the year 1854, when my mother was invited to Matzen again, Aunt Betty no longer held sway there; she had died some years previously, and the daughters had married away,— Rosa to a Baron Hahn in Graz, Tinka to General Count Crenneville, commandant of the fortress of Mainz. Mainz, you know, was at that time an Austrian garrison. How things do shift on this changeable surface of our earth — where everything, indeed, is in a continual process of change; but more swiftly and unexpectedly than mountains and valleys, than the forests and cities of a country, do its political boundaries and dependencies change.

To come back to Matzen, which still stands on the same spot, but which I have not seen again since then, — it was at that time under the dominion of a newly married couple. On the same day when Emperor Franz Joseph celebrated his wedding with Elisabeth of Bavaria, Count Christian Kinsky, the present lord of Matzen and Angern, had brought home his bride,

Countess Therese Wrbna. A handsome and happy young couple.

A merrier, wittier man than "Christl" Kinsky cannot be imagined. To this all Vienna society bears witness. Even at an advanced age, in the anything but merry position of provincial marshal, he was able to bring gayety and good humor even into the party-rent provincial assembly hall.

The castle, old and towered, stands on a wooded mountain; from the second story a door leads out to a bit of level ground on which a decorative garden is planted, and before the garden grill lies the forest. A pavilion stands in the garden, and on the table in it lay colored glasses, blue, yellow, red. They had me look out upon nature through these (this memory dates from an earlier visit at Matzen, when I was still quite small), and to see this blue forest, this yellow garden, this green sky, was a magical surprise to me — I screamed with happiness. Oh, there is nothing to beat having been just lately born, and feeling as new everything — everything — that the world offers; tasting everything for the first time. It would be fine to keep being born over again and keep beginning everything over again from the start, traversing again the magic realm of surprises that dazzles us with the first colored glass, with the first Christmas-tree candle, somewhat later with the first kiss, and always as an undreamed-of virgin country. . . .

II

EARLY YOUTH

Elvira · Playing "puff" · My mother's singing · Clairvoyant Aunt Lotti · Roulette and trente-et-quarante · Castles in the air · My first journey · Season in Wiesbaden · Return · Grillparzer and Ebner-Eschenbach at Elvira's · Radetzky's death · A schoolgirl romance

When I was nearly twelve years old I was for the first time vouchsafed the good fortune of getting a companion of almost my own age.

A sister of my mother, known to me as Aunt Lotti, came on a visit, accompanied by her only daughter, Elvira. We two girls were fired with friendship for each other. I say "fired," for our mutual affection was an ardent one, and Elvira in particular showed a real adoration for me.

Aunt Lotti was the widow of a Saxon named Büschel, by occupation a gentleman of leisure and bookworm. Elvira had, so to speak, grown up in her father's library. Büschel's favorite department had been philosophy, and he conversed with his little one mainly about Hegel, Fichte, and Kant. For refreshment from such heavy diet he handed her Shakespeare. And for very special sugarplums, Uhland, Körner, Hölderlin. Of course the result of this education was a little bluestocking. Elvira had begun writing at the age of eight, — songs, ballads, and the

like, — and when I made her acquaintance she had already composed several dramas in prose and a few tragedies in verse. That she was to become the greatest poetess of the century was a settled thing in her mind, in Aunt Lotti's, and in mine. Perhaps she would have, if an early death had not snatched her away. She did win the recognition of great connoisseurs — I name only Grillparzer, who read her pieces with admiring amazement and prophesied a great future for her. In our family circle her genius was undisputed. And she had that quality which stands for half of genius, iron-faced industry. Every day she — the child — voluntarily spent three or four consecutive hours at the writing-desk and wrote, wrote, wrote. Often she had several pieces of work on the stocks, — a story, a drama, and various poems in between. I remember the titles of some of the large pieces: one was called "Karl the Sixth," another "Delascar." The name of this last hero (I think he was a Moor) particularly pleased me, and seemed to me to be of itself a guaranty of success. Whether these dramas were ever completed I do not remember. I know I made their acquaintance in the form of outlines — it was only individual scenes that were already finished, certain especially effective monologues. Elvira was an indefatigable user of the file. If on one day she had read to us a great speech of Delascar's, she often let us hear on the next day an entirely new edition of the same speech.

To me her future renown was a tenet of faith. And she did not doubt the fairy-tale fortune that life must bring to me; for, though she conceded my intellectual inferiority (there was not a vestige of literary tendency in me, the lyre was no more my instrument than the French horn), she had unbounded admiration for my physical endowments and social talents — I must become a great lady and take all hearts by storm. As may be seen, we did not fail in mutual appreciation, and this was the soil in which our friendship flourished so luxuriantly.

Elvira did not hope any social successes for herself. She was conscious of her bashfulness and her lack of beauty. Small, with too large a head, a Schiller head, she was certainly not a pretty girl; besides, she was awkward in her movements, helpless in conversation, — no, as a woman she would assuredly never please, while she was convinced (a conviction which I shared) that I as such would achieve all sorts of triumphs. She contented herself with the part destined to her, to become the Sappho of the nineteenth century. A modest little pair of cousins, it must be confessed!

So we were friends and swore lifelong fidelity to each other; we were playmates too. But he who at this word imagines that we played together with dolls or hoops, as would have befitted our age, is mistaken. We played "puff." That was a game invented by us, named so by ourselves, with which we used to amuse ourselves, for hours at a time.

It consisted in this: we acted a comedy. Elvira took the part of the hero, I of the heroine. The hero kept changing: now it was a French marquis, now a Spanish student, or a rich English lord, or a young navy officer, or a statesman who has come to rather mature years, often a king appearing incognito; but I always represented myself, the heroine was always Bertha Kinsky, mostly sixteen or seventeen years old, but in many combinations already getting elderly — say twenty-two or twenty-three. The comedy usually ended with a marriage; but there were occasions when the hero died — then, naturally, it was a tragedy.

Before the game began, the time and place of the action were specified, the hero's name and description had to be settled, and a situation prescribed. For example: In the year 1860 Bertha would be staying at a castle near Moscow as the guest of the Russian ambassador's wife. The lady's brother, Prince Alexander Alexandrovitch Rassumof, a very gloomy and melancholy misanthrope, tall, elegant, dressed in black, with uncannily gleaming eyes, is among the inmates of the house, but rarely shows himself. He is understood to have been through a great misfortune (a dark story of a false woman, of an opponent shot in a duel — the particulars are not known) and to have withdrawn from the world. The scene represents the garden, on the bank of a pond where a few swans are gliding. I am sitting on a bench under a weeping willow with a book in my hand, and from a side alley comes, buried

in deep thought, — Alexander Alexandrovitch. Now, after this was settled, the game could begin, and we said "Puff." By this magic word we were transformed into the dramatis personæ — I into the seventeen-year-old Bertha, Elvira into the mysterious Russian. And the dialogue began. If we wanted to interrupt the game for a moment, we said "Paff," and straightway we were again the two little cousins, telling each other something: a scenic remark, such as "This pencil means a pistol," or perhaps something private that had no connection with the game. And only when "Puff" was pronounced again was the dialogue resumed. To indicate that the one or the other changed color we had special signs: a quick and slight inflation of the cheeks meant a faint blush; vigorous inflation, repeated a few times, meant "suffused with crimson"; a swift, lightning-like drawing down of the corners of the mouth was turning pale; a complete rolling over of the under lip was downright ghostly pallor. The course that the piece was to take was not sketched in advance, but was left to the spontaneous development of the conversations and feelings, for in it we really felt awaking interest in each other, budding affection, and usually, to end with, glowing love that led to union for life. Such a dialogized novel often lasted for days; for we could not go on playing without interruption, since we were called away by other occupations, — lessons, walks, meals, etc. The presence of our mothers did not always disturb us: we sat down

in another corner of the room, out of hearing, said "Puff," and the gloomy Alexander, or whatever was the name of the hero of the day, was there again. To be sure we liked the game better when we were alone, for then the dialogue could be accompanied with telling gestures, and emotion could be expressed by raising our voices. When such a comedy was played through, a new hero and a new situation must be devised. Not always did something suggest itself; if not, we sat or walked together in a state of sober paff, or chatted, till suddenly the one or the other cried *Wasatem.* (Abbreviation for *Ich weiss ein Thema*, "I know a topic.") If the proposed topic seemed good and interesting, then the word was "Puff," and the transformation was accomplished.

I remember that once, when we were playing in our corner of the room, Aunt Lotti, busy with embroidery at the other end, called out, "There, I don't like your cough a bit, Elvira! So dry and so obstinate — we shall have to ask the doctor." Now Elvira had at that time no cough whatever, but we had for several days been engaged in an extraordinarily touching game of puff, in which the lover was a consumptive doomed to death.

I have spoken of my mother's beautiful singing. This singing played a great and influential part in my childhood and later life. My mother always regarded it as a tragical missing of her vocation that she had

not become an opera singer. In her early youth a famous Italian maestro had tested her voice and given her the assurance that no such soprano had been heard since Grisi, Pasta, and Malibran, and to this was to be added her dazzling presence; in short, the loftiest triumphs, the richest harvests of gold, would have lain open to the beautiful girl if she had adopted the theatrical career. Such was the opinion of the maestro, who also undertook to give her singing lessons after the old Italian method, and had, among other things, brought it to pass that she gave Norma's entrance recitative with full-toned and tragic power, again putting to shame all the Grisis, Pastas, and Malibrans. But neither my grandparents nor "Aunt Claudius," who had taken charge of my mother and brought her up, would hear a word of the theater, which in those days was still regarded as a sink of iniquity; and mamma's Norma recitative never rang out on the boards, but very often thereafter in my nursery (where our piano stood), and imprinted itself on my soul as the ne plus ultra of womanly heroism and of operatic art. Druid priestess and mistletoe bough, passion, sublimity, — thus stood in my imagination the gleaming picture of Norma, enveloped in sweetest magic of melody, in unearthly potency of voice.

To her old age my mother felt it as an affront, as a deprivation of all the treasures that nature by her wonderous gifts had destined for her, that she had not been allowed to take a course of training for the

theater. Indeed, if I should prove to have inherited this voice, she might perhaps then be able to experience in her daughter the same triumphs that she had missed; but of course the theatrical career would be still more out of place for a Countess Kinsky than it would have been for Fräulein von Körner, and it would not have done even to tell of such an idea to Fritzerl. Nor did any wish for it awake in me myself. I saw my future plainly before me, it was marked out for me in our daily games of puff: to be grown up and introduced into the world, to have hearts and offers of marriage flying to me, to meet the one, the only one, to whom my heart too would fly, because he was the most aristocratic, the most beautiful, the wisest, richest, and noblest of all. What he would offer to me, and I richly pay back to him, would be perfect and lifelong happiness.

It was soon manifest, too, that I had not a phenomenal voice; and only in such a case could my mother have contemplated the project of an artistic career for me, so there was no more talk of that possibility.

Whether my mother really possessed such a splendid voice as that maestro had persuaded her, and talent with it, of course I could not judge, but I took it on trust as a part of my creed; her singing pleased me very much, but what does a child understand? When I now go back to that time in thought, doubts come up in my mind, for her repertory was very dilettantish. Besides that Norma recitative and the immediately

following adagio, *Casta diva*, she sang only the very easiest songs, making such a selection as — in my present judgment — does not itself give reason for inferring an artistic taste. To be sure, at that time there were no songs by Wolff and Brahms, not to say Richard Strauss; but even in those days pieces like *Du hast Diamanten und Perlen*, "Spanish Serenade," *Blau Äugelein*, *Gute Nacht du mein herziges Kind*, "Oh, tell me, will she come to pray upon my grave," and the like, belonged in the category of street songs and sentimental trash. She was not a pianist, so she could not accompany herself. Three times a week she sang for an hour accompanied by my piano teacher. If he brought a new song she had him play the voice part with the accompaniment, and the learning was a prolonged and toilsome task for her. From all this I now conclude that she was by no means a musical genius; and it takes that, aside from the strength, volume, and tunefulness of the voice, to be a Pasta, Grisi, Malibran, or a Henriette Sontag. My mother told many stories of the fortunes and victories of these celebrated stars; then with the story there sounded the undertone that she had been deprived of enjoying the like successes, and the feeling fastened itself upon me that a great singer was a marvelous sort of being at whose feet all contemporaries knelt in adoration.

My dear mother's was altogether a rather enthusiastic, high-keyed temperament. Often she gave

expression to her feelings in poems; but she had no ambition or vanity connected with this branch of her talents. She did not think herself a gifted poet; but she never lost the conviction that she *could* have been in music a star of the first magnitude.

Soon we had still more leisure to carry on our games of puff, Elvira and I. Our two mothers took a trip to the baths in the summer of the year 1855, and we two stayed at home under the charge of a governess. Their destination was Wiesbaden. The two ladies liked it so well there that in the early summer of the next year they went there again, and this time, — oh indescribable ecstasy — they took us with them. The first considerable journey in my life! Up to that time I had only been taken a few times to Vienna for two or three days, and that had been to me each time a festal occasion; but now a real journey to foreign parts, a prospective stay of weeks or perhaps months in a famous resort — it was too heavenly!

Besides, utility was to be combined with pleasure there. For nothing less was intended than to carry off one or two millions from the gaming-table. Aunt Lotti regarded herself as a clairvoyant. She was always having to do with presentiments, dreams, magnetic sleep, and such things. During the epidemic of table-tipping she had also been an extraordinary medium. Under her fingers the tables danced and

leaped, and then even cupboards that weighed hundreds of pounds, etc. I often saw it myself; and when I helped form the chain there was such a coruscating "fluid" coming into my finger-tips too, that everything that I touched—the tables, the piano teacher's tall hat, and the piano itself—began to run around. I remember it clearly, and could therefore come out as a palmary witness for table-tipping if I were not distrustful of the testimony of a child's perception. It may have been imagination. But Aunt Lotti would not let any doubts be raised as to the whole sphere of the occult in general. Nothing could offend her more than not to acknowledge her gift of second sight.

In other respects she was a very sensible woman, and, as the widow of a scholar who had made her a participant in his intellectual concerns, she was many-sided in her culture and free-thinking in her tendencies; so her vein of occultism could not be taken as childish superstition. There was something else too. She often suffered from convulsions, and readily fell into hypnotic sleep, which in those days was not yet called by that name but by that of magnetic sleep, and the visions of which were rated as clairvoyance. The result was that she regarded these phenomena, which lay beyond the range of her normal waking life, as an especially mysterious power of her own, a power of vision reaching into the future.

During her stay at Wiesbaden the preceding year she had learned that when she went into the roulette room

a number came into her mind, and then this number won. She did not play, she only noticed this in silence. My mother preferred to look on at the playing in the trente-et-quarante room, and she thought she perceived in herself too the gift of foreseeing when black won. She too did not play; but when they were back from the journey neither of the two sisters could get rid of the idea that it would really be an easy thing for them to get a colossal fortune out of the German banks.

But such a thing was not to be lightly undertaken; it was essential to test the phenomenon. So Aunt Lotti got a little bag with thirty-six numbers and a zero, my mother six packs of cards, and now a systematic test was carried out. Aunt Lotti threw herself into a sort of trance by fixed staring and concentrated thinking, till a number flashed through her brain; then Elvira put her hand in the bag and drew out a number. To be sure, it was not invariably the foreseen one, but very often an adjoining or similar one. For instance, the seer's number was 5 and the drawn one was 6 (adjoining) or 25 (similar); so the method was determined to be that the transversals of the number thought of should be bet on. Only those who know roulette will understand me; I consider it superfluous to make myself clearer to others, as I have not the least intention of starting a propaganda for Aunt Lotti's system of play. Regular accounts were kept of the losses and winnings, and the result was uniformly a large amount of net winnings. Was there

self-deception about it? I do not know; but the imaginary ledger always showed immense accumulations of profit. For the start was made with small stakes, and as the capital grew the stake was increased till it reached the maximum, and in this way there was no limit to the gains. Poor gambling-houses! Would we content ourselves with relieving them of one or two millions, or would we ruin them entirely? That was left for further consideration. The latter would certainly be a moral deed, for gaming is an evil passion by which so many are seduced and ruined or at least injured, for it is a vice which — Aunt Lotti despised gaming; it was hateful to her; but when one was furnished with such a miraculous gift would it not have been a downright *sin* not to lift the treasures to which one needed only to put out a hand?

Aunt Lotti took no stock in my mother's similar plans, for she was no clairvoyant, no natural wonder, only a sort of imitator. It would soon be seen that nothing was to be realized. But my mother's tests came out just as brilliantly. I myself dealt the cards and entered the winnings and losses in a little book. The winnings were always so much the greater that the first million was reached in a few weeks. "Chance," opined Aunt Lotti. Self-deception? I now ask myself in this case also. The figures were there, and now plan-making and air-castle building broke out among us in great style. In the neighborhood of Brünn there is a Liechtenstein domain, Eisgrub, with a marvelous

castle and park; we had seen it once when we were on a picnic. We would buy Eisgrub. Perhaps Prince Liechtenstein would not part with it — well, one can have anything if one only pays a price well above the market value. The castle was most beautifully furnished, but yet a good many things would have to be changed; for instance, I was to have a chamber with porcelain walls and porcelain furniture. This porcelain room afforded me such anticipatory joys of possession as few things ever did. The pink diamonds in my future jewel case were a delight to me too. All people have white diamonds — the pink stones would be something special. But our wishes did not turn merely toward ornament and show; we meant also to practice beneficence on a large scale, i. e. build asylums for the blind, hospitals, etc.; and surprise with adequate properties all our kinsfolk and acquaintances who were suffering from any sort of lack. This whole array of dreams of the future, which had consolidated into an assured expectation, represented "the important thing" to me at that time.

Elvira kept aloof from all this plan-making. She set no store by earthly possessions; the only harvest she wanted to reap was poetic fame; her fancy was too thoroughly busied with its own creations to occupy itself with idle air-castle-building into the bargain. Our games of puff had undergone some modifications now: at present the hero no longer needed to be furnished with wealth, but other combinations were devised. A

poor but proud lieutenant rejecting the adored millionairess who absolutely throws herself at his head, but moved to relent by the sight of her despair threatening to pass into consumption.

Thus the summer of 1856 came on, and the journey to Wiesbaden was undertaken. Each of the million-huntresses carried in her cartridge box (i. e. portemonnaie) a capital of a few hundred florins set apart for this use; and the game bags too, i. e. two big portfolios with combination locks, were in readiness for the noble quarry.

My guardian Fürstenberg was not taken into confidence: he was the personification of propriety and sober sense; anything queer was hateful to him. He did not approve of the journey itself to begin with. If he had known what crazy ideas (for he would certainly have thought them crazy) were connected with it, he would perhaps have put in a veto. He did try to talk them out of the trip to the foreign watering-place; he was particularly not suited with the fact that I was to be taken along. I ought not to be interrupted in my studies; besides, it struck him that my education in the most important things was very backward. Thus, e. g., I was not at all skillful with the needle. To be sure I regaled him every Christmas, and on the day of his patron saint, with embroidered pillows and slippers that teemed with roses and lilies, if it was not cat-heads or lion-heads for variety; but I was not capable of knitting an honest stocking, he knew, and he disapproved. I did not seem to him pious enough

either: I knew the catechism by heart, no doubt, and had taken my first communion, but yet it did not seem to him that I had the right zeal for the faith. took the right pleasure in going to church.

As a counterpart to my guardian, Landgrave Fürstenberg, my cousin had her godfather General Count Huyn. He too had been on terms of close friendship with her father, and continued always anxious about his godchild's welfare. He was more than conventionally pious, he was exaggeratedly pious. He had carried on long discussions with Elvira's father; the Protestant scholar's philosophy accorded but ill with the Catholic aristocrat's religiousness verging on bigotry, but this divergence had been no detriment to their friendship — it was in the sphere of the most profound speculation that they conducted their theologico-philosophical debates, for Count Huyn's piety was not that of simplicity but of Scriptural learning, so both of them found intellectual stimulus in these disquisitions.

Elvira had to write to her godfather every week, and usually received answers — friendly admonitions, little sermons. He knew of her poetic activity, but did not approve of it. Literature seemed to him most unbecoming to women. Virtuous and pious, modest and gentle, industrious, submissive, unassuming, — these were to be the qualities that it was for his little goddaughter Karoline (he never called her Elvira) to acquire. My cousin respected her godfather highly, but did not lay his sermons to heart. She, who had already

read — I will not say understood — Hegel and Fichte and Kant, was not to be reached by the precepts of the primer. As a philosopher's daughter and pupil she had come to take a view of the world which went beyond the line of creeds and represented deism on a basis of natural science.

I too, despite my youth, had fed my mind on Kant and Descartes, had studied Plato's *Phaedo* and Humboldt's *Kosmos*, and along with these the history of the wars of the Inquisition and of religion; and to the question "What religion do you profess?" I should have replied with Schiller, at that time my favorite poet, "None — I am too religious to."

The first long journey—that brings on an indescribably sweet fever. Traveling was not indeed so comfortable at that time as to-day (though the comfort of to-day does still leave a great deal to be desired); there were then neither dining-cars nor toilet-rooms nor sleeping-cars; there was much of martyrdom connected with the ride; yet this journey seemed to me the sum of all enjoyment—nay, more, of all happiness.

When we arrived, our mothers were totally used up; we two schoolgirls felt nothing but sheer bliss. First a day of rest in the hotel, then house-hunting; then moving to a villa on the street that runs along the Kurort to the Dietenmühle; from our balcony one could hear the tones of the music at the Kur. Visit to the Kursaal. Entrance by a vestibule; then

through a great ballroom with marble pillars, then to the right into the suite of gaming-rooms. Children were not admitted there; but we two, Elvira with her fourteen years, I with my thirteen and tall of my age, were regarded as young girls, and the liveried porters made no objections. All four of us wandered through the two roulette parlors, the two trente-et-quarante parlors, and the adjoining reception-rooms. All this was not at that time so gorgeously furnished as are now the gaming-rooms of the Casino at Monte Carlo, but was more like the interior of a castle. After we had seen the halls we went back through the ballroom and out on the other side of the building, to the terrace and the park. In the middle of the park lies a large pond, out of which rises a fountain, and on which dazzlingly white swans float. The music — an Austrian military band from Mainz — is playing on the terrace; and below the terrace stand chairs and tables, and there one sees a numerous and elegant assemblage sitting, standing, walking up and down. Many uniforms among them. The Prussian and Austrian garrisons from the fort, and also the Nassau army, are numerously represented there. Our mothers had a few last year's acquaintances here; among others, a Nassau court dignitary with his wife; and by chance these were present on that first day, so social life was immediately started. That did not at all suit our mothers though: they had come for a far too serious piece of work to give themselves up to sociality. But

in the forenoons they would be free, for the patrons of the place did not assemble till the time of the afternoon music; and perhaps it was even better to take the mind off now and then from the harassing exertion of the efforts to foresee.

A very tall youth in cadet uniform came up to our group. He was a nephew of the Court Marshal of Nassau, and begged to be introduced; Baron Friedrich von Hadeln. The young man saluted respectfully first the older ladies, then, with equal respect, us two. We thanked him graciously: we really were, then, already veritable young ladies.

Friedrich von Hadeln — he may have been eighteen years old — had strikingly noble features, a sort of Roman head. He talked very vivaciously, addressing especially us two. Elvira could not overcome her bashfulness, and remained reticent. I reaped the benefit of the conversational practice in our games of puff, and engaged in a lively dialogue.

The main action of the plot began at once on the next day. Aunt Lotti betook herself to the roulette table and won. While she was in the gaming-room we two girls stayed out on the terrace under my mother's protection. And when my mother then went about her serious task — likewise winning on the first days — Aunt Lotti took up the business of watching over us. My youth fell in a time when a girl of good family must not stay a quarter of an hour unwatched. Ten steps across the street alone — that must not

happen; by that one would have been, if not lost, yet irremediably compromised. The chaperon system, from which the young womanhood of to-day has made its escape by the bicycle, by the tennis-racket, and by the total change of standpoint in general, was then in its fullest vogue.

The thriving business of the millions (each had already doubled her working capital) was carried on only in the forenoon; the afternoon was filled out at the Kur music, or in walks to the Dietenmühle or the Greek chapel, and very frequently young Hadeln joined us. In the villa next door to us there lived an English family, Sir and Lady Tancred, with a seventeen-year-old daughter named Lucy. My cousin became violently infatuated with Lucy, but the little Englishwoman preferred me. I remember a call that the Tancred family made upon us, when the mother (who, be it said, was expecting very soon to be again a mother) sat down to the piano and sang an English ballad. The lady, who may have been thirty-four to thirty-five, seemed to us inordinately old, and the recollection of her performance remained in our memory for years as a fearfully comical episode. To be sure, she also sang without any voice, and with that English exaggeration of accented syllables which in itself is so unmusical. To choke down our laughter cost us an unspeakable effort at the time, and for years it continued to be a favorite comic performance in our circle when I sat down to the piano and sang as

Lady Tancred "Oh — remembrance will come and remembrance will go — oh!"

Every Wednesday there was a ball in the great ballroom of the Kurhaus, but it was a very mixed company that attended. Every Saturday, on the other hand, there was held in the small halls a "*réunion dansante*," to which one had to procure cards of invitation, and in which there came together only the élite of the outsiders and the leaders of local society. Lady Tancred meant to take her daughter to one of these. Our mothers were urged to come too, and to bring us. "Ridiculous!" said they; "such children at a grown people's ball! It's out of the question." But the Tancreds kept soliciting them, and we plied them with the most urgent entreaties, till the scruples gave way. Why, were we being treated as children here at all? Were we not taken to the Kursaal, to the music in the park? did not all the people, especially the young gentlemen, behave toward us as if we were grown up? Oh well, then, so be it; these little *réunions* are not formal balls anyhow, and if it gives the children such very great pleasure. . . .

Meanwhile the great undertaking had fallen off somewhat. The winnings were gone again. Some blunder had been made, against which they would be on their guard in the future — you see it is different here from what it is at home — one gets carried away and plays without regard to the system; such a thing must not happen again. The thing to do now

was, first rest a few days, and then begin at the beginning again and adhere strictly to the rules.

The preparations for the *réunion* were made. We were to wear misty white dresses, and for ornaments — the idea originated with us children — a wreath of cornflowers in our hair, a garland of cornflowers outlining the top of the corsage, and the overskirt caught up with little bunches of cornflowers. In the villa next door lived a florist; the order was given to him. I can still remember how I felt in the greenhouse where the florist took our order: how damp and warm it smelt there, how the red and white and yellow blossoms flamed round about — but loveliest among all the gay flower-mosaic the blue of a mass of cornflowers. Would we not look like elves of the field, so fresh and unassuming and poetic? — And that in the brightly lighted ballroom! We should make a sensation, and we were blissful — blissful as ever silly girls can be before their first ball, which they really have not yet any proper right to attend. But were we not exceptional creatures altogether, born to exceptional fates? If the million-factory did go wrong, what of it? The cornflowers would be a more original adornment than diamonds, and happiness did not lie in the external world and its treasures; it lay in us, in our buoyant sense of youth, in our — let me say it — immeasurable conceit. The one the greatest female dramatist of the future; the other, if nothing else, at any rate a beauty thronged with adorers — Oh, the silly, silly girls!

The great day came on. The florist punctually delivered his garlands: they were fastened to our clothes and into our hair; it really did look pretty, even if not so celestial as in our eyes. There was still daylight — for the month was June and the hour for the assembly was eight — when we, each with her mamma, got into two carriages (in one our toilets would have been crumpled up too much) and arrived at the Kursaal with beating hearts. On entering the brilliantly lighted parlors we saw our image in the ceiling-high mirrors, and observed the fact that the cornflowers appeared no longer blue but lilac. However, this did not impair the originality of the floral ornaments.

We met many acquaintances, and new ones had themselves introduced. Friedrich von Hadeln asked me for the first quadrille. I thought I noticed that a shade of annoyance flew over Elvira's face. My vis-à-vis in this first quadrille of my life was Hadeln's older sister Franziska. When her brother told me Franziska was twenty-three years old, I was amazed that so elderly a young lady still cared to dance, and I felt pity for her.

Among the Nassau officers who had themselves introduced to my mother and me there was a Prince Philipp Wittgenstein, who, as far as I can remember, paid noticeable attentions to me. Was a living game of puff to begin on this very first evening? Nay, for the young lieutenant did not epecially please me, and I did have sense enough to see that I was still rather too young to marry. But it is a fact that a week later,

on occasion of the second *réunion*, Prince Philipp Wittgenstein formally asked my mother for my hand.

My mother laughed: "The child is thirteen years old — under these circumstances you will not take offense at my declining your offer." Thereupon the suitor withdrew. The affair was to me a pleasant little triumph, but I did not take it to heart.

Our stay in Wiesbaden was prolonged into the autumn, and ended with recognition of the fact that it is not so easy to break the bank — easier to break one's self. After alternations of good and bad luck the capital that we brought with us was expended, a supplementary remittance was likewise lost, and the castle of Eisgrub at Brünn and the pink diamonds went up in smoke.

The two ladies did not on that account doubt their miraculous endowments; they only conceded that the excitement of real gambling paralyzes this gift — that one may be clairvoyant enough at home, but at the green table, where real gold is paid out or is drawn in by the pitiless rake, this magnetic force ceases to work. It was painful to renounce the beautiful dream, but against the fact of the fiasco nothing could be said, so the affair was given up; we went back to our home somewhat poorer in money, richer in experience. The two mothers were very much cast down, but the daughters were enraptured with the journey and with their taste of the pastimes of watering-place life. These memories would be something to live on for a long time.

Now we moved from Brünn to Vienna. Social life was over. We were relegated to the schoolroom again, as befitted our age. I devoted myself with redoubled industry to my studies in languages and the piano, and made excerpts from Brockhaus's *Konversationslexikon*. The games of puff grew somewhat rare, for Elvira lived in a distant quarter of the city with her mother, and we came together only once or twice a week. She continued writing poetry. "Delascar," which had been interrupted by the journey to Wiesbaden, was now polished and finished. Then came a comedy, *Der Briefträger* ("The Letter-Carrier"), and a sequence of ballads whose collective title I do not now remember.

The young poetess wanted to get the verdict of experts, and sent her manuscripts to Joseph von Weilen, whose dramas were at that time having much success in the Burgtheater, and to Feldmann, the writer of comedies. And she ventured higher yet: she addressed herself to Grillparzer, who was at the height of his renown, and to Marie von Ebner-Eschenbach, whose star was then beginning to rise.

These two came to call on Elvira, and it was at our apartments. I can still see in my mind the old and somewhat morose Grillparzer as he came into our room, fatigued with stair-climbing. He had a lively conversation with Elvira, and urged her to keep on writing diligently — she might come to produce notable work. And young Marie Ebner — she was twenty-eight at the time — came likewise to return Elvira's visit and

give her verdict. This too, I believe, was favorable. Unhappily I cannot recall the details of these interesting visits. I have retained merely the impression that on that occasion Frau Ebner was especially pleased with *me*, though I was only a secondary person there. Later too, when she corresponded with Elvira or met her, she always inquired with interest for the beautiful (she said "beautiful," I cannot help it, and after nearly half a century it is permissible to claim the long-lost epithet) Countess Kinsky.

Shall I here interpolate a personal description and tell how I looked at fifteen? Why not? Well, then,— an incredible abundance of hair, dazzling white little teeth,— Enough, I would rather stop. This self-flattery, even if it does date back to gray antiquity, has too silly a sound for me.

One day — it was in the beginning of the year 1858 — my guardian came in looking quite pale.

"Do you know the news?"

"What has happened?" cried my mother. "Why, you are all upset!"

"Radetzky is dead!"

I remember that the news made on me the impression that one of the world's darkest catastrophes had come upon it — the great Field Marshal no more! I knew what adoration Fritzerl felt for him and how painfully this loss must affect him. To be sure, Radetzky was already ninety-two; but for that very reason it seemed as if he were not to die at all, or at least as if he were

predestined to come to be a hundred. At any rate the world, particularly Austria, was the poorer by a treasure. Such a hero! Such a demigod! My admiration for soldierly fame was devotional. There was nothing more piously loyal to the military than I. If any one had at that time had the idea of writing a book with such a nefarious title as *Die Waffen nieder* I should have deeply despised the author. Elvira was just the same. Radetzky's death put her muse in a painful commotion at once. That same day a long poem was produced: a poetic wreath of all plants and flowers to lay on the grave of the victor of Custozza — roses, immortelles, pansies, but chiefly laurel, a stanza for each species.

With pride and emotion she gave us the hearing of this poem. She wept; I wept; Aunt Lotti decided, "To-morrow you must send that to your godfather Huyn and ask his judgment."

Next day the manuscript went off to Galicia, where General Huyn was in garrison at the time. The answer arrived after a while, — in verse too. The yellowed sheet is in my possession, and I will copy it here; not that it has intrinsic literary value, but it offers an illustration of the pious spirit that so strikingly characterized the writer.

Stanislau, February 18, 1858

To Karoline

A host of lines thou sendest me,
For critic aid applying!
In prose I 've shown proficiency,
But not in versifying.

Yet to myself I did confess,
  If I am fit to greet her,
I must my little poetess
  Address likewise in meter.

Once more, as in the days gone by,
  Because the task compels me,
On Pegasus I 'll boldly fly,
  And give thee what sense tells me.

The blossoms full of Love's bright glow
  Express their feelings fairly;
And yet their pretty praises go
  With that old man's life barely.

One thing, besides, has been left out
  (An error hard to pardon)
That grows most freely all about,
  Ev'n in our hero's garden.

The thorns it is, that interlace
  With all through which we wander,
At every time, in every place —
  My Karolin', O ponder!

The Lord has set them in our life
  In every shape of sorrow,
That we might from this painful strife
  Look gladly to a morrow.

The thorn flower thus upraised its voice:
  " Thou fortunate old hero,
In thee let all the world rejoice,
  At last *I* give thee zero!

" This warrior, as he reached his goal,
  Finds me with ready warning
To men who fame and glory's scroll
  Crave too much for adorning.

"To all I fain a song would raise,
As from this tomb they sever,
That outward pomp and human praise
Can make men happy never."

*

The world of men goes blindly on,
Deceived by seeming merely;
The higher Judge ascends the throne;
He, He alone sees clearly.

Before the mighty judgment seat,
To hear the final sentence,
Proud kings and poorest serfs will meet,
Relying on repentance.

The dead will heed no song of praise,
No vain encomium paid them.
What will avail thy tuneful lays?
Thy prayers alone will aid them!

My child, up to this lofty height
A God man's soul hath lifted:
"That we on earth may still unite
With those who 've from us drifted."

They who i' the Faith have found release,
And passed away before ye,
Cry, "Seek within your heart for peace,
Not in this world's false glory."

Believe me, 't is a solemn fact,
When Christians find interment
There 's nothing that will more detract
Than Eulogy's preferment.

So in thy song of praise make known
How, 'spite of banners flying,
Within the tomb, unrobed, alone,
A hapless wretch is lying;

And he, a sinful mortal, now
His honors seeming hateful,
Will, trembling in God's presence, bow,
And for thy prayers be grateful.

Then to thy beauteous wreath of fame,
Of laurel and everlasting,
Which to the splendor of his name
On the marshal's tomb thou 'rt casting,

Choose one more blossom, meek and still,
To soothe earth's grief its dower,
Which may our hearts with comfort fill —
That is the passion flower,

The symbol of the Cross. When dyes
Of dawn the world astonish,
And the laurel cries, "Here a hero lies!"
This shall to prayer admonish.

J. K. H.

Thus wrote the general about the Field Marshal. Aspergillum and saber!

Elvira was not edified; she had hoped for more appreciation of her martial hymn.

The summer of the same year we spent at the castle of Teikowitz, the Moravian estate of Landgrave Fürstenberg. He himself was not there, he had only put the castle hospitably at our disposal. Aunt Lotti and Elvira were invited too. There were no other guests, and calls were not exchanged with neighbors; so we four women spent this summer in real rural isolation and quiet. The beautiful park full of flowers, and the near forest, offered us blithe enjoyment of nature. Elvira wrote poetry more assiduously than ever, I kept

up a great deal of reading and piano-playing. We two drew closer and closer in friendship — exchanged oaths to be constant in our friendship till our life's end. Our mothers found it a little tedious, it would seem, for as a pastime they took up their experiments again to see if the faculty of presentiment still worked. Once more numbers were drawn and trente-et-quarante cards dealt, "but only for fun," they said. For it was proved that the atmosphere of the gaming-room suspended the capacity for guessing, even when it had stood the tests ever so well at home; so we would not allow the great plans and projects to take another start. But it really would be interesting to ascertain whether that capacity had been altogether annihilated by the time spent at the real bank, or whether in the quiet of merely fictitious play it would reappear.

And lo, it did reappear. Not quite so brilliantly as before, but yet sufficiently to achieve great imaginary winnings. Should we perhaps risk it once more after all? Perhaps a second time they would be hardened against the "agitation" there? But no, that would be temerity. Besides, gaming is a detestable thing, it really afforded no pleasure at all — so no thoughts of going to the German watering-places again! But here in Teikowitz it was just as innocent as it was interesting to test that occult power .... Elvira, who officiated as drawer of the numbers, often urged that we should take another trip to Wiesbaden by all means; if not this year, next year anyhow. That was all the dream of her

life, to see Wiesbaden again — it had been so divinely beautiful there.

Before me lies an old album which belonged to my cousin, and which I received after her death. On the first leaves there are entries in which is mirrored a chapter of romance that was enacted between us girls.

On the first page a small painted portrait shows my mother, the giver of the album: "Your loving Aunt Sophie, May 2, 1857." Then come a few dried flowers and album-verses from various friends and acquaintances, witty inscriptions after the style of "S. N. D. our friendship never," —

And now begins the romance:

For dear heaven's sake!
Bertha Kinsky
Past!
8th July:
Remember that day. The 3rd friendship was sworn, the 8th you have proved it.

And on the next leaf,

Thank you!!
[Dried spray of birch]
Not past any more! These leaves are the witnesses of its ceasing to be past.
Taikowitz, the 19th July 1858.[1]

Here follows the elucidation of these enigmatical inscriptions:

[1] From the word "Past!" on, these inscriptions are in English. Of course the fifteen-year-old German girl's English is literally reproduced here; it is much better than most of our schoolgirls could do in German. — TRANSLATOR.

One day I went into Elvira's room, and, as was very often the case, found her sitting at her writing-desk. I came up to her and saw her hastily cover up the blank-book in which she had been writing.

"What did you hide the book for?"

"I?" and she was suffused with fiery red.

"Show it to me."

"No, no—"

"Have you secrets from me? Do you call that friendship?"

"You would laugh at me, mock at me!"

"Mock at you, I? You think thus of *my* friendship?"

"The book has love-songs in it."

"Well, every poet writes those; there's nothing to laugh at in that. On the contrary, I always feel that you write too many ballads, nothing that sounds personal. Read me one of those love-songs, do."

She drew out the book:

"All right, you shall hear the first — there are ten of them in all."

She read. They were glowing stanzas. I do not mean such as many of our up-to-date young girls print, volcanic outbursts of eroticism; but, within the range of the permissible, the respectably permissible, they were enthusiastic outpourings of heartfelt devotion. I thought them marvelous.

"You must send that to Grillparzer."

"No, there must never a stranger see these poems — my love is my secret."

"Your love? Why, surely that is only poetry; we don't see anybody but the old schoolmaster and the minister; your verses are addressed to an ideal —"

"My ideal is alive; look here!"

She pushed the book over to me and pointed to the final poem. The next to the last line ended with the word *adeln* (unhappily I have forgotten the rest of the line), and the last ran

Weil ich dich liebe, Friedrich zu Hadeln.
(Because I love thee, Friedrich of Hadeln.)

"For dear heaven's sake!" I exclaimed. It had given me a turn. There before me was the miracle. A real living love for a real living object. Elvira seemed to me transformed, and now the remembered figure of the Nassau ensign too came before my soul bathed in magical light. Yes, he was in truth handsome, and assuredly there was in his nature the power to *adeln*, "ennoble," those who had learned to understand and to love him, the adorable Friedrich von Hadeln.

To make a long story short, in a few days I too was "in love." I let Elvira pour out to me her enthusiasm and her accounts of what had so greatly pleased her about him, and what she had felt all this time with this hidden passion in her heart; I called back to my memory the features of him who was so glowingly admired; and soon I could not understand how it was that I had not also fallen in love on the spot — now, now, the fire began to burn in my heart too. I remember exactly how at a certain time it came over me clearly, the

consciousness that I was equally in love with the irresistible Friedrich. In the night I had dreamed vividly of Wiesbaden. Again I danced the quadrille with the ensign, his elder sister vis-à-vis,— I felt the pressure of his hand in the *chaîne anglaise* and heard the tone of his voice. In the morning, on waking, I had the feeling that something new, rich, warm, gladsome, was inundating my soul. What could this be? For a few seconds I had no answer to this question, but then, with the recollection of the dream, I knew what it was: love.

I relate this because this sensation remained so distinctly stamped on my memory that I have derived from it a piece of knowledge which perhaps not every one has discovered, or not every one preserved in memory, — to wit, that in youth being in love comes upon one like something elemental, like a newly existing sort of material so to speak, and is then carried around with one as a possession, as a treasure. If it be even a hapless love, by this very misfortune one feels himself enriched, elevated, transformed. It may be a suffering, but it is a suffering which is unspeakably sweeter than all hitherto-known joys. That my love was a hapless, nay, a tragic love, was a thing of which I was conscious not without pride. The humorous side of the whole thing did not become clear to me till long afterward. At the time I saw only the frightful situation — I loved the same man for whom the friend of my bosom was burning, therefore I loved hopelessly.

Was I to confide in her, or lock my terrible secret in the depths of my soul? I decided for the former. I had reproached her too bitterly for having so long kept silence toward me — and we had then exchanged the promise that henceforth we would impart to each other everything, everything. I owed her a confession, therefore, and I made it in the way of inscribing on the page of her album the lamentable word "Past!" in English.

But now Elvira showed herself in her whole greatness. She said, "My friendship shall not only be sworn, it shall be proved too. — I step back, I renounce — be Friedrich von Hadeln yours." And I could set down in the album, "On the 8th of July you have proved your friendship." For a while I hestitated to accept the self-sacrificing present, but in a short time I seem to have given in, since so soon as July 13th I could set down that it was no longer past. "You are beautiful, you are brilliant, — by the gift of your hand he will become a thousand times happier than by insignificant me — therefore I renounce, not only for your sake but for his." These reasons she adduced, and such as these; and I took possession of the sweetheart so nobly resigned to me, took possession so thoroughly that henceforth our games of puff assumed a new form. I remained the heroine, but the hero no longer played different parts; he was always Friedrich von Hadeln again and again, only in different situations.

But the drollest thing about this schoolgirl romance is that next summer we really made the journey to

Wiesbaden again, that we met Him there, and that he paid neither of us the least attention. This reality speedily sobered us. We did not laugh at each other as we deserved, for we had too much respect for the conflicts of soul that we had undergone; but we were cured. And in later years we laughed, too, over the story.

III

AN AUTOGRAPH ALBUM

Anastasius Grün · Friedrich Halm · Grillparzer · Wagner · Lenau's sister · Military autographs · King Ludwig of Bavaria · Schiller's daughter · Liebig · Schücking · Mädler · Körner · Anderssen · Meyerbeer · Rückert · Hebbel · Gregorovius · Lamartine · Victor Hugo · Manzoni · Dickens

I WILL still linger over that album. There sounds forth from the book, as it were, a whole chime of tones from the past; a whole procession of spirits — right illustrious spirits among them — goes by. Ah, that is the fine thing about youth, that it operates with as many hopes as old age does with memories; to it the joyous "will be" beckons from every quarter — to age the gloomy "has been" shows itself at all points.

So let us turn the leaves. Here is a letter from Anastasius Grün[1] to Elvira, in its envelope. The poet writes:

Esteemed young Lady:

Your letter addressed to my dear wife bespeaks so unaffected a frame of mind, so noble an aspiration, and at the same time so tender and womanly a disposition, that it would in any case come very hard for me to decline the request addressed — properly speaking, to me — in so earnest a tone, even were it one less easy of fulfillment. Busied as I am at this moment, I must to-day limit myself to these few lines, that I may not again, as I lately did by inadvertency, miss

[1] Pseudonym of Anton Alexander Graf von Auersperg, a distinguished liberal Austrian epic and lyric poet, born 1806, died 1876. — TRANSLATOR.

a date set by you. I hope the opposite leaf [it is not in the album] may meet with a friendly reception from you.

With deep respect, esteemed young lady, your most humble servant

Graz, March 26, 1861. A. Auersperg

Now a few more pages:

Es liebt Vortreffliches sich zu verstecken

That which is choicest loves to lie concealed,
And many a woman's heart even to this day
Still hides within it an America
Which could by a Columbus be revealed.

Vienna, July 17, 1861. Friedrich Halm

Der Dichter liegt seit lang begraben

The poet has lain buried long;
The man is living, for even now
The memory of thy sweet gifts of song
Doth me again with my lost youth endow.

Vienna, April 8, 1861. Franz Grillparzer[1]

Dem österreichischen Mädchen

Vienna, May 14, 1861. Richard Wagner

A dry flower, and with it the inscription:

From my unfortunate brother's grave.
Th. Schurz, sister of Lenau.

I can still remember the acquisition of this leaf of the album. Aunt Lotti, Elvira, and I had one afternoon gone on a pilgrimage to the hamlet where rest

[1] Born 1791, died 1872; published his last drama 1840; began to be very famous as a dramatist about 1850.— TRANSLATOR.

the ashes of Nikolaus Lenau,[1] for whose melancholy poems Elvira cherished an enthusiasm. On this occasion we visited the poet's sister, who was living in a little country-house not far from the graveyard. Frau Schurz told us much about the unhappy man's last years, spent in incurable insanity, and showed us many relics, silhouettes of himself and of Sophie Löwenthal, the woman whom he had loved so passionately with a love not unreturned but unaccepted; and she herself took us to the graveyard to pick there the twig that I have now before my eyes.

Is it accident, or did Elvira know that Nikolaus Niembsch once meant to tear himself away from Sophie Löwenthal and to marry another who was also one of the great and famous figures of the time? At all events, on the following page of the album stands the following autograph:

Ich will, das Wort ist mächtig
"I will," the word is mighty;
When spoken staunch and still,
It tears the stars from heaven,
The single word "I will!"

Karlsbad, May, 1861 — Karoline Sabatier-Ungher

Yet it seems she did not speak it *ernst und still* enough, the beautiful singer, when it came to holding fast the greatly loved and already affianced Niembsch

[1] Pseudonym of Nikolaus Franz Niembsch Edler von Strehlenau, born 1802, became insane 1844, died (in an asylum at Oberdöbling near Vienna) 1850. — TRANSLATOR.

von Strehlenau; for he let her go and returned to Sophie.

Now comes a very strongly military leaf. It bears the signatures Schwarzenberg, Benedek, FML., Fürstenberg, G. d. C., v. Wrangel, Field Marshal.[1] Alongside Wrangel's name somebody (the insertion is not in Elvira's hand) has inscribed the following brief dialogue reproducing the famous general's wooing. It is well known that in spite of all his victories he never succeeded in conquering the dative and the accusative, and when he wanted to apply to the father of his intended for her hand the conversation in all probability developed itself thus:

"Will you call me your son-in-law?"

"I 'm sorry, but I have none."

"Beg pardon — I meant to say, may I call you my father-in-law?"

"Oh, you are married? I did not know that."[2]

[1] Count Friedrich Heinrich Ernst von Wrangel, Prussian general, was born 1784, was made Field Marshal 1856, died 1877; commanded the troops of the Germanic Confederation against Denmark in 1848, and the allied troops of Prussia and Austria against Denmark in 1864, but withdrew from the command in May of the latter year. But Lieutenant Field Marshall Felix Ludwig Johann Friedrich von Schwarzenberg, Austrian statesman and general, died in 1852, before Wrangel received the title of Field Marshal. I infer from this, and from the following sentence, that these signatures did not constitute a single inscription. — TRANSLATOR.

[2] The joke is the same as in the story of the Englishman who mistook the American ambassador in his plain evening dress for a waiter, and gave him the order, "Call me a cab," to which Ambassador Choate replied, "You 're a cab," and afterwards defended himself by saying, "He asked me to call him a cab, and I did; and I would have called him a han'som' cab if he had n't been so ugly." But in English the troublesome words are a mere ambiguity; in German it is a case of erroneously using for the one sense the forms that properly

There is furthermore inserted upon that military album-leaf a document which, as the knot that fastens it informs us, was given to my cousin by her "dear godfather Huyn." It is a large folio page of official paper, with the following not uninteresting contents:

K. K. Landesgeneralkommando in
Verona. II. Sektion Nr. 1064
To his Excellency, Royal and Imperial Chamberlain, Colonel, and Sub-Chief of Quartermaster General's Staff, &c., &c.,
Johann Count Huyn

No. 24

The nature of the remodeling required for the defective embrasures in the Molinary and Hlavaty works must be determined by commission.

As chairman of this commission is appointed Lieutenant Field Marshal Baron Stwrtnik, Director of Field Artillery of the 2d Army; and as members of it Your Excellency, Lieutenant Colonel von Swiatkiewicz of the General Staff, and Major Khünel of the 7th Regiment of Artillery.

The time and place for the meeting of the commission are to be fixed by its chairman.

Verona, October 27, 1856

Radetzky

No. 34
Received at the Royal and Imperial Quartermaster General's Staff Division of the 2d Army
Verona, October 29, 1856
Benedek, FML.

Despite remodeled cannon, despite the installation of the *k. k. Generalquartiermeisterstabsabteilung der*

convey the other sense, so that the interpretation which the father-in-law puts upon the suitor's words, strained as it looks in the translation, is really the only interpretation which the words as spoken will bear. — TRANSLATOR.

2. Armee in Verona, three years later this same Verona was to be Austrian no longer, and what befell this same Benedek ten years later on Bohemian battlefields we know. Confidence in the necessity and utility of remodeling cannon — just now it is howitzers — remains unshaken in military circles.

Elvira and I, of course, felt the due reverential respect for these signatures of generals, and for the complicated technical expressions and complicated arrangements which meant our country's fame and safety.

The following page too filled us with respect — the loyal deference which is paid to the wearers of crowns. Be it known that Elvira, when she was writing to all the European poets she could think of (I believe she was one of the first specimens of that species which has since then so greatly increased, the youthful autograph hyena), had among the rest sent a letter in verse to King Ludwig I of Bavaria, asking him for a line. By return mail came the answer, which is fastened into the album with pink ribbon:

Ihr, welche Worte wünscht von meinen Händen

To her who wishes from my hand a word,
The poetess, although unknown to me,
Right gladly now these lines I will accord;
Inhabitants of the same land are we.[1]

[1] Observe that previous to 1870 it was patriotic, not unpatriotic, for a Bavarian to speak of an Austrian as a fellow-countryman. It is quite likely, however, that the land of Parnassus is here meant. — TRANSLATOR.

Though we each other's living voice ne'er heard,
Poet in poet must a cousin see.
To those who to the spheres have learned to soar
The earth gives satisfaction nevermore.

Ludwig

Next follows a leaf with a relic of a genuine king of Poetryland. It is a bit of lilac silk accompanied with the following statement from Schiller's daughter:

Greifenstein ob Bonnland, June 20, 1861

Here, my dear young lassie, in accordance with your own wish, comes something that once belonged to Schiller — lilac was his favorite color, and this is a bit of silk from his *last* waistcoat. May it be a sweet remembrance for you! Your Schiller memorial of November 10, 1859,[1] in the form of a poem, unfortunately did not come to hand; perhaps you will send me another copy, and will also mention to me the receipt of this piece of lilac, that I may be set at ease by knowing that it is in your hands — by seeing your wishes fulfilled.

I always rejoice with all my heart at knowing that Schiller's spirit finds a home in young hearts; remain attached to him through all stages of life, my dear young lady, and kindly accept this little memento from me.

Respectfully and sincerely yours
Emilie von Gleichen-Russwurm
born von Schiller

Elvira was as enthusiastic for science as for poetry, so it is only natural that in her treasury of handwritings she wanted to see represented also him who was at that time the most celebrated of chemists. He gladdened her with the following letter:

Your lines of July 8 fill me equally with esteem for the writer and with joy, for they show me a young lady making earnest efforts to enrich her mind with the incomparable treasures of science; and it

[1] The centennial anniversary of Schiller's birth. — TRANSLATOR.

causes me the more pleasure that my writings are among those which have attracted your interest and attention. I only wish that my writings may find many such readers of your sex. Accept the assurance of high esteem with which I sign myself

Justus Liebig

Munich, July 13, 1861

From Levin Schücking Elvira received three lines dated from Rome:

The Lord give thee a time of stillness, warm air, and a quiet heart.

The next leaf bears inscriptions from three Vienna authors:

Wenn du dem toten Buchstaben trauest

If you trust in the lifeless letter,
Then, dear girl, most wrong are you.
In the eye is the sole true language,
In the heart the key thereto.

Dr. I. F. Castelli

Um zweierlei bin ich bemüht

Two things have been worth effort in my eyes —
God often sends them both in my life's span:
That he who knows me not my song should prize,
And he who knows me should esteem the man.

Joseph Weilen

Sei Dichterin in der Welt der Poesie

Be poetess in the world of poesy,
But never poetess in life's practice be.
'T is fine when thy rich mind the world bewitches,
Yet finer when thy heart a heart enriches.

Leopold Feldmann

Now a bit of starry sky, sent by the world-renowned director of the observatory at Dorpat:

1925
Feb. 15.
True orbit of the
double star
S Virginis,
calculated by J. H. Mädler.
Principal star
1836
April 11.

All that is great, and all
that is beautiful, is truly great and
beautiful only by being felt
in perceptive hearts.
J. H. Mädler

Dorpat, in January 1862

Once more a letter from Schiller's daughter:

Greifenstein ob Bonnland, November 27, 1861

Here, honored young lady, is a page of *Theodor Körner's* manuscript, which I have been endeavoring to get for you and which I succeeded in obtaining for you day before yesterday. A goodly ornament for your album, and I hasten to dispatch it to you, to afford you this pleasure while it is still *November*. I would gladly have sent it to you on the tenth,[1] but on that dear and sacred day it was not yet in my hands.

Begging that you too, as hitherto, will hold me in a friendly remembrance which shall bring us warmly together on every Schiller Day, I am with the deepest regard

Yours sincerely
Emilie von Gleichen-Russwurm
born von Schiller

Beside it, with the note "Original manuscript of Theodor Körner. Unpublished poem!" a much-yellowed sheet of coarse deckle-edged paper on which stand several stanzas with deletions and corrections:

Begeist'rung fasset mich mit heil'gem Glühn
A holy ardor seizes me and fills me
As the soft harmony of thy accent thrills me;
A ravishment that all my soul entrances
Is in thy glances.

[1] Schiller's birthday. — TRANSLATOR.

Upon thy breast would I, the world forgetting,
My happy fortunes with the gods' be setting.
The goal of all my eagerness, love-drunken,
In thee is sunken.

Love brings Leander to a sweet undoing;
It plunges [*illegible* [1]] into ruin.
The fairest lot that heart has ever treasured
To me is measured.

With the hot turmoil of love's rapturous madness
Life's sun ascends for me in cloudless gladness;
The Horae's endless light, the radiant morn,
To me was born.

For boldly in thy glances I might sun me;
Thy image pours all ecstasies upon me;
Grandest and most divine of women, thee,
Thee I might see.

Enamored youth! The poem did not receive its final polish nor its last stanzas, and was left unprinted; apparently it did not seem to him good enough to print. It was just dashed off in an hour of intoxicating happiness. He saw life ascending as a cloudless sun, in the radiance of youth, in the light of the Horae — and how soon an enemy's bullet was to destroy this life! Can it be calculated how much of the beautiful and valuable that stupid bullet shot away from posterity?

I turn more pages. There follows, from A. Anderssen, the great chess-player, a twenty-two-move game of

[1] If the illegible word is a proper name, it should be a masculine name of four syllables with accent on the third. If not a proper name, it should be preceded by "the" in the translation. — TRANSLATOR.

chess; from G. Meyerbeer, the beginning of the overture to the tragedy *Struensee.*

Then once more a verse with an illustrious signature:

Reines Herz gibt reinen Sinn

Clean heart gives the man clean sight;
In the pure eye clear and bright
Mirrored lies the world.
Clouded heart gives clouded eye,
World and life and destiny
All in darkness curled.

Friedrich Rückert

And another great poet writes for the album,

Und musst du denn, trotz Kraft und Mut

If, spite of strength and courage good,
The thorns your skin will tear,
See to it only that your blood
Does not the rose besmear.

Friedrich Hebbel

A historian too has his say:

Priests place themselves between men and the Deity only as shadows: as when the eye takes to its help a smoked glass, to see the sun through this dull medium.

Ferdinand Gregorovius

Rome, February, 1865

Two French letters:

Mademoiselle, vous êtes la poésie même, la poésie vivante et aimante.

A. de Lamartine

Il y a dans votre lettre, Mademoiselle, toute une âme charmante et c'est avec bonheur que je dépose à vos pieds le nom que vous demandez pour votre Album.

Victor Hugo

Waterloo, 14 juillet 1861

From the author of *I Promessi Sposi:*

[1] E troppo ricompenso per dei poveri lavori la simpatia d' un animo gentile e elevato come quello che si manifesta nella lettera ch' Ella m' ha fatto l' onore di scrivermi. In un tale animo è cosa naturale che abbia luogo anche l' indulgenza; e se, in questo caso, essa eccede, è una ragione di più per eccitare in me una viva riconoscenza. Del rimanente, l' eccesso dei buoni sentimenti è un inconveniente dei meno pericolosi in questo mondo. Dio mantenga e ricompensi le nobili inclinazioni di cui le ha fatto dono.

Voglia gradire la rispettosa espressione della mia riconoscenza e l' attestato dell' alta stima con cui ho l' onore di rassegnarmele.

Umil^mo^, devot^mo^ servitore

Alessandro Manzoni

Under the date "Gads Hill Place Higham by Rochester Kent, Monday twentyseventh January 1862," and on mourning paper, Charles Dickens sent the transcript of some lines from "David Copperfield."

The book further contains all sorts of dried plants picked at famous places, pictures, bits of flags, even a scrap "from the shirt worn with his wedding suit by Louis I of Anjou," a little stone from "the ruins of the palace of Catherine Cornaro, Queen of Cyprus,"

[1] Too great a reward for my poor labors is the sympathy of so courteous and lofty a soul as is manifested in the letter which you have done me the honor to write to me. In such a soul it is a matter of course that indulgence also must find a place; and if in this case it is excessive, this is one reason the more why it should arouse in me a lively sense of gratitude. For the rest, excess in kindly feelings is one of the least dangerous disorders in this world. May God preserve and reward the noble inclinations which he has bestowed upon you.

Pray accept the respectful expression of my gratitude, and the assurance of the high esteem with which I have the honor of signing myself

Your most humble and devoted servant

Alessandro Manzoni

another from "Torquato Tasso's prison door" — a whole panorama of historical shadow-pictures. All, all, who are gathered on these pages, are dead — all but the one who inserted the word "Past." And this word is the real leitmotif of the whole book: Past, past — and so I close it with a sigh.

IV

MORE EPISODES OF YOUTH

The War of 1859 · A prank · Elvira's marriage

SO the year 1859 saw us in Wiesbaden again, and there we experienced the episode, so mortifying after our sacrifices made and accepted and after all my puff romances of the past year, of the incomparable Friedrich von Hadeln not wasting on us a word, not a look, beyond the most ceremonial politeness. So far as I now remember, we did not greatly take this mortification to heart: Elvira was perhaps glad that she did not have to witness a rival's triumph, and I was perhaps relieved at not inflicting such deep suffering on my luckless friend and at the same time making such a bad match into the bargain. Nor did the real Hadeln continue to inspire in me those sensations which his image in memory had inspired. In short, we spent a very enjoyable summer in Wiesbaden.

And yet it was the summer of 1859, i.e. the battles of Magenta and Solferino were being fought. Austria, our country, was suffering defeats. Great bloody fights were heard of. But I know perfectly that at that time the event was as indifferent to me, as little existent, as it would to-day be indifferent to me to learn that a volcano had broken out in a West Indian island

whose name I had never heard. An elemental event at a great distance, that is what the war in Italy was to me. I did not read the newspapers much either; to be sure we often went into the reading-room where the papers lay open, but there it was not the political but the literary papers that attracted us; all the more as Elvira had written some novelettes which were accepted by family magazines, and I had in mind the idea of *also* writing one. — For in the preceding summer, in the white heat of emotion, I had put into rhyme three stanzas to the object of my affections. But in my case the next to the last line did not rhyme with Hadeln (one really must not be so utter an ape), but with Friedrich.

In the illustrated papers pictures of "the theater of the war" did strike my eye from time to time, but I did not pause over them: soldiers and horses lying about, broken cannon, or confused scrimmages, such as I have seen a great many of in history textbooks, do not make pretty pictures. I turned over the leaf quickly.

We did not have in the war anybody nearly connected with us, for whom we might have trembled. My brother, who in the year 1854 had been commissioned as lieutenant, had left the service a year before the war, because he had spit blood and because the service in general was in the highest degree repugnant to him. He was living with us. Mother was jubilant over her only son's not being still in the army when the war broke out.

So I did not concern myself in the least about events in Italy. There did not arise in me any feeling of horror at the atrocities and misery that were connected with them (why should one be horrified at inevitable deaths that do not concern one?), and of all things there did not arise any feeling of revolt at the waging of war — I was too thoroughly penetrated with the respect and admiration which are generally accorded to this form of historical eventuation. I was not disturbed by any inkling of the shadow of a possibility that one could think of war's not being in the world at all. As well might one think of leaves not being on the trees, or waves on the sea. Why, war is the form in which human history accomplishes itself: the founding of empires, the settlement of controversies, are seen to by war. Perhaps I did not even reflect on the matter so much as that; I only accepted it as something existent and irreversible, as one accepts the existence of the sun. Many may share this standpoint even to-day; at that time almost all did still share it. Not even Dunant had yet written his little book "Solferino" and thereby given the impulse for the founding of the Red Cross. No one was yet thinking of the possibility of internationalizing the care of the wounded in war; who (except a few men like the Abbé de St. Pierre and Immanuel Kant) would have dared think of endeavoring to obtain an international agreement not to make any such wounded at all? — In the year 1849, to be sure, a Peace Congress had already been

held with Victor Hugo in the chair; but who, beside the participants, knew anything about it? Every time, like every man, has for its own a certain field of thought, beyond which nothing is perceived.

When we returned to Austria the war was over. Austria had lost Milan — and our two mothers also had losses to record. All systems, methods, gifts of presentiment and of conjecture, had shown themselves fallacious, and it was solemnly vowed that henceforth and forever the green table was done with. The fee for the lesson had had to be paid, but at least they were now free from the delusion, and at heart glad to be free from it; for gaming is not only reprehensible, it is really also disagreeable, repulsive. Now, thank God, there was no longer any need of tormenting one's self with the trying duty of utilizing the gift of second sight; for it had been proved once more, and this time definitively, that the faculty of presentiment failed to work at green tables.

The fee for the lesson had not been small. Economy was the word now. My mother gave up her residence in Vienna and rented a little country place near the city, in Klosterneuburg. Here two years were to be spent in the utmost seclusion and frugality. After this period I should be eighteen years old, and a sufficient sum would have been laid by to replace that "fee" and to come back to the world, into which I was then to be introduced. Meanwhile this lonely life in Klosterneuburg was not at all without charms. Aunt Lotti

and Elvira were with us, and we two girls again diligently took up our studies and other occupations. Elvira wrote new dramas, corresponded, and industriously wrote letters to all kinds of famous people.[1] I did a good deal of piano-playing and studied languages. For our recreation there was more puff-playing too: Friedrich von Hadeln had nothing more to *adeln* now; once more the most varied figures were introduced as the heroes of our romances, from American cowboys to European attachés of legation and on again to Indian Maharajahs. Once every week came my dear guardian Fritzerl driving out from Vienna, played his game of tarteln with mother, and told all the happenings at court and in society. There was also an elderly clergyman from the Klosterneuburg convent who was often at our house — a *bel esprit*, philosopher, and jovial associate. We took long walks in the Danube meadows in Aunt Lotti's company; my mother was not a good pedestrian and contented herself with taking the air in our little garden. It was quite a wild garden, with a brook running through it. I still remember happy hours spent in dreaming on the banks of that brook; the water dancing over pebbles, the growth of bushes all along the bank, among them a few willows with low-hanging branches, all afforded me a quite peculiar enjoyment that I have never found again in any landscape in the world.

[1] Compare the dates of the autographs in the preceding chapter. — TRANSLATOR.

The winter then, to be sure, was rather monotonous in our country nest. So once, for diversion's sake, I played a prank in all quietness. Without telling anybody anything, I composed an advertisement and sent it to the Vienna *Presse*, where it appeared; it made a sensation in our circle.

"I'm going to write to those people!" cried Elvira.

The words of the advertisement were:

"From pure caprice on the one hand, and from the mind's demand for an exchange of ideas on the other, a brother and sister of gentle birth, living in a lonely castle, desire to enter into correspondence with persons who feel warmly and think deeply. The correspondence will be supervised by a stern papa who means to show the young enthusiasts how unpractical they are with their idea of an exchange of souls. Address *Cela n'engage à rien*, office of this paper."

"Yes, I 'll write to those people," repeated Elvira.

"I forbid it," said Aunt Lotti; "who would answer an advertisement?"

"Oh, let her, aunt," I pleaded.

My mother fired up: "Perhaps you mean to write too? You 'll do no such thing!"

"Oh, no, I should n't at all care to, — the stuff is too crazy."

There was a good deal more of talk back and forth about the unconventional advertisement, but I did not betray by the change of a feature that I was the criminal.

In sending in the advertisement I had at the same time written to the editor of the *Presse* to collect the answers that came in, and, after the lapse of some days, to dispatch them to Klosterneuburg, *poste restante*, under a certain cipher.

Five days later we were going by the post office on our usual walk.

"Please, aunt," said I, "let us go in; I want to buy stamps."

We went in. But at the window, instead of asking for stamps, I inquired, "Is there anything for A — R 25?"

The clerk looked, and handed me a bulky package. My heart leaped into my throat with joy.

"What does that mean?" cried the others.

"You 'll find out at home."

When we reached home I tore open the envelope and let about sixty or seventy letters fall on the table, all bearing the address *Cela n'engage à rien.*

"Look, these are the answers to my advertisement — I 'm the brother and sister!"

"And there 's my letter too," cried Elvira, pulling out a missive on which she recognized her own writing, "that 's mean!" and she tore it into little bits.

"So you did answer in spite of my prohibition!" said Aunt Lotti in indignant tones.

"And you send advertisements to the paper behind the backs of us all?" added my mother, not less indignant. "You are a nice pair of children!"

"Well, to pay for it we now have the entertainment of reading all this," I said soothingly.

And the reading did in fact prove very amusing. Some of the answers were imbecile, but others were witty; and among the witty ones were some so interesting that we decided to reply to them, anonymously of course, and this time with our mothers' permission.

A letter from a lady, signed "Doris in See," had especially captivated Elvira. She assumed the rôle of the "brother" in the advertisement, and entered into a correspondence with Doris in See which soon became very lively. I too selected some correspondents, but the letters soon petered out. My cousin, however, wrote Miss Doris longer and longer letters and poems, fuller and fuller of devotion, and whole treatises too on the most various topics; and Doris wrote as assiduously to Mr. "Kurt im Walde"— that was the name that Elvira signed.

A whole year long the manuscripts — they could no longer be called letters — flew back and forth; the two souls had actually gone out to each other in full exchange.

Then conscience awoke in Elvira.

"Doris thinks I am a young man; she will be falling in love with me yet; I must confess to her that her comrade Kurt is a girl."

And she did. Back came a voice of jubilation:

"Glorious! my best friend, my poet and thinker

Kurt, is a young woman, and Doris — I must tell it now — is an officer in his Royal and Imperial Majesty's navy."

The end of the story was that soon afterward Elvira married Doris, alias Joseph Tiefenbacher, ensign on a ship of the line in the Austrian navy, and was perfectly happy in her short married life.

PART TWO

1862–1872

V

ENTERING THE WORLD

Engaged · The engagement ended · Baden · Marietta · Season in Rome · Carnival at Venice

AND now I was to be taken "into the world." Our name might have given us the right to move among the highest aristocracy, for there is doubtless not a family of the high nobility of Austria with which we were not connected by blood or by marriage. But one is ill acquainted with this high nobility if one thinks that name and kinship suffice to get one received. For this there is required (it was especially so in my youth; now they have come to be somewhat less exclusive) first and foremost the possession of sixteen great-great-grandparents; in other words, the right of admission to court. This we had not—my mother was not *Geborene;* besides, our means were also very modest; so it was not possible for us to attain to the first society—the *société*, as it styled itself—of Vienna. That stung me; oh, what a vain, superficial thing I was! To think it was essential to the happiness of life to move among the *crème*, and to think I was suffering an unmerited wrong by the withholding of this happiness!

Now it came to pass that one of the richest men in Vienna sued for my hand through the mediation of the

author Joseph von Weilen, who used to call at our house. Mother and guardian declared themselves favorable. To be sure the suitor was not an aristocrat, and already fifty-two years old. But he was willing to surround my existence and my mother's with the utmost splendor, villas, castles, palaces, — I was dazzled and said "yes."

I do not attempt to put a good face on this fact. It is an ugly fact when an eighteen-year-old girl is willing to give her hand to an unloved man so much older than herself, just because he is a millionaire! to call it by its right name, it is selling herself. If I were writing a novel I should certainly not tell such a story of its heroine, if she was intended to be attractive; but what I am setting down here is the experiences of a real person, for whose actions I am not by a long way so responsible as I should be for those of a figure drawn from fancy. For the latter would be fashioned according to my own present views and feelings, while this eighteen-year-old Bertha Kinsky — though it is I myself — is nothing more than a vague picture in memory. What the original of the picture experienced is retained in bare outlines in my recollection; it has also contributed to the shaping of my present character; but what sort of character that original itself had at that time appears to me as a thing in which I have as little part as in the caprices of Cleopatra or Semiramis.

A few pictures from this engagement episode:

The presentation: Herr von Weilen brings the suitor for a morning call. Stiff conversation in the drawing-room. Each studies the other. Pleased? No, the elderly gentleman scarcely pleases me — but does not displease me. Invitation to dinner the next day; Fürstenberg also there. Still stiff. On the fourth or fifth day a letter to my mother asking for my hand. I hesitate. That same evening we were to go to a ball — my coming out. An aristocratic picnic: the *crème* used to appear at this ball, but not exclusively — elements of less consequence are also present. I can still see my toilet, a white dress sprinkled all over with little rosebuds. Full of joyous anticipation I entered the hall. Full of piqued disappointment I left it. I had found but few partners; I should have been left to sit out the cotillion had not a homely infantry officer, who had had his matrimonial proposals rejected in numerous quarters, taken pity on me. The aristocratic mothers sat together, my mother sat alone; the countesses stood in groups and chattered, I knew none of them; at the supper merry little coteries were formed, I was left out. On the way home I said to my mother, "Mamma, I have made up my mind now, I will accept the proposal."

The next picture: The happy suitor, in possession of my acceptance, brings me a whole cargo of betrothal presents: a set of sapphires and a pearl necklace. He also presents to me his nearly sixteen-year-old daughter (for he was a widower), and she

calls me her dear, beautiful mamma, which is great fun for me.

Next picture: A brilliant ball in the *haute finance*, in which we participate as affianced lovers. Now I am surrounded, and the most gorgeous young cavalry officers are paying court to me — one in particular begs permission to call at my house when I am married. Evidently he thinks an old man's young wife may become interesting. But my fiancé is furious, and makes a scene with me because I propose to go out to supper on the uhlan's arm. I laugh, leave my cavalier, and take the arm of the angry man.

"Oh, I 'll be good," I say soothingly.

Still another picture: A drive about the city, three of us, my mother and the engaged couple, to look at house-furnishing goods, carriages, gowns; also a drive to the suburbs to look at the truly princely villa that was destined as a nuptial gift for me.

One picture more: An afternoon at our home. My betrothed and I are alone for the first time.

"Bertha, do you know how ravishing you are?" He puts his arm around me and presses his lips to mine. The first love-kiss that a man had given me. An old man, an unloved man.—

With a suppressed cry of disgust I tear myself free, and in me arises a passionate protest — No, never —

On the next day the presents were sent back; I broke the engagement. My people had indeed tried to remonstrate: the scandal — the breach of faith — I

ought not to have said yes, I had not been compelled to, but to draw back suddenly now — I should at least think it over for a while yet —

"No, no — I cannot, *cannot* — I 'd rather die!"

And so the letter of dismissal was sent off.

A few hours later the daughter rushed to me and wept at my feet: I must not treat her father so badly — I must revoke the cruel decision . . .

But there was no changing my mind now. Stubbornly I clung to my "I cannot, I *cannot!*"

Soon the whole episode lay behind me like a bad dream which I felt it a refreshment to have waked from. My engagement and disengagement had taken place at carnival time; in the summer I was no longer thinking of them. We spent this summer in Baden near Vienna, where my mother had bought a small villa. It was a jolly summer, full of picnics, watering-place music, and dancing parties.

A little circle of society was formed, including a few elegant and pretty young girls and numerous young gentlemen, mostly officers, and also the indispensable mothers; we met daily — often three times a day, at noon in the park during the music, in the afternoon walking to the Helenental, and again in the evening (if there was not a *réunion*) at the home of one family or another, or at the evening music in the park. I had formed an especially intimate friendship with a girl of my own age, by name Marietta, Marchesa Saibante.

She was a striking sight: a tall and rotund figure (at that time angular thinness was not yet stylish), raven-black hair and eyes, dazzling teeth, very red lips and very red cheeks — but withal a snub nose and coarse features in general.

Marietta's mother, a Baroness Scheibler by birth, had been married to an Italian, Marchese Saibante, and was a widow of many years' standing. She had only this single daughter, and worshiped her. With the two lived also an unmarried sister of the Marchesa, and this Aunt Helene, as she was called, worshiped Marietta still more. The two middle-aged ladies (what a pity there is no German word for the expressively descriptive English "middle-aged") did not let their favorite get a step away from their immediate presence. They were living in very modest circumstances, but were rather prideful, since they were related to all the illustrious families of the aristocracy. A deceased third sister had been married to a Prince Auersperg. They had also a rich uncle, Field Marshal Count Wratislav, who cherished a particular affection for Helene. This uncle was constantly being spoken of. Very often, too, mention was made of a cousin with the proud name Rohan (*Roi ne puis, prince ne daigne, Rohan je suis*). Cousin Rohan was spoken of only incidentally — not pretentiously, — "I have a cousin who is a Princess Rohan," — but there were told anecdotes and facts that were in themselves worth speaking of, and that only happened by chance to be connected with Cousin

Rohan. Query: do not most people have among their kinsfolk and friends, or even mere acquaintances, a person who is in a higher position then theirs, whom they regard as their "Cousin Rohan" and utilize for the apparently unintentional embellishment of their conversation?

That summer Elvira celebrated her marriage with Doris in See. Marietta and I figured as bridesmaids. While the breakfast was still going on the young couple left Baden for Pola, where the newly married ensign's ship was lying at anchor.

Now I was thrown altogether on Marietta. It was a strong contrast. After my cousin, — the poetess, the scholar, — the Rohan's cousin, who was a worldling through and through, with nothing else in her head but the enjoyments and glitter of social life. She had tasted of them, despite her limited circumstances; for she had spent a whole carnival in Prague, and had there, under the ægis of the Auerspergs, the Wratislavs, and the Rohans, danced at twenty balls and flirted (without results) with many an *épouseur*. Now in Baden it was dancing and coquetting again; Marietta and I were the belles of the season. These entertainments were now "the important thing." — As if the world had been created for no other purpose than to be our place of amusement.

The following winter we (that is, my mother and brother and I) spent in Rome. It had come about thus. The just-dethroned Queen of Naples, with her suite,

had spent this summer at the Weilburg in Baden as guests of Archduke Albrecht. The historic tragedy that had preceded, the defense and loss of Gaeta, had made but little impression on me; I only listened with interest to the stories that were told of it by the queen's chief steward, an old *principe*, who often visited us. It was he who depicted to us the life of foreigners in Italy, especially in Rome, so temptingly, and urged us so strenuously to come there next winter that we let ourselves be prevailed upon. The prospect took my fancy greatly. Yet, to my shame, I must avow that what attracted me was not eternal Rome with the magic of its historic memories, but the portrayals of Roman society life. And it remained so during our stay. What made most impression on me there—what was to me "the important thing"—was not the Vatican and Castel Sant' Angelo and the Forum, but the Monte Pincio with its elegant Corso, the Teatro Costanza with its opera season consisting of two alternating operas (one of them *Il Trovatore*), and the balls and soirées that we attended in the palaces of the Roman magnates or in the drawing-rooms of the colonies of foreigners. I did not bring away deep impressions in any respect from that stay in Rome; it was reserved to a time many years later for me to take in, with some comprehension, the enchantment which this classic soil must exert upon any half-way receptive mind.

Our friend of Baden days, the Neapolitan *principe*, once invited us to an excursion to his home city, and

took us from there to Pompeii, the Blue Grotto, and the marvelous Capo di Monte, where he owned a villa — but it was rather dilapidated, as was he himself for that matter. When he came out next with a proposal of marriage, at the close of the season when we were already packed up for our journey, I said "no" without hesitation. I would not conjure down upon myself a second time the fate which I had newly escaped — that of becoming the wife of an unloved old man. Oh yes, if my suitor's twenty-five-year-old son, the black-eyed Duca di . . . , who quite pleased me, had appeared as suitor, I do not know — but he did not take it into his head; I think he was more inclined to feel an antipathy to me, for he must have seen into his father's plans, and a second marriage on the father's part would presumably have been extremely unwelcome to the son. Not till afterward did we learn that in our circle it had been generally assumed that the elderly *principe*, who loaded us with attentions, had even in Baden been my unacknowledged fiancé.

From Rome we returned to Baden, where the life of last year's season was repeated; and in the following winter, 1864, we went to Venice to go "into the world" again there.

Venice! Thee too, marvelously charming, death-pale queen of the lagoons, I learned only in much later years to understand and love. Totally insensible to her beauty I was not, to be sure, even at that time; but yet "the important thing" to me was social life. It

did my heart good to be again in the vicinity of my beloved cousin Elvira. Her husband was now stationed at Venice, and the couple were living there quite secluded, but in the profoundest domestic happiness. Only two things disturbed this happiness: first, the young husband's prospective early return to sea service, which threatened them with a year's separation, and secondly Elvira's unsettled health; she coughed much, and was often seized with the fear that she was consumptive. Those who surrounded her, and the physician too, would talk her out of this fear, and then she would once more give herself up to the full gladness of living.

I, meanwhile, was reveling in the enjoyment of the Venetian carnival. Venice was at that time an Austrian city, and society life moved in Austrian circles. The houses which we frequented were those of the Austrian governor, the Austrian consul, and sundry Austrian aristocrats. A rich English family named Greaves, adorned by a beautiful daughter, also kept open house, but the Italian families were hostile and held aloof.

Our life ran this course: at noon a military band played in the Piazza di San Marco, and there — just as we used to do in the Kurpark at Baden — we promenaded up and down, accompanied by whatever gallants were at hand — mostly navy officers — and continued the conversations of last night's ball. If it rained, we sat in the cafés under the Procuratie and had our

social intercourse there. At five in the afternoon we called on each other, and every evening we met at private balls or soirées. A great fancy-dress ball was given, and once — I think it was in the Wimpffen house — there was an exhibition of amateur theatricals, and living pictures with them.

The toilets that I wore on these three occasions I can still see in my memory. I do not intend to describe them, but only to show by this confession what it is that makes so deep an impression on a silly girl's mind — and, withal, I was not even one of the silliest. They made much of my intellect — they made much of me in every way that season at Venice, so that I felt myself one of their queens. An agreeable feeling, at all events. It went to my head violently, and I took advantage of this agreeable self-sufficiency to send some suitors off with vigorous refusals. This brought upon me worldly-wise reproaches from my people; but how well it is for me that I did this, for otherwise I should be to-day the wife of some admiral or commodore, and should not have possessed that husband whose possession was my life's consecration, nor should I have come into touch with the peace movement, in which my activities and endeavors have received their most fervid inspiration.

One may be disposed to stigmatize as frivolity the type of character exhibited by a young female who is wholly taken up with social enjoyments, who does not concern herself about the events that move the world,

but who does bestow on her own toilets, worn at festal occasions, such intense attention that after forty years the memory is not yet extinct. Well, I would ask an old, ever-so-efficient general if he does not remember the clink of the saber dragging behind him when he went out for the first time after he received his commission; I would ask the most learned professor of the political sciences if he cannot still see before his eyes the color of the ribbon which he wore on his student cap.

But in these things — ball bouquet, lieutenant's saber, students' society colors — there lies something additional, quite other than what they are; the fragrance and clink and gleam is of the symbol; they are admission cards to the advertised great festival, winning tickets for the hoped chief prizes of the great lottery, — the Future.

Ball triumphs — I can still remember what intensified feelings of intoxication they bring with them. I say intensified, for youth in happy and care-free circumstances is in itself an intoxication. One need not be "frivolous" by a long way — in the sense of superficial and brainless — if one then plunges with a certain passionate fullness of satisfaction in the flood of social amusements; there is vibrating a peculiar electric fluid full of invisible sparks which mean to discharge themselves as happiness or as love—or at least as joy. And the warmer a girl's emotional life is, the more her mind has been fed on poetic diet, the more proudly she feels

that she has treasures of happiness to bestow, the more devoted love she feels the force within her capable of, so much the more sensitive is she to the mysterious crackle of those sparks. He who does not hear the crackle, to whose head the intoxicating foam is not rising, through whom the passionate hopes of happiness are not glowing,—well, he does find the whole business flat and vapid, and charges the young fools who are giving themselves up to all this with being superficial.

But after a few seasons a sobering-down comes to everybody. One who lets himself be forever satisfied with social festivities, even when the first flush of youth is past and the promises have not been fulfilled, who does not then recognize "the important thing" in other aims, in new duties, in serious activity, is indeed irredeemably frivolous.

Besides, I was talking of the feelings of our young girls in society at the time of my youth. To-day everything has changed greatly. The girl fresh from a good school no longer, as at that time, finds in the ball her highest joy and her only opportunity for fulfilling her vocation, a happy conquest. Dancing is being displaced by sport, and of callings that are open to women there are more every day. Society life itself has grown more tedious too: the young men shun the ballrooms; the seasons do not last so long that people get better and better acquainted and so enjoy each other's company more and more; neither in winter

in the city nor in summer at the watering-place does society meet for the whole season—they fly from place to place, from the mountains to the sea, from the northern city to the South, from Scheveningen to St. Moritz, from the Pyrenees to Egypt, up to the not distant time when from the Isle of Wight they will make excursions to the fashionable Japanese baths.

VI

A SEASON IN HOMBURG VOR DER HÖHE

Our way of living · My first singing lessons · The Princess of Mingrelia · Tsar Alexander II · Adelina Patti

1864 — that was the year in which the Austrian troops, in conjunction with the German, were waging war against Denmark. When I call up that year in my own memory, this event plays no part in it at all. Doubtless I must have heard something of it, but, as no one near and dear to me was participating in it, what I heard was too faint a tone to leave traces on my psychical phonograph. And in general the naïve conception of martial events which was then mine, and is doubtless widespread even to-day, is that wars are things that take place as necessarily and regularly and outside of the sphere of all human influence as do processes in the interior of the earth and in the firmament; so one is not to get into a rage over them. And if they take place at a distance it is like the collision of two stars — such a thing does not really concern one, one will not let himself be disturbed in his occupations and amusements by it — at most one may find it interesting that "history" has again become active, and may be anxious to see what new lines its stylus will engrave on the map. I do not think, for that matter,

that I felt this anxiety. I did not read the political part of the papers when I read papers at all (my reading consisted only of French and English books); and if I learned of the victory of the allies, and took pleasure in it, this was at most brought about by the fact that the *Düppler-Schanzen-Marsch* was to be seen in all the music shops, with the usual pretty picture of charging soldiers on the cover, one of them in the foreground at the left waving the flagstaff on high, while at the top the bunting rolls over the whole page in such great undulations that one positively hears it flap in the wind. The cover of that piece of music has remained in my memory; aside from this, of the whole Schleswig-Holstein campaign — nothing.

The year 1864, especially the summer, brought me far other experiences, which affected me deeply and have remained indelible in my memory.

We had gone to Bad Homburg v. d. Höhe. In causing my mother's choice to fall upon this place, the attraction of the trente-et-quarante table was certainly the determining factor. It was her intention never again to enter a gambling-room — this she had declared years ago; but now the hankering had awakened again, and also the idea that perhaps it might after all be possible to repeat the experiment that had been made at home, and to harvest a trifle of a million, which is in all cases agreeable. I did not say no to this scheme, for Homburg was incidentally a very fashionable watering-place, where I should certainly find opportunity for

entertainment. My guardian did not approve at all; he thought the gambling-room dangerous for my mother, and the society that moved there unsuitable for me. Homburg was reputed to be a haunt of the Parisian demi-monde. And in fact, we used to see on the terrace that year two notably striking figures whose names are doubtless still in the memory of those who go back to the time of the second French empire, Cora Pearl and Léonide Leblanc. I was not unacquainted with the existence of the *haute galanterie* of Paris. As a reader of the French novelists, Alexandre Dumas, Eugène Sue, George Sand, Paul Féval, who were then the latest thing, I had acquired a knowledge of the life and luxury of the *grandes courtisanes*, as they were called by those authors. — Yet, along with such society, Homburg harbored also a highly respectable community of foreigners who came to take the waters, from everywhere under the sun — especially Russians and English.

Our apartments had been engaged in advance, in a house that stood opposite the Kursaal; its owner was a banker named Wormser. Frau Wormser was a dear, sensible, prepossessing woman. With this mention I send a greeting to her in the realm of shadows.

I do not know how Homburg has developed since then. I see it before me like this: a long, wide street leading from the railway to infinity, interrupted on the right hand by a square where the Kursaal stands; along the street the houses either are hotels,— the usual

Englischer Hof, Russischer Hof, or other Hof, — or bear a placard reading *Appartements meublés.* When you get beyond the Kursaal the hotels diminish, the street leading to infinity takes on the character of a small city, and into it open the little streets and alleys that pertain to the capital of the reigning Landgrave of Hesse-Homburg. At that time the last of the landgraves was seated on this throne; for two years later not only did his line die out with him, so that the landgraviate fell to Hesse-Darmstadt, but by the terms of the peace of September 3, 1886, it was incorporated into the kingdom of Prussia as a part of the province of Hesse. Hesse-Homburg patriotism, if there was any, must have been retrimmed in quick succession into a Darmstadt patriotism, a Nassau patriotism, a Prussian and an Imperial German patriotism.

Where the great street broke off at Kurhaus Square, a side street turned to the right, running opposite the Kursaal to the park. Here was the foremost hotel of the place, Hotel Bellevue, and around the corner, where the park was already beginning, stood the large three-story Weckerlin house, on the ground floor of which I had many a joyous hour — of this more anon.

When we arrived we knew nobody, but acquaintances are readily formed in watering-places. Thus it came to pass that on the very first evening, at our landlord's bank, where my mother was having money changed (the capital for the indubitable winning of those millions), we fell in with an old gentleman whom

Herr Wormser introduced to us as "Banker Königswarter from Paris." Then when we came to the music the next afternoon Herr von Königswarter joined us, and introduced to us several other guests of the spa, both gentlemen and ladies. Thus we became acquainted with a Countess Vitztum who lived in Paris, Baron Alphonse Rothschild from Naples, and several others whom I do not now remember.

We had organized our life thus: mother spent the forenoon at her work, I stayed at home meanwhile (for it was settled as a fundamental principle that I was not to enter the gambling-rooms), and during this time I occupied myself with my piano and with my books. We had immediately rented a piano and subscribed for six volumes at a time from the circulating library, which was in the house next door. I was always a ravenous devourer of books: without three volumes of belles-lettres (novels in several volumes were the style then), two of Tauchnitz, and one of German science, I was not to be contented. In all time to which my thoughts go back, I have always, under all circumstances and in every situation, led two lives — my own and that of my reading. I mean, the events that I lived through and those that came to me through description have simultaneously enriched my store of memories; to the persons known to me in daily intercourse there have been added the heroes of my authors; it is under the influence of a double experience that what I am has taken shape. The

stories of the "Thousand and One Nights" belong to my impressions of the Orient just as much as does my real stay in the Caucasus, and many a living gallant has quickened my pulse less acutely than has the imagined figure of Marquis Posa. And does not one often feel it as one of the experiences of life when from the words of a thinker or scientist a new truth breaks forth, when suddenly a fold of the veil that wraps the great mystery "Universe" is lifted?

—Well, then, I devoted the forenoon to my occupation at home. At one o'clock my mother came from her work (oh, how laborious and really hateful she said it was!) and we lunched in our room. In the afternoon we dressed nicely for the concert; at seven o'clock came dinner at the Kurhaus restaurant, mostly in company, and after it, three times a week, opera. Just then Adelina Patti, still quite young but already renowned, was singing there *als Gast.* She was receiving an honorarium of five thousand francs for every performance. I heard her in *La Sonnambula, Faust, Lucia di Lammermoor, Don Pasquale, La Traviata, Linda di Chamouni, Crispino e la Comare.* It must surely be a divine sensation to stand there on the boards, the incarnation of an ideal figure, and with the magic of one's art to take so many hearts captive, to acquire so much glory, honor, wealth, and withal to intoxicate one's self with the sweetness of one's own voice,—these thoughts, joined with a certain feeling of envy, ran through my mind while Patti sang, and now I

understood why my mother had felt it such an impairment of her happiness in life that she had been hindered from becoming a Malibran. Malibran, it was affirmed, had been a hundred times greater than Patti; and her voice (my mother's) had, she said, been put on a level with Malibran's by connoisseurs. Might not I, perhaps, have inherited this divine gift?

We sent for the leader of the orchestra at the opera to come and test whether I had voice, and if I had, to give me singing lessons. He came, tested, thought the material was good, and gave me lessons; of course only exercises for developing the voice. That was somewhat of a bore to me; I should have liked to learn a bravura aria at once, and I felt it as a disappointment that when I let a beautiful F or G swell to fortissimo and then diminish again till it died away, the Herr Kapellmeister did not spring up to cry out in enthusiasm, "Why, that beats Patti!" And so we gave up the lessons after a week — the more readily because to my mother, whose work often failed of success in most inexplicable fashion, the fee of twenty francs an hour seemed decidedly too high.

One afternoon, at the music, Herr von Königswarter said to us,

"The Princess of Mingrelia has a keen desire to make the acquaintance of the ladies."

We had long known who the Princess of Mingrelia was, since we saw her daily in the Kurpark and at the

theater, and since Herr von Königswarter, who was on friendly terms with her, had told us as much as he knew of the story of her life. Ekaterina Dadiani, formerly princess of the Caucasian country (now incorporated in the Russian empire) of Mingrelia, was a very elegant lady of about forty-six or forty-seven, still goodly to look upon, and must in her youth have been a dazzling beauty of the genuine Georgian type. She had for some years been living in Europe, alternately Paris and St. Petersburg, for the sake of her children's education; in summer she came regularly to drink the health-giving waters of Homburg. Every morning at seven o'clock she went to the spring; she often made the round of the gambling-rooms, but never played; at the afternoon concert she used to sit in a particular place on the Kurhaus terrace, always surrounded by a whole little court. Her family consisted of two sons and a daughter. Her oldest son Nikolaus, called Niko, was at that time seventeen years old, her daughter Salomé sixteen, and her youngest son André fourteen. Her household (she occupied the whole ground floor of the Weckerlin house) comprised a secretary, the governess for her daughter, the tutor for the boys, a valet, and two maids.

After her husband's death she had taken the reins of government as her son's guardian. Once, hard pressed by the Turks, she herself went against the enemy at the head of her horsemen. But it had been impossible for her to hold her ground, and she had to accept the

protection of Russia, a protection that was practically annexation. The heir was allowed to keep his title of Prince of Mingrelia, and his lands, but in the form of a *majorat;* the throne he must forego. A considerable appanage was set apart for the dowager princess, and at the Russian court she was allowed the rank of a foreign sovereign. She was content, for those Caucasian principalities and kingdoms — Georgia, Imeretia, Mingrelia, etc.— were always threatened by Mohammedan enemies, and under Russian safeguard they could develop peacefully, thrive, and remain true to their ancestral standards of life, their customs, their languages, and their dress.

In the princess's company there were frequently to be seen a few Caucasian ladies wearing their picturesque home costume; she herself ordered her gowns from Worth and wore them with all the *chic* and elegance of a genuine *grande dame.* She spoke French fluently, even though it was with a strong Russian accent; with her children she conversed mostly in the Georgian language.

The desired acquaintance was made. I brought the interesting woman girlish admiration, and she took me to her heart. Soon I became almost a child of the house. At first I only sat in the great circle during the concert; then the princess invited me to accompany her to the spring in the morning, to come and see her at her apartments, to dine with her. My mother held aloof: a few formal calls made and returned, that was

all. I, on the other hand, was taken into the intimacy of the princess, who had a great predilection for young people. Salomé, her daughter, far nearer to me in years, came in contact with me much less than did her mother; she, with her hardly completed sixteen summers, was still rated as a child, and had to stay with her governess most of the time.

By her fellow-countrymen the princess was addressed as "Dedopali"; this means queen, literally "mother of mothers," and is in that country the correct title for every female sovereign. I was generally called by the family "la contessina." A friend of the Dadiani household, the Italian Marchese Almorini, had thus addressed me, and the designation had stuck to me. He was a comical sight, this Almorini. An old beau, always paying compliments, always skipping about, always *aux petits soins* with the ladies. He did not show his age: he wore a coal-black wig and dyed his beard. He could relate so many stories and chronicles of times long gone by that there had grown up a standing joke that he had been centuries in the world, like Cagliostro.

The princess's secretary, who was likewise her courier, major-domo, shawl-bearer, — in a word, factotum, — bore the name of Monsieur Ferry, and was a Frenchman. He was the picture of devotion. Since one cannot all the time be bending the upper part of the body forward as in reverential salutations, he stood with his hip sloping to one side when he spoke

to his mistress, and always addressed her as "Altesse." He was a man of about forty, with a reddish imperial and side whiskers. The old valet, called Monsieur David, a fat, smooth-shaven Swiss, had been one of the household for twenty years, had served the late prince in Mingrelia, and was the genuine type of the devoted old servant, possessing the absolute confidence of his mistress and the love of her children.

Innumerable and clear-cut are the recollections which the hours that I spent in the Dedopali's house and in her company have left in my mind. The oriental, exotic quality, commingled with the Russian and Parisian tone of high society, spiced with romance and surrounded with the glitter of wealth, exercised a peculiar fascination upon me; I was truly downright happy in this relationship, it was to me like the coming true of indefinite, long-cherished dreams. When I entered her apartments in the Weckerlin house at any hour I had a glad and buoyant feeling. From the front room one entered a large dining-room with three windows and a balcony; at its right there was a corner drawing-room in which the princess spent most of her time, and back of that was her sleeping-room. At the left of the dining-room were the children's rooms. It was only an ordinary *appartement meublé*, though a high-grade one; nothing of princely splendor about it; but yet by the many personal objects scattered about, by the flowers, by the fashion in which the furniture was placed, the whole had a private and characteristic

stamp of its own; the very odor that filled these rooms — a mixture of orange-flower perfume, Russian cigarettes, and leather — had something personal about it. In the course of years I met the Dedopali in many places, and everywhere that she stayed this same odor hovered about her rooms and adhered to all her possessions.

I spent many hours in that corner drawing-room and listened to the words of the princess, who related to me much that was romantic in her career. She would stay in Europe a few years more, and then return to her own country with her sons. In the meantime her daughter would doubtless have married. "And you, too, Contessina, will sometime visit me in the Caucasus with your husband, will you not? You are already twenty-one, and so pretty — you must soon make a brilliant match and be right happy. — Come, I will show you what wedding present I intend for you."

And she took me into her sleeping-room, commanded her maid to set out the jewel casket, and showed me her treasures, — a magnificent collection of pearls, diamonds, and other precious stones. She took out a pretty little brooch of brilliants.

"See, this is the *cadeau de noce, mais d'abord il faut avoir 'le promis.'*"

She questioned me: was there no one who was attentive to me, no one who especially pleased me? No, my heart was free. — She herself, a short time before,

had been not far from contracting a second marriage. The preceding summer at Biarritz the Duke of Osuna, the greatest and richest nobleman of Spain, had sued for her hand, but she could not make up her mind to it; she was now living only for the future of her children, and besides she was already taking too much delight in looking forward to her return to her native land, from which she was banished until her son Niko should have reached his majority.

One afternoon, during the Kur-concert, we were all sitting on the terrace once more in our usual places in the Dedopali's circle. There was a rumor that the Tsar, Alexander II, was in Homburg on that day: perhaps he would come into the Kur-park. In fact, suddenly a commotion arose, and from all sides came the cry, *L'Empereur, l'Empereur!* . . . And down below in the park could be seen the tall, imposing figure of Alexander II, who, accompanied by his aides, was promenading below the terrace. As soon as his eye fell on the Dedopali he came hurrying up the steps. The princess arose and moved forward to meet him, and he seized her hand and kissed it. The rest of us stood at a respectful distance; but I heard when after a short conversation the Emperor proposed in a somewhat louder tone and in French, "Shall we not take a turn through the gaming-rooms?" And he offered her his arm. The rest of us followed.

At the roulette table Alexander II borrowed a few gold pieces from his companion, — either he had no

money with him or else he thought that borrowed money brings luck, — and threw the stake on the red. He won, let the money stand a few times, but ultimately it was swept in by the little rake, relentless even toward autocrats.

Another episode remains in my memory, a call which Adelina Patti paid to the Princess of Mingrelia. She came accompanied by a lady companion, and remained a short half hour in the corner drawing-room, while I also happened to be there. The sort of awesome timidity with which the autocrat of all the Russias had affected me a few days before filled me now in a different way, but almost to the same degree, in the presence of this victorious yet childishly bashful sovereign in the empire of song — an empire which had stood before my mind as one of the mightiest ever since my childhood. The conversation turned principally on music, and when she was asked as to her favorite rôle, Adelina Patti named Marguerite in *Faust*.

VII

HERACLIUS OF GEORGIA

A disappointed dream of love

ONE day a new figure appeared in the princess's circle. A man of about forty: elegant figure of medium height, regular features with a melancholy, almost gloomy expression, and a long, narrow black imperial.

"My dear cousin, Prince Heraclius of Georgia—my darling Contessina, of whom I have told you so much," said the princess, as she introduced us.

The cousin from Georgia pleased me and I pleased him also. Such a thing is detected instantly. A lively conversation immediately sprang up between us. Now we met several times a day, for the prince was constantly in his cousin's company, was invited to her rooms for all meals and for the evenings. In the evening they used to have music — what is called music: the oldest son drummed on the piano and sang all kinds of songs from the music-halls and the boulevards; the rest joined in; I rendered a few real piano pieces, — Chopin nocturnes, Mendelssohn caprices, and Liszt rhapsodies, — sang a few of the ballads that were lying around, and reaped a rich harvest of applause. I was admired day after day as a musical marvel.

I liked to have the Dedopali tell me about her cousin. He was the son of the last King of Georgia; properly bore the name Bagration, just as the Russian emperors are Romanofs — he was a "Bagratide." This designation sounded to me particularly heroic and classic. He had a palace in Tiflis and an ancient royal castle in the mountains. He lived much in Europe, but frequently went back to his home in the Caucasus, where he was still treated by the population as a king. In temperament he was melancholy rather than cheerful, the probable cause being his not altogether robust health—his yellowish complexion indicated a diseased liver. To cure such ailments he alternately drank of the waters of Homburg, Karlsbad, or Vichy.

"He would cure his ailments better," added the princess, "if he would take a young wife who would cheer him up and make him right happy, a sweet young wife like you, *ma petite Contessina* — Just try and see if you can't turn his head a little; it has long been the wish of my heart to have him married."

Such advice turned *my* head a little. I really found this exotic sprig of royalty, this dark Bagratide, who was at the same time a thorough *homme du monde*, in the highest degree interesting. There is yet a step from being interested to being in love, but not a very long one. The slightest occasion, and this step is taken. This is the way it happened with me (I made use of this episode many years later in my novel *Trente-et-quarante*):

One day I had again been invited to dinner at the Villa Weckerlin. Those who sat next me at table were an Englishman — Lord Hillsborough — and Heraclius. After dinner the company repaired to the salon; the mistress of the house requested me to play something for them. Without being urged, I sat down at the grand piano and played with bravura a Chopin valse. Heraclius stood near me.

"You are an artist," he said when I had finished.

It was now time to break up. The princess's guests had also taken a box at the opera for that evening, and it had been agreed that we should go to the opera together.

I followed the princess into her dressing-room to rearrange my hair a little. The locks to be curled, and the faded roses to be replaced with fresh ones. While Masha, the maid, was doing this work, I looked at my own picture set in the silver frame of the toilet mirror. How advantageously this thick polished glass showed the image: or was it the effect of the champagne that my cheeks glowed so vividly, as if they had been rouged? I took up the oval hand mirror; it showed the same dazzling color; and by means of the double reflection I could now also see the effect of the spray of roses drooping between the dark locks at the back of my neck.

The princess stood near the toilet table.

"Take a little *poudre de riz*, my love," she said, and lifted the silver cover of a round glass jar. I pressed

the puff into the fragrant powder and dabbed it against my face and neck; how cooling it was, how refreshing to the hot cheeks! And then, after the visible traces of rice flour had been wiped off with the soft rabbit's foot, the too deep red in the cheeks had been changed to a tender rose, the lips glowed the more vividly, and the eyes sparkled darker than before.

To complete my toilet the princess gave me a sandalwood fan with steel spangles, and now we were ready.

When we entered the box the performance was already in progress. They were giving *Rigoletto.* Gilda was just rushing down the steps to meet her father. *Mio padre! — Figlia mia!* As it were a flood of delicate waves of tone came purling down from the stage, and the thickly packed theater presented a brilliant spectacle. The impressions of life's splendor and joy which I was receiving that day kept on crescendo.

Heraclius of Georgia was present in the box. He sat opposite me and kept his eyes fixed on me. It seemed to me as if the captivating melodies in the duet between Gilda and the duke expressed what was streaming from heart to heart between Heraclius and me, still unspoken but already understood on both sides. I listened to the fiery strains of Verdi, and slowly moved my fan back and forth, every motion sending me a breath of sandalwood. Once I slightly turned my head and met the eyes of my vis-à-vis fixed upon me full of tenderness and admiration. Then I dropped

my lids, but soon, in spite of myself, I lifted them again and gave the dear fellow a long, full gaze of love.

Now the curtain fell; the princess turned around, and Heraclius stood up; he made room for various visitors who came crowding into the box, and went out. Shortly afterwards I saw him on the other side of the house with his opera glass directed on me. During the rest of the performance Lord Hillsborough stayed in the box and Heraclius did not return.

After the quartet in the last act the princess stood up.

"Let us go," said she; "I do not want to see the coming storm and the dragging out of the bag with the corpse. Instead, let us take a turn through the gaming-rooms."

At the exit of the auditorium stood Heraclius. He came to my side.

"The performance is over at last! Were you very much fascinated by the Englishman's conversation?"

"I was fascinated by the Italian's music," said I in reply.

A long gallery leads from the theater to the gaming-rooms. Heraclius walked by my side, and I expected every moment that he would put into words what had just now been uttered through the eyes; but then the princess began to involve her cousin in a conversation, which lasted till we entered the gaming-rooms.

Here we took our stand at the roulette table, and the princess flung some gold pieces on the *tableau*.

"I am going to make a proposition," said Heraclius to his cousin. "To-day is Wednesday, and there is a ball here; let us go to the gallery and look on."

The princess agreed, and the little company mounted the steps leading to the ballroom gallery.

This was full of people. There was hardly a place to be found between the spectators who were leaning over the railing. We had to separate; the princess took her place at one end of the gallery, I was at the other. Heraclius joined me. It was like a tête-à-tête. Crowded by the people who stood beside us, he had to come so near me that his arm rested on the railing close against mine. What we said no one else could hear, for the noise of the waltz music prevented words exchanged at close quarters from carrying to any remoter place. It was to a Strauss waltz — the *Morgenblätter* — that the couples on the floor below were whirling. But, though I looked down, I saw little of the swarm on the floor; my ball was up above. More giddily than under the maddest galop time I felt myself whirled onward by the prince's proximity, by his words. The atmosphere was oppressive; the chandelier near us poured out a hot and dazzling light. I kept my fan going incessantly, and with its sandalwood scent it said something to me — for scents also speak — that enravished me.

"You are a magnificent girl," Heraclius's flattering voice was whispering in my ear meantime. "You have all the qualities to turn the soberest heads, to set the

coldest hearts to beating. I had no idea that earth contained a being who could exercise such a witchery as you —"

"Children!" exclaimed the princess, coming up to us, "it is beyond endurance here; this heat is suffocating, the light makes one's eyes ache, the music is deafening, and there is not much to look at in the dancing of those four or five ill-gowned Homburg girls. Don't you agree with me? Let us go!"

Well, we had to go, for it was for the princess to decide, but I assuredly did not agree with her. The heat-radiating chandelier was to me a magic sun, the noise of the wind instruments was like the music of the spheres — a more glorious festivity I had never yet experienced.

The princess and her cousin accompanied me to the door of my house. It was still open.

"*A demain, chérie!*" said the princess, kissing me on the forehead. "But not at the spring," she added. "Come at two o'clock."

My mother was still up.

"How late you are! The theater was out long ago!"

"We have been looking on at the ball, mamma."

"How did you enjoy yourself? Tell me."

"To-morrow, dear mamma!"

I kissed my mother and went to rest.

Rest? "Who ne'er distressful nights upon his bed has sat in tears," runs the well-known poem; but whoever has not through a long night, awaking every ten

minutes, kept tossing from one side of the bed to the other, with a beloved name upon his lips, a glowing beatitude in his heart, — he also "knows you not, ye heavenly powers."

A hundred times I started up from my slumber, and if I was not at once conscious why I was so utterly happy and whom I loved so very dearly, the sandal-wood fan, which lay close to me on the stand, quickly told the story. Its fragrance played the *Morgenblätter*, poured out the hot light of the ballroom chandelier, and pressed a sleeve of black cloth gently and tremblingly against a sleeve of white muslin. Then I would deliciously go to sleep again, only to be reawakened soon by a powerful heart-throb. And so it went till morning.

Once again, just as when I was enamored of Friedrich von Hadeln, I was seized at waking by the consciousness of the rapturous "I love," and with it the still more rapturous "I am loved." Warm, almost tangible, it gushes from the heart, sweet, tender, full of yearning and yet glad in possession — for even yearning is a possession. Thus there is on earth something which yesterday was still unknown, still not in existence, and which to-day, so to speak, fills the world, — the unspeakably precious treasure, which is so wholly and completely the "one important thing."

I was not to see him for three days; he had gone to Paris for that time. I filled these days with studies regarding the Caucasus and its history. Not only what the Dedopali could tell me, but also what I found in

the encyclopedia and in Dumas's book *Le Caucase*, gave me a glimpse into the distant, fabulous realm whose throne should by right have belonged to my Prince Heraclius.

On the second day I received from Paris a package and a letter. The package contained a full bonbonnière from Boissier, the accompanying letter a few polite lines. There was nothing out of the ordinary in it, but it intoxicated me outright, for it was signed with the name of Heraclius of Georgia, and from its thick paper adorned with a princely crown there exhaled a faint, but peculiarly sweet, fragrance. This letter-sheet and the sandalwood fan — both told me untranslatable things.

On the third day I went over to the Dedopali's with quick-beating heart. I found her in her usual place in the little drawing-room.

"Ah, *bon jour*, Contessina — I have a greeting to transmit to you. My cousin writes me from Paris . . . He was to be here to-day himself, but — I am not surprised at it in him, he is a man of moods — instead of coming, he writes to bid me farewell for this year; he left Paris yesterday to go direct to Tiflis."

And I — silly thing — I burst into tears.

"For God's sake, what is the matter, Contessina?"

"Oh, Dedopali, — it is too cruel!"

"What? . . . that my cousin has gone home? So you are in love with him? . . . Perhaps it may be your fate after all, — he may come back again; don't cry.

No man deserves to have a girl cry for him if he is capable of passing by his own good luck like that. Besides, all may yet turn out as your heart desires."

These words were a balm to me. Merely the right to hope, — that is all that youth desires. And so I hoped that Heraclius would write me from Georgia. But he did not. —

VIII

NOVITIATE IN ART

Back to Baden · Singing lessons · Great hopes · A test before Madame Viardot

HOWEVER, it was not an inordinately long time before the image of the Georgian prince had grown dim in my memory. And gradually, once more, something quite new became the object of my life, the "one important thing."

We returned to Baden greatly disappointed — my mother in her great hopes of gain, which had to be exchanged for no inconsiderable certainty of loss, and I in my exploded dream of love; and there we proposed to live very quietly and frugally in our country house, and spend the winter too in seclusion there.

We had a lodger in our house, an old music teacher, who had been an orchestra conductor. One day he asked to see us.

"Pardon me, Frau Gräfin, and pardon me, Komtesse,[1] if I permit myself to make this call; but I consider it my duty — it is perhaps a question of something great and rare — something extraordinary in the Komtesse's fate, something which —" He struggled to find words.

[1] Both titles are "countess" in English; but in German *Gräfin* is the count's wife or widow, *Komtesse* his unmarried daughter. — TRANSLATOR.

"Well, what do you mean?" asked my mother, and I too was keyed up to a high pitch. ("Something great and rare"—those who are hungry for life are always looking for that with yearning eyes.)

"I have often heard the Komtesse sing. She has had no training at all, but she has a voice such as comes only once in a hundred years, such as I have not heard since Jenny Lind, and it really quite reminds one of Jenny Lind's. The same meltingness, the same power, that same something,—in short, the Komtesse has millions in her throat, she has a glorious career before her if she wishes—this I had to say."

So, then, it might be that glory and fortune were to be mine—I did not at all distrust the artistic judgment of the music teacher and experienced orchestra conductor. My mother was likewise entranced. Her old predilection for the profession of a great singer, the profession which in youth she had so longed to have as her own, caused her now to grasp with delight the hope that her old-time dreams might be fulfilled in her daughter. And the millions which she had had to let dry up in her throat, the confidently expected millions which the abominable trente-et-quarante table had denied her, should come flowing to our house after all! She immediately arranged with the music teacher to give me lessons every day.

Professor Beranek had in fact been a singing-teacher at the conservatory, and had trained several important operatic artists; so the formation of my voice could be

intrusted to him. He wanted to instruct me for a year, make me thoroughly musical, give my voice the right position and fluency; after that I should have to study a year or two more with an Italian maestro, and then I might rise above the musical horizon as a star of the first magnitude. I must take up the Italian career, that was settled; my mother herself insisted upon that, for the names of Pasta and Grisi and Malibran still filled her head, and only by traveling from Paris to London, from Milan to Madrid, from St. Petersburg to America, could one win the aforesaid millions and that world-wide reputation which makes artists in song into half-queens.

Ah yes, crowns, — that was what my young ambition craved. Nothing had come of the royal crown of Georgia; that had faded into air together with the dream of love; in its place glory should now crown me, and instead of love should be Art! One can burn as passionately for Art as for a beloved. Whoever loves Art and is loved by Art — that is, whoever loves it with the power of achievement — may find life perfectly satisfying.

Now came for me a time, a whole year, when I lived for only one object, — Song; that had now become the "one important thing." On the very day after our interview the instruction began. In order that it might make rapid progress, and I might in a year advance as far as others did in a conservatory course of several years, the lessons were fixed at four hours a day, —

two hours in the forenoon and two in the afternoon, with the requisite interval of rest between. Scale-singing, vocal exercises, score-reading, the science of harmony: I was to become a thorough musician; as phenomenal in artistic schooling as in vocal talent,— simply the greatest cantatrice of the century. Herr Beranek went into ecstasies every day, and thus kept us fancying that the marvelous had really come to pass, that an enormous prize had fallen to me in the lottery of life. Or rather that a treasure-trove was assuredly within sight, but that it must be dug for. And I dug and dug with a diligence, a perseverance, a joy, that was unique of its kind. From morning till night, through the long months of the autumn, of the winter, of the spring, nothing but notes, — sung, played, read, written notes, — and yet it was a whole world, full of sweetness and beauty, full of inspiration, full of proud satisfaction. I do not know (seeing that I never attained to it) whether a successful career as a prima donna really carries with it as much happiness as is to be experienced in the preparation for it, when the time is occupied with study, and triumph seems sure.

As material for study we ordered a whole little music library: Garcia's " Method " in two large volumes; the scores of all the operas that were to form my future repertory — all with Italian text. That was by no means a monotonous life. On the contrary, it was full of the tragic, of passion, of ebullient joy, of the tenderest devotion, of the most heroic uplift, of funereal

horror, of epithalamial bliss; in short, of all the feelings and fates which belonged to the heroines of my operas. Norma, Amina, La Traviata, Lucia, Linda, I myself was—one after the other, as I sat at the piano and memorized the text and melody in which were expressed all the sadness and the joy, the sweetness and the horror, which I tried with all my might to realize so that I might one day carry it triumphantly into the souls of my listeners. And the Edgardos and Manricos, Gennaros and Alfredos, who were destined to accompany my soprano in harmonious trios and sextets, — these also I saw before me; I simply *loved* them. Do not take it that I was imagining the singers, — they were to remain a matter of indifference to me, — but the forms created by the dramatist and composer, and all their heroism, all their poetry. In just the same manner the young girl reading her Schiller becomes enraptured by the Don Carloses and Posas, the Ferdinands and Karl Moors, — only in the study of the operas there is added the ineffable something that wells forth from the magic tones of the music. Music says things which are not contained in any language. What can now and then stream forth from a sequence of tones, from a chord, from a rhythmical crescendo, is as little to be repeated in words as is the fragrance of flowers, the taste of a fruit. There are melodies which tell a story, arpeggios which caress, chords which burn; in many measures one feels as if — now I am endeavoring, after all, to find words for

that of which I have just said that it lies outside of language; it is in vain. But a hundred times more powerful yet is the enjoyment of the charm of music when one is filled with it not only as a recipient but also as a giver, as a creator; when one is himself the transmitter of this mysterious and ineffable something to the souls of others; when one feels that thousands of auditors are seized by the same waves of passion, of rapture, of exultation, or of pain.

To be sure, I experienced all this not as a reality, but only as the foretaste of a thing to come — but a thing whose coming I did not doubt, which seemed to me like a boundless wealth that was not indeed in my hands in the form of gold, but I had in my possession well-secured drafts for it. Not only did the study of the rôles afford me this enjoyment, but even the mere practice of scales and the composition of roulades, the dry work of the technic of my art, gave me gladdening and enlivening sensations. For the concept "Art" had taken hold of me with all the power that is inherent in it, that results from the worship of art in books on the history of art, and from the worship of artists by the public. When studying for the chosen calling, one feels — at least I felt — intrusted with a mission which carried with it something priestly, something holy.

The question arises, Was not vanity also involved? Was I not gloating rather over the prospect of arousing admiration, of enjoying a world-wide fame (for I was

not expecting anything small, thanks to my master's indefatigable praise and expressions of wonder), or else over the thought that the heroine whom I should represent would be so graciously personified in me, that the brilliant satin train in the first acts would make my tall, slender figure so effective, and that my loosened hair in the tragic final scene would fall down below my knees in billowy natural abundance? Should I not — apart from the might of song — also as a woman set all hearts afire?

Oh, but nothing, nothing should or could turn me from my art; all homage I would put away from me, every discreditable demand the proud lady in me would spurn, and every enticement to renounce the stage and enter wedlock would leave the proud artist unmoved. Whoever stands on the highest pinnacle of Art belongs henceforth and forever to its temple service.

Such were my thoughts and intentions as I practiced solfeggios or wrote out my harmony exercises; and I was happy in it.

We lived in absolute retirement; my guardian visited us only once or twice a month, and nothing of these musical plans was divulged to him. The first that he should learn was to be the *fait accompli*, when I had made my appearance in a great theater with overwhelming success. We had no intercourse with the families that wintered in Baden, and we never went to Vienna. It was a rigorous novitiate in art; nothing

was to divert me from my studies, nothing else but learn, learn, learn, was to fill my time. I was no longer so young, and I had to make up in a single year what other pupils acomplish in four or five years.

There was only a single family which we met socially from time to time; this was two old ladies, daughters of a general, and their brother, a retired first lieutenant of hussars, also well on in years, who had a barytone voice and had missed his calling, — that of an opera singer, — to his deep regret. I sang Italian duets with him, but without letting him guess my plans of the future. I should properly say, a duet; he had no more in his repertory. It was the scene between the brother and the sister in *Lucia di Lammermoor*. We performed the piece dramatically, singing by heart and putting in all the action, I carrying myself forward into my beckoning future and my partner going back to the past that he had let slip. He was convinced that he would have made a great singer, exactly as I was convinced of my coming greatness, and most likely his melancholy conviction was just as fallacious as my joyful one was.

I remember that our duet cost us much study before we could do it together. The lieutenant was not especially musical, and did not keep time well, and I too was very prone to slip, for I had not yet begun to sing arias at all with my teacher — he insisted strictly on my practicing nothing but scales and arpeggios; the *Lucia* duet, which was performed in the house

of the Cortesi sisters, was basely kept a secret from my master.

After about a year and a half of this preparatory course, Professor Beranek made the announcement that it was now time for me to finish my studies under a famous singing-teacher. Our choice fell on Pauline Viardot-Garcia. Many artists had gone forth from her instruction; and anyhow, Garcia's two-volume "Method" having been my gospel, in whom could I have felt greater confidence than in the daughter of that incomparable master?[1] So off went a letter to Baden-Baden.

It must have been an exuberant letter. I knew that Madame Viardot was very particular and refused many who wished to take lessons of her. To be received by her was an especial favor granted only to those who had real talent. I tried, therefore, to prejudice her in my behalf by my letter itself. I could not well speak of my talent (although, resting on my teacher's assurances, I felt no doubt of it), so I must have written all the more of enthusiasm for art, of ardor in my vocation, and such trite things, and naturally intimated also

[1] Manoel Garcia del Popolo Vicente, a native of Seville, born 1775, died 1832, was successful as singer and composer, and supreme as music teacher. The reputation of his book *Metodo di canto* is high and permanent. He had two daughters, Maria born in 1808 and Pauline born in 1821. The elder, named Malibran by marriage, was one of the most renowned singers of the nineteenth century; she died in 1836. Pauline made her first appearance on the stage in 1837; married Louis Viardot, at that time director of the grand opera at Paris, in 1840; remained on the stage, with much success, till 1863; and settled in Paris as a teacher of singing in 1871. — TRANSLATOR.

that I desired to put myself under none but the foremost teacher in the world. At any rate, Madame Viardot answered that I might come and let her test me.

My mother and I went to Baden-Baden without delay. On the appointed day and at the appointed hour we presented ourselves at the Villa Viardot. We were shown into a small ground-floor salon and told to wait a little while. I still see the piano in the corner at the right by the window. There were several music cabinets with scores; on the walls, pictures and photographs of artists; through the open balcony door a glimpse of the garden. In the background of this was a pavilion, presumably the dwelling of Ivan Turgénief, Madame Viardot's friend of many years.

In this waiting time I was seized by a horrible panic. Something that I had never yet felt in my life. Something that actually took away my breath and tortured me. Is this, then, what is called stage fright, *le trac?* Why, that is not at all unlike what one must feel at going to the guillotine! How can one — God have mercy! — sing in such a state?

"Mamma," I wailed, "I shan't be able to sing a note!"

"Don't be childish! Who 'd be worried, when you have such a voice? Madame Viardot will consider herself fortunate to get such a pupil."

The door of the next room opened and in came the dreaded one. A lively, elegant woman of forty, with features not beautiful but interesting. There was a little introductory conversation which I do not

remember, and then I was dragged to the block — I mean the piano.

"Have you brought any music? What will you sing for me?"

"All I can do is scales and exercises."

"One can judge of your voice by those, no doubt, but not of your talent, not of your degree of ability."

"Then, please, the duet with the barytone from *Lucia*."

"A duet?"

"Yes, madame; so far I have not sung any pieces at all; it only happens that I know this one."

"Very well." She found the score and played the introduction.

My throat was utterly choked. I started in a tremble. But after a while my voice grew firmer, and after a few measures it went to my own satisfaction. Mother nodded approvingly. I believed that I had given of my best.

But the great teacher shut up the score in the middle of a measure and said, "The truth of the matter is, you can do nothing at all."

It was as if I had been given a box on the ear and a dagger-thrust both at once.

"Let us have another trial, then, with *notes filées* — in order to see what might be made of the material — there is certainly voice there —"

And she struck low C. This test was easier for me. Still I could not give all that I had — the tones were

hoarse and my breath was short. After the two octaves up to high C were tested, she stood up.

"How old are you?" she asked.

"Past twenty," I replied with a half lie, for I was already twenty-two.

"That is too late to start from the beginning. At twenty, one ought to be already trained. And tell me, why do you really want to go on the stage? You have social standing — your name shows it."

In reply I said something about ambition and love for art.

"That is all very pretty, but I can only advise you not to give up your position. Your voice is not bad, but it is not extraordinary, and it is questionable whether you could learn anything."

"Madame, she has talent," insisted my mother. "And under your instruction it would most certainly develop."

"But I cannot tell to-day whether I will undertake to give her this instruction. The young lady must first take a few lessons, and then I will decide whether I will go on with her — yes or no. According to my impression of to-day, there is little chance for yes."

"Oh, do not judge by to-day's test; the poor girl was so nervous — I really did not know her."

"If one suffers from nervousness, one is not fitted for the career of an artist; an additional reason for giving it up."

"Her timidity will disappear when she gets used to it," urged my mother.

"Very well, then; come next Monday at the same hour." And we were dismissed.

We returned to the hotel, and there I gave vent to my suppressed anguish in a burst of tears.

"Never, never again will I set foot in that Viardot villa! Let us go away, mamma; I will never let myself be seen in that woman's presence again! It is over — it is all over!" My world lay in ruins. The "one important thing" was annihilated.

IX

THE YEAR 1866

Return · Elvira's death · Fürstenberg's death · The war · Homburg once more · Back to Baden · Baron Koller

WE journeyed back to our Baden villa. Professor Beranek was indignant at Madame Viardot. For a long time I would sing no more. But at length he brought me to it.

"You will not have been the first," he said consolingly, "who has failed of recognition at a trial and has then put the false prophets to shame through greatness fairly won."

But my self-confidence was too completely crushed. It did not so quickly wake to new force. At the same time a hard sorrow befell me. Word came from Venice that my cousin Elvira was very ill, that her lung trouble had taken a turn for the worse, and that she was confined to her bed. Not many days later there came the news of her death. For the first time in my life I learned how it feels to lose a dear one. An incomprehensible emptiness, an unintelligible shuddering. . . .

The bereaved mother came to us. She was on the verge of despair. Now of course all singing was hushed in the house.

The year 1866 brought me still another severe loss, that of my much-loved paternal friend Fürstenberg. He departed this life after a brief illness at his residence in Vienna. And one thing more that unblest year brought, — war.

I am ashamed to say it again, but this event made no impression upon me — none at all. I took knowledge of it just as one learns by hearsay that somewhere in the distance floods have set in, or fires broken out, — elemental events, of a very lamentable nature, but they will pass by. And at bottom the thing is not uninteresting — it is something historical. The Prussians will of course get a thrashing; and if we should lose the game, there would be peace again after it anyhow. We had no one dear to us in the army, so we were not anxious. I read no newspaper; and the stories that they told, — victories of the Prussians in Hannover, at Frankfurt, later also in Bohemia (but not much of it came to our ears, and if anything did I have forgotten it), — nothing of all that has remained imprinted on my memory: a proof that it was heartily indifferent to me.

To-day I cannot understand how I could be so stupid. Even apart from my future ardent sentiments in behalf of peace, which ought at that time to have been already dormant in the young woman of twenty-three and to have been awakened on this occasion, such a tremendous event should at any rate, even from the ordinary point of view, have stirred me, should

have filled me with some kind of emotion, either patriotic enthusiasm or tingling human sympathy or, if nothing more, anxiety and terror; but there was nothing, nothing.

It would not be necessary to set down in these reminiscences the confession of such a fact, doubly humiliating for a future opponent of war, but the incongruity that is here apparent is a thing that distinctly deserves scrutiny. The most interesting thing for the reader of memoirs, I think, is always the opportunity to observe how and whereby certain destinies, talents, or deeds, which are known to pertain to the writer of the memoir, have been prepared for and developed; one wishes to trace out what inner aptitudes, and what outer influences, have contributed to the formation of the total product. From this there always result useful lessons and bits of knowledge. Provided, of course, that the autobiographer is entirely sincere: useful lessons are to be drawn only from unfalsified facts.

Here, in bringing to my present consciousness the conception of war that I then had, I myself find occasion for an interesting observation, an instruction worth taking to heart. Human society as a whole passes through just such stages of shifting ideas, knowledges, conceptions, and judgments, as does an individual man. Should not I to-day fully understand, and fully pardon, the fact that the generality of men in their preponderating mass take as cold and

unconcerned an attitude toward war (when it does not lay hold directly of their own lives) as did I myself a few decades ago? Should I be amazed that this same generality regards the occasional breaking out of wars as a matter of course, a thing involved in natural law, which one may possibly sigh over, but which one cannot condemn and cannot antagonize? Against the inevitable one raises no voice of blame, strikes no blow.

And as the individual (in the case in hand, I myself) may under the influence of experiences and considerations come to have quite altered views, so may and will the generality obtain new insights and act accordingly.

When to-day in certain circles I meet with case-hardened misconception of the peace movement, when they try to show me the obvious naturalness and historical necessity of the scourge of war by arguments at which wrath and discouragement threaten to take possession of me, all I need to do, that my wrath may subside and my courage rise, is to think back to my own past. Moreover, in the matters of war and peace the generality is not even in such a state of stupidity any longer, for by this time almost every one has at least heard something of the movement, and the number of those who sympathize with it or even take an active part in it is growing every day. A greater and greater number of people are taking sides on the issue, either for it or against it; but at the time of which I

am now talking the fact was that no one knew anything about the peace movement, because there was none; for the sporadic emergence of individual minds who took a stand for the abolition of war cannot be called "a movement."

We spent the summer of 1886 once more in Homburg vor der Höhe, and although the war penetrated into our very near neighborhood there were no indications of it to be detected in the life of the bathers and gamblers at that cosmopolitan watering-place. The official band played; Patti sang; the Spaniard Garcia, who had become famous for his luck at gambling, continued to make his harvest of a hundred thousand francs a day at the trente-et-quarante table — until one fine morning he did begin to lose, and gradually put in all the millions he had won, and something of his own besides.

The Princess of Mingrelia was there again with her family, and I spent many hours of the day in her company. Her daughter, Princess Salomé, was by this time eighteen and released from the nursery, and I now kept up as lively an intercourse with her as with her mother. In age we two girls were actually better mates; an additional point was that we took riding lessons together, and every morning we used to go for a ride side by side in the roads of the park, under the oversight of the riding-master. That was a fine occasion for chatting, and we soon formed a cordial friendship.

Salomé was to be presented at court at St. Petersburg the following winter, and to be introduced into society there — she looked out into the future with joyous hopes and plans; I, on the other hand, assumed rather a melancholy and resigned aspect, as one who no longer expected much from life. The two deaths by which dear ones were taken from me had really made me low-spirited; and the collapse of my artistic dreams had left me in a bad frame of mind, but of this matter I told her nothing. I confided to my new friend only the fact that two years before I had been in love with her uncle Heraclius — now, indeed, I had got the unhappy passion out of my mind, but yet there remained a certain dejection. Salomé only laughed at me for it.

"How could one ever fall in love with such a sallow, bilious old man! No, no, Contessina, you will yet find a much better one."

The Dedopali's two sons also had now grown up into tall, handsome young men. Prince Niko, the older, once caused us all a fine fright. He was to have a duel. He had been pursuing a little lady from Paris too ardently, and a rival had got into a rage over it; ugly words were exchanged, and the other man announced that on the following day he should send his seconds. The scene had had witnesses, and the old princess learned of it. Weeping and trembling she told me about the misfortune that had befallen, and I wept and trembled with her. Nothing was to be done

about it: duels also belong to the unavoidable dispensation of things in this world — what young nobleman could refuse to take part in them?

It was a sad business, of course, but no one in our circle dreamed of such a thing as harboring a mutinous thought against the absurdity of it. There was at that time as little talk of an anti-dueling league as of a league in opposition to duels between nations. To be exposed to murdering and being murdered was simply one of the chivalric and patriotic necessities that life brings to men. And when that is the case women can do nothing else but weep in timid admiration.

But the duel did not come off: I cannot recall now whether the opponent had left town or whether the witnesses had succeeded in effecting a reconciliation. I only know that the threatening cloud passed over, and that we were all very happy. My really deep-felt and spontaneously shown sympathy had brought me much closer yet to the Mingrelian family; and especially Prince Niko himself, as long as he lived, never forgot that I had so taken to heart the danger to which he had been exposed.

When we went home that autumn the war was a thing of the past. We took still another lodger in our Baden villa, a Saxon officer. He most courteously came to make us a call. I do not think that we talked much about the campaign just ended, for I remember

only that at the Herr Lieutenant's second visit, which was his visit of farewell, I sang something for him; I can also remember what it was, — the adagio from the grand aria in *La Sonnambula*, "Ah non credea." The Saxon officer was enraptured.

"Oh, most gracious countess, you sing like Patti!"

"That young man has a great appreciation of art," remarked my mother, when the lieutenant had taken his departure.

"And are you really going to stick to your decision that you will renounce an artistic career," she added after a while; "is that reasonable, is it courageous?"

"But Madame Viardot's decision —" I opposed hesitatingly.

"Madame Viardot is not infallible; and if you had only kept on with her for a while —"

"Not for the world would I have come into her sight again!"

"But there are other great singing-teachers; we will ask Beranek."

Herr Beranek was still our lodger, and naturally he was ready at once to take up the proposition of resuming the musical plans. He spoke of Lamperti in Milan, Duprez in Paris, and Marchesi in Vienna as among the greatest teachers. I would not hear of Vienna, but in the very act of pronouncing this limitation I had already tacitly acknowledged that perhaps I would be content, either in Milan or in Paris, to pick up the thread which had been so abruptly broken off in Baden-Baden.

And to that it gradually came. I no longer gave a decided "no" when any one spoke to me of an artistic future, and I resumed my singing lessons with Beranek. The old love of song, the old ambitious plans, the old self-confidence awoke and gathered strength once more. The resolve to persevere in my studies, and to continue them under some famous master, matured in my mind. I wrote to Maître Duprez in Paris to ask him if he would be willing to accept an ambitious, enthusiastic pupil; he replied that he would, and so it came to pass that my life had once more found the "one important thing."

There was living at that time in Baden an old bachelor, a former ambassador, with whom we constantly associated. His name was Baron Koller. He was tall and very thin, closely shaven, extremely correct and elegant in his attire. He owned a house near the Kurpark, externally insignificant, but furnished in exquisite taste within. Here he frequently gave us little dinners.

The contemplation of the beautiful mementos which he had gathered about him in his rooms was a great pleasure to me. I "turned the leaves" in these rooms as in an interesting book of memoirs. All those fabrics, weapons, trinkets, female portraits, had stories to tell of distant journeys, of high life at courts and in society, and of intimate love affairs. And the master of the house himself: *ancien régime* in his manners, sparkling with wit in his conversation.

There developed between the old gentleman and me a sort of — what shall I call it? — *esprit*-flirtation, a tossing back and forth of conversational shuttlecocks. He took special delight in my mastery of the elegances of the French language, and, because I realized this, I wrote in that language a whole booklet about his home, associating with the various trinkets and pictures imaginary stories and all sorts of observations. I copied it neatly, tied it with a blue ribbon, and sent it to him. He then gave it back to me, as a loan, with his marginal notes. He wanted me to see what keen pleasure the reading of it had given him, — a pleasure which was expressed in underlinings, exclamation marks, and a few brief sentences.

One time he honored me by the gift of a cup of old porcelain with the inscription *Respice finem.* To this I made answer in a few rhymed lines, the text of which I find jotted down in the diary which I was keeping at that time:

RESPICE FINEM

Zu kluges Wort, ein Hemmnis dem Beginnen,
Das kühne Taten ſcheut in zauberhaftem Sinnen;
Das mit berechnend kaltem Geiſt
Das Heute wegen Morgen von ſich weiſt,
Und das manchen, der zu viel ans End' gedacht,
Verzagt und klügelnd um ſein Glück gebracht.

Wagen und Beginnen liegt in jedes Menſchen Hand —
Das Ende hat kein Weiſer noch erkannt.

Es trifft nicht in die vorgedachte Bahn,
Wie ſie erſonnen hat des Grüblers Wahn;
Drum hat ſich arg getäuſcht, wer an das End' gedacht,
Wenn er zu lichten wähnt der Zukunft dunkle Nacht.

Des Daſeins höchſte Frag' iſt: Werden und Beſtehen,
Es wirke alles ohne Sorge ums Vergehen.
Die Blüte denkt ans Welken nicht,
Ums Löſchen unbekümmert ſtrahlt das Licht;
Im Weltenplan hat Gott ans Ende nicht gedacht,
Denn was er ſchuf, hat ohne Ende er gemacht.

Think on the End

Too shrewd a phrase, by which the start is checked!
It shuns bold acts and dallies to reflect,
And, coldly calculating, thrusts away
For some To-morrow's sake the sure To-day;
It brings the chance of happiness to naught
For many, who too much upon the end have thought.

Daring, beginning, lies in each man's hand;
The end no sage's eye has ever scanned.
It does not come by such a course at last
As by the purblind reasoner was forecast.
Therefore he sadly errs who on the end has thought,
If to light up the Future's darksome night he sought.

To grow, to hold our ground, is life's supreme affair.
No anxious thought of perishing should enter there.
The flower on fading does not think,
The light does not in fear of quenching sink.
God, when he planned the world, upon the end ne'er thought,
For endless did he make the universe he wrought!

He often sent me books from his library, and I wrote down for him my impressions regarding them; and so back and forth went messages, flowers, bonbons, and manuscripts, — a real flirtation! But it was wholly without erotic background; for the gallant diplomat might have been my grandfather.

X

RESIDENCE IN PARIS

Singing lessons resumed · Maître Duprez · The school in the Rue Laval · In the house of the Princess Mingrelia · In the imperial box at the opera · Summer at Duprez's place in the country · Return to Paris · Princess Salomé's engagement · Prince Achille Murat · The wedding · With the young couple · Off to Baden-Baden

AT the beginning of the year 1867 we traveled to Paris.

But, I remember, of the powerful impression which it must produce on every one to come for the first time to the mighty metropolis about which one has heard and read so much,—of this impression I felt very little, my mind was so full of the "one important thing." Even the prospect of the pleasure of meeting the Dadiani family of Mingrelia again here did not come so close to me; the only thing that I could think about, that made me tremble with terror and excitement, was the question, How will Maître Duprez judge of my voice, what progress shall I make, and what shape will my artistic career take?

The maestro owned a mansion on the Rue Laval, in which was a hall with a stage. Adjacent were small study-rooms in which the maestro and his son, Léon Duprez, gave private instruction. Every Friday the more advanced students gave arias and scenes from

operas on the stage, and the little theater was filled with an audience of their friends and of strangers from outside. On the other side of the court was a small *hôtel* used as a residence by the Duprez family, which consisted of the father and mother, the son and daughter-in-law.

At our first visit in the Rue Laval we were conducted into the theater building. First we went into a small waiting-room, around the walls of which ran bookcases full of opera scores. Students of both sexes were sitting and standing about, chatting. In the theater too a few scattered individuals were sitting and listening to the performance of a quite young girl who, with the accompanist of the establishment, Monsieur Maton, was practicing the Rosina aria, *Una voce poco fa.* Monsieur Maton had written out most artistic colorature for her; it purled and warbled like anything.

So then this school enables one to reach such a bravura! It inspired me with courage and the resolution to be very industrious.

Still, what verdict would the maestro pass on me after the test? — surely not like the severe Viardot. With quaking heart I mounted the steps to the stage, behind which was the room where M. Duprez was waiting for me. A benevolent old gentleman, well along toward eighty, but lively and vigorous, came to meet me. He had white curly hair, ruddy cheeks, and smiling eyes.

"Well, mademoiselle, so it was you who wrote me that enthusiastic letter, was it? You want to be something great or else nothing at all, do you? Well, then, let me hear how your voice sounds, and see if you can read notes."

He handed me a book of original solfeggios and sat down at the upright piano. This time the test resulted favorably.

"Beautiful voice; I shall be able to make something of you — in two years you shall be *la première force*."

I was happy, simply happy! Now the hours of instruction were settled; I was to have lessons twice a week. That was not enough for me.

"I should like to come every day, maestro."

"You may do that; on the other days my son or M. Maton will practice with you. But I have only two hours a week, that is to say, half hours, to spare; that is quite enough."

We rented and furnished a small flat in the Rue Laval, and forthwith began for me an active epoch of study, bright with hope. I spent all my forenoons in the theater building of the Hôtel Duprez, always accompanied by my mother, a thing which seemed rather tiresome and superfluous to the others who frequented the school. I put myself wholly into the *do, re, mi*, and into a little aria which the maestro had composed and which he gave me to study for my first piece. But I felt especial interest in my fellow-pupils,

who were on the most various levels of ability; and the Friday performances, as I did not yet participate in them, were to me a great enjoyment. When later I myself had to sing up there it was an agony to me, to be sure; for the old nervousness came over me again, and I won no applause. But this did not take place till after the lapse of some time; for the present I was busied only with learning, and I went at it in joyous mood.

In the public recitals there participated also some of the maestro's finished pupils who were already filling engagements at the theaters and had attained celebrity: the tenor Engel (known as Angèl); Mademoiselle Marimon, the *chanteuse légère* of the Opéra Comique in Paris; and Jeanne Devriès of Brussels,— all three artists of the first rank. A young sister of the last-named, Fidès Devriès, had begun taking lessons only a short time before, and was the favorite of the maestro, the admiration of the whole class. She filled me with green-eyed envy. She was pretty as a picture — I could have forgiven her that, but she was sixteen years old, which put my twenty-three to shame, and she was making such rapid strides that although she had been in the school only a short time she already sang like a virtuoso and without the slightest nervousness. Ultimately she was engaged at the Paris Grand Opera, where she made her début as Ophelia with huge success. When I witnessed with what facility young Fidès learned the most difficult coloratures,

with what correctness she read at sight, what peculiar magic dwelt in the timbre of her voice, and with what freedom and assurance of victory she moved on the little stage, always greeted and rewarded with the applause of the listeners and teachers, I was compelled to say to myself: "*That* is talent, that is the special gift, that is the something that lies beyond ambition and industry, which one cannot attain but must *have*, and which I have not. . . ."

I was in and out of the house of the Princess of Mingrelia a great deal. I did not divulge to her anything of my artistic plans. She supposed the "Contessina" had come to Paris merely for the sake of being with her and her daughter, and she invited me to all her dinners and receptions. Together with her family and a numerous body of servants she occupied a suite in the Hôtel du Louvre, with private entrance and private stairway. In the long array of reception rooms, and especially in the salon filled with flowers and bric-a-brac where she usually kept herself, there was once more the odor of Russian cigarettes and orange flowers. I felt myself transported back to the Weckerlin villa at Homburg, and could not help thinking of my infatuation for the Georgian prince, the Bagratide Heraclius. I inquired about him.

"What! Is his picture still alive in your heart, little Contessina? Well, he is soon coming to Paris . . . and if you can't have him, we will find another husband here for you, for it is high time you were married —

twenty-three already, that is almost being an old maid! I shall marry off my Salomé before she gets to be twenty; only it is a pity, dearest, that you have not a good big dot. That is the main question here in Paris. Grace and beauty do not suffice. Salomé is to get an income of fifty thousand francs, a present that her brother Niko gives her; with that it will be an easier matter to find a good *parti*. And I already have my eye on some one, a member of the imperial family."

"Of Russia?"

"No, of France."

The princess and her daughter never missed any of the Empress Eugénie's *petits lundis*, and the Empress herself had proposed the marriage plan to which the Dedopali referred. She would not say anything more definite about it just then, and even Salomé, whom I questioned, professed to know nothing at all of the matter.

The imperial box at the opera was frequently put at the disposal of the two ladies, and they often invited me to accompany them. One morning, when I came to my lesson at the music school, young Madame Duprez called to me:

"Were you at the opera yesterday evening?"

"Yes; Madame Sass was a splendid Valentine."

"So that was you, was it? In the Emperor's box?"

"Yes," I replied, inwardly amused, in a tone as if it were my usual habit to occupy such places and no

others at the theater. I felt that the incident made an impression on the whole school; evidently they were not in the habit of seeing the pupils in the monarch's box. In the Mingrelian salon, on the other hand, my musical peformances made a great impression again; there they were evidently not in the habit of seeing dilettantes sit down to the piano and treat the company to concert waltzes and colorature arias. Little — say, petty — gratifications of vanity.

The expected Prince Heraclius of Georgia did not come to Paris. Probably if he had come the flame in my heart would have flared up again, and the ambitious dream of becoming a great lady might have displaced that of the "great artist"; all the more because doubts about my talent kept growing upon me, the wretched nervousness refused to be overcome, and when I performed on the experimental stage I was unable to make a real success. Only my mother kept stimulating my courage and ambition; the maestro, too, promised that in a year or two of study he should form me into a superior artist, and I persevered.

The next summer (the Mingrelian family had gone off to the German watering-places again) we betook ourselves to the Duprez country estate, to continue the instruction there, it being interrupted in the school at Paris. In October we went back to the city, and the Mingrelian family too moved into the Hôtel du Louvre again. The old life of the preceding year was repeated: artistic interests and enjoyments in the

Rue Laval, social interests and enjoyments with my Asiatic friends.

One day toward the end of the winter I received from Princess Salomé a dispatch: "Enjoy my good fortune with me; I have just become engaged to Prince Achille Murat." On the same day she had sent me a card by mail, which I received a few hours later than the telegram. The little yellowed forty-year-old card is still among my old papers. I reproduce it in full:

Princesse Salomé Dadiani
de Mingrélie
Ma bien bonne Contesco, venez demain
à deux heures précises — vous passerez
la journée avec nous. J'ai une foule de choses
très pressées à faire et je m'adresse à
vous comme à *mon amie* dévouée, pour vous demander
votre aide. Ne m'oubliez pas auprès de Mme.
votre mère. Soyez bien exacte.

I joyously obeyed the summons — there is nothing in the world more interesting to young girls than an engagement — and found the whole house in happy excitement.

I was told how it all came about. The affair, contemplated during the preceding winter by the Empress Eugénie and the Princess Ekaterina, had been brought to a satisfactory conclusion the week before. The Emperor undertook to provide his nephew with an allowance of fifty thousand francs a year, which excellently comported with the bride's similar income; he also agreed to pay the young man's debts.—Well, yes,

debts — it was known to the whole town that he was one of the most extravagant high-livers in Paris. Among the diamonds of the then so celebrated "belle Hélène," Hortense Schneider, were many jewels which Prince Achille Murat had laid at her feet. The prince was regarded as one of the handsomest of the young people in high society. The son of Prince Lucien and an American woman, he very much reminded one of an Englishman in his manner, in his accent, and in the blond type of his face. All this I knew from hearsay before the news of the betrothal came to me.

I found the fiancée busily engaged in sending announcements of her good fortune to all her St. Petersburg and Parisian acquaintances, and I must needs help her address the envelopes. She was really happy. To be sure the whole affair was arranged by the relatives on both sides, and she had seen her fiancé only three or four times; but in those circles, especially in France, they are used to having marriages contracted in this way. And the dazzling appearance of her suitor when introduced to her had thrown a spell over her: she was genuinely in love with the young man, and heartily enjoyed the thought of becoming "Princesse Achille Murat."

Now she had before her also the interesting task of making up the trousseau, of superintending the appointments of a little *palais* in the Élysée quarter, and of receiving the wedding gifts, the first installment of

which had appeared that very day in a "river of diamonds" that her own mother had given her, and a pearl necklace which her fiancé had laid at her feet. So she had, as the old song[1] puts it, "diamonds and pearls"; she had beautiful eyes as well, a twofold princely crown, a hundred thousand francs of income, her nineteen years, and a handsome husband: "Darling, what more would you have?" To me also all this seemed at that time like the pinnacle of human happiness, and I honestly rejoiced with my friend. Later, much later, I learned that there is something "more" than all that, that there is a happiness which in its inward depth, even in very limited circumstances, is more radiant than any external glory, any affluence. Oh, my unspeakable married bliss . . . but I will not anticipate.

On that same day I became acquainted with Salomé's fiancé; before that time he had been no frequent visitor at the house. The first call which he had made, a few days previously, had been connected with the ceremonious proposal for the hand of his chosen. "Chosen" is the wrong expression; I should have said "the lady intended for him." He pleased me very well — twenty-one years of age, exceedingly tall and slender in figure, a thin blond imperial, dazzling teeth,

[1] To wit, Heine's verses:

Du hast Diamanten und Perlen,
Hast alles, was Menschenbegehr,
Und hast die schönsten Augen —
Mein Liebchen, was willst du mehr?

— TRANSLATOR

faultlessly elegant and assured behavior. It must be confessed, not a trace of tenderness: as he preserved a severely correct, not to say chillingly ceremonious, behavior toward every one, so he did even toward his betrothed.

Every morning, from that time forth, came the traditional great bouquet of flowers, sent to the house by a messenger, and in the afternoon appeared the suitor himself to *faire son cour* for a brief hour.

The wedding was celebrated in the early days of May, 1868. A wedding which embraced three separate ceremonies, — first the civil service in the *mairie*, then a forenoon wedding according to the Catholic rite in the Tuileries, in the presence of the Emperor and Empress, and at nine o'clock that same evening in the Greek church according to the Orthodox rite. I participated in this last ceremony as first bridesmaid. My function consisted in holding a crown over the bride's head during the whole marriage service. An illustrious company filled the brightly lighted, flower-decorated chapel. The ladies' toilets were of great magnificence. The bride wore a veil which had been made for her at Brussels, with her family arms, the Golden Fleece, woven into its fabric. It flowed down from a diadem of diamonds, the Empress Eugénie's wedding gift. The bride's mother was adorned with the stars and ribbons of various orders. Among the jewels that were here displayed, I was especially struck by the historic set of emeralds which the bridegroom's sister, the

celebrated beauty Anne Murat, the wife of the Duc de Mouchy-Noailles, had put on in honor of this solemn occasion.

And is it not to a certain extent humiliating that I myself on this occasion allowed the parade of toilets and jewelry to sink so deep into my mind that at this day I can still see it all? I will even confess that I remember what I myself wore, — a gown made by Worth, of white gauze over rose-colored silk lining, garnished with innumerable little *volants* from the waist to the train — it is to be hoped that at that important and solemn hour when my friend stood before the altar to be dedicated to an unknown destiny, I thought of something besides those many little spangles; but it is a fact that I still see the rose-pink shimmer rippling through the white threads of the gauze.

After the wedding there was a small ball at the princess's. The innumerable *volants* had an opportunity to whirl around in the dance, and I remember that my partner in the first quadrille was a Prince Bourbon. The newly wedded pair had disappeared from the festivity early and unobserved. They had decided not to take a wedding journey; they took up their residence at once in their newly furnished *petit hôtel* in the Rue de Pressbourg.

There I spent many hours. Salomé usually invited me to dinner, and I was expected to come an hour earlier so that we might have time to chat before the husband and the guests should appear. After dinner,

especially when we three were alone, we usually went to some one of the so-called *petits théâtres*, which Salomé was not allowed to attend before she was married, and which it now gave her much amusement to become acquainted with. I ought not by rights to have been taken along either, being still unmarried; but, in the first place, now that I was twenty-four years old I was no longer included in the category of young girls, and in the next place, in the *baignoire* we were invisible to the general public.

My friend seemed to feel very happy; at least she was always cheerful and in good humor, and took delight in all the festivities and receptions that were held in her honor in the circle of her new family, at court, at her husband's parents', at the Mouchys'. She took me with her to her relatives, and so I shared in many of these entertainments. But the season soon drew to an end, summer was upon us, and society scattered.

The young couple went first for a few weeks to the ducal château of Mouchy, and planned to be at Baden-Baden for the rest of the season. Hereupon I urged my mother that we too should go to Baden-Baden. During the last part of the time I had greatly neglected my singing lessons in the Duprez school; it was becoming clearer and clearer to me that I had not such great talent as I had imagined, and I hoped in my secret heart that a sojourn in the great world's splendid watering-place, where I should be included

in my friend's circle, might perhaps turn my fate in a different and happier direction. My mother may have cherished the same hope, or else she felt a drawing to the trente-et-quarante bank in order once more to test whether the old gift of divination might not make its appearance even now; in brief, we started off for Baden-Baden.

XI

SEASON IN BADEN-BADEN

Resumption of trente-et-quarante · Baroness Seutter · Acquaintance with King William I of Prussia · A letter from the king

WE took up our quarters in the large Villa Mesmer, situated opposite the Kursaal, where Queen Augusta of Prussia was accustomed to lodge during her yearly visits to this watering place. She was not to arrive till a few weeks later, and in the meantime we were assigned to a part of her suite, including the large drawing-room, the windows of which gave upon the park. Impatiently I awaited the arrival of the Murats, who had already engaged rooms at the Villa Stéphanie. The interesting life would begin only when my friends should make their appearance.

While waiting for them I made the acquaintance of a charming woman who was domiciled in Baden-Baden — the Baroness Seutter. She conceived a great predilection for me and frequently invited me to her house, where the local society of the city were accustomed to gather.

My mother, who long ago had passionately abjured all gambling, began again — merely out of curiosity, just for once — to risk a gold piece or two. And lo and behold, the results of the early tests followed!

Could it be that the marvelous gift had awakened again? We could at least try it and see, as long as it would last. And in reality the luck held; the originally wagered ten louis had grown into a little pile of thousand-franc notes — if this would only hold out for a couple of months, with gradually increasing stakes, — and why not? — then would *la réussite* be made. All the extinguished hopes flamed up again.

One day I received the disquieting news that the young Murat couple had changed their plans and would not come that summer to Baden-Baden; the rooms in the Villa Stéphanie were given up. We also were now compelled to leave our quarters, as Queen Augusta's arrival was imminent. It would have been reasonable of us to go home, since the object of our coming — to be with the Murats — had failed; but we preferred to remain. The laborious business of winning in the Kursaal had indeed for a time dropped off, then started up again, and again dropped off — this last time, however, only from blunders which might be avoided later, and so it seemed necessary to make further tests. And I had many opportunities of amusement in consequence of my acquaintance with the Baroness Seutter; so I also would rather remain in brilliant, wonderfully beautiful Baden-Baden than return to our own simple Baden. In place of the rooms which we were compelled to vacate in the main villa our landlord gave us pleasant quarters in a *dépendance.*

Shortly after Queen Augusta's arrival the old king,

William I, also came to Baden-Baden with the intention of staying about a week. From our windows we could see the main part of the villa and the king's working room. He sat there every morning at his writing table, which was moved up close to the open window, and he could be seen there as he worked.

Nay, it was my lot before very long to see the victor of 1866 close at hand and to make his personal acquaintance. I ought properly, as an Austrian, to have cherished patriotic resentment against our vanquisher; but I confess that I felt nothing of the sort — only a huge respect for these very victories. The idea of a winner of battles, a conqueror of countries, was to me still, as my history lessons had made it, the sum of all greatness, of all glory. Of course some one must suffer damage in order that victories and conquests may be attained; that in this case it happened to be my native country that was hurt, was a circumstance which could not make the king less lovable — I certainly would not wish to be so egotistically unfair. Moreover the old man was well known to be fascinatingly affable and thoroughly kind-hearted; in short, I could not cherish any patriotic rancor against him.

Frau von Seutter invited me one evening to accompany her to her box. It was the performance of an Italian opera, but I cannot remember what work was presented. I only know that we sat next to the grand-ducal box, and that King William was one of the occupants of it. He nodded a greeting to Frau von

Seutter and kept looking across at us. On the following day the baroness proposed that I should go with her to a musical matinée at Madame Viardot's — there the most fashionable public was sure to be found; but I would not be persuaded. I never wanted to be seen by Madame Viardot as long as I lived! In the afternoon Frau von Seutter told me that the matinée had been most brilliant. Among those who were present was the King of Prussia. He had asked her who that young lady was, at the opera the evening before; he thought he had recognized his neighbor whom he had often seen from his window.

A few days later I saw the king again at a soirée which a great society lady — I cannot now recall her name — had given in his honor. Living pictures were a part of the entertainment. In the course of the evening Frau von Seutter presented me to the old monarch.

"Oh," he cried smiling, as he extended his hand, "we have known each other for a long time — from our windows!"

From that time forth it very frequently happened that the king addressed me in the Kurpark, where, during the afternoon music, he used to walk up and down before the Kursaal, in the midst of the guests, and that he then continued his promenade for a while at my side, chatting with me. I have no diary of that period, and therefore cannot reproduce the tenor of these conversations. I remember only that I asked him for a photograph, which was courteously furnished with his

autograph on it. I was required to give him mine in return, but the king found it a poor likeness and asked for another. After a few days he departed from Baden-Baden. On the morning of his departure I sent over to him the desired photograph with an accompanying note. What its contents were I do not now know, but I must have made some reference to conquest — possibly with an allusion to 1866. The answer that he sent back is in my possession. It was put into my hands by a special messenger just as I was on the point of going with the Baroness Seutter and a few other ladies to the railway station to present the departing king with some flowers. Here is a copy of the letter:

Baden, 23. 10. '68

I have just received your photograph, gracious countess, *somewhat* better than the one which you were kind enough to hand me yesterday. In permitting myself herewith to express my most sincere thanks for it, I must likewise do so, and still more feelingly, for the kindly lines that accompanied the picture. In the passage about conquest an error seems to have crept in; you probably meant to say that you knew very well that you had made a conquest, the conquest of a graybeard in his seventy-third year, whose sentiments still often receive very lively impressions, especially when, though only too infrequently, they are kept fresh by a vis-à-vis!

Most earnestly recommending myself to your continued remembrance, I remain, gracious countess,

Your very devoted

Wilhelm Rex

XII

PARIS AGAIN

Return to Paris · Renunciation of an artistic career · A dream of Australian gold · Betrothal of Heraclius of Georgia

THE Baden-Baden season was coming to an end. The Princess Murat wrote me that, as her plans for the summer had fallen through, we must return to Paris again in the ensuing winter, and there make up for what had been missed; she would give me many opportunities of enjoyment with her. We obeyed this suggestion, and journeyed back from Baden-Baden to Paris.

I refused, however, to go on with my lessons at the Duprez school. Singing had ceased to be the "one important thing." Now that I had lost the conviction that my talents could raise me to the highest pinnacle of that art, I would give up the thought of practicing it publicly, and hereafter would merely exercise it for my own private enjoyment. My mind was now more and more directed to "high society"; association with all the princely, imperial, and royal personages had perhaps gone to my head. At any rate, the democratic tendencies which have marked my maturer years had not as yet been awakened.

During the last part of our stay at Baden-Baden a young man had managed to obtain an introduction to

me, a very young man, who paid me notable attentions; every day he used to send me a magnificent bouquet. He was an Englishman, but born in Australia, where his father, it was said, had enormous possessions. I had not given further thought to this handsome youth, who, being apparently eighteen or nineteen, scarcely seemed a suitable candidate for marriage with me now that I was twenty-five, until one day he sent in his name at our Paris residence and begged permission to bring his father, who had just arrived from Melbourne. We consented, and the next day we received a call from an elderly gentleman, who was so lame that he had to be carried upstairs.

"Ladies," his discourse began, "I am going to tell you without circumlocution what has brought me to you. In all probability I have not long to live, and I have an only son whose happiness in life I would gladly see assured. To be sure he is young to be married, — twenty years old, — but with us early marriages are not rare. He has fallen passionately in love with you, my dear young lady, and begs me to ask you for your hand; this I accordingly do with all formality. You will perhaps find this somewhat presumptuous on such a short acquaintance; but in the first place I have a very brief time before me, — I may be called away at any moment, — and in the second place I have so much to offer that there is no undue pretension in my acting as I do. I am the richest man in Australia. Among other things I own a

whole street in Melbourne. My boy is my sole heir, — but even during my lifetime I am ready to settle upon him and my daughter-in-law a kingly fortune. The choice of the place where they may decide to live is left entirely to the young lady. At all events a *hôtel* in Paris shall be bought. It is of course necessary that you be able to obtain information about us: apply to the house of Rothschild, to which my letters of credit are directed. And now I beg of you to take a week to decide this question, and meantime to permit my son to spend an hour or two every afternoon in your house, so that the young people may become better acquainted. I myself am too ill to repeat my visit very often."

After this pretty discourse, to which I made no reply and my mother only spoke a few words about "surprise" and "thinking it over," the old gentleman bade us farewell, and we were left alone with our amazement. That same evening I related the circumstance to my friend and her husband.

"What fabulous good fortune, Contessina! You must seize it. . . ."

I made some protest: "But I scarcely know the young man, I do not love him, I am too old for him . . ."

But my friends parried these objections. Especially Prince Achille threw himself into the matter. He offered his services to make the necessary inquiries, and, through his real-estate agent John Arthur, to see to the purchase of a magnificent *palais*. He ventured

the prophecy that I should have the finest salon in Paris. Even if the young man did not boast an aristocratic name — *I* contributed that; and millions, so many millions, mean far more nowadays than rank and title. All this sounded very pleasant to me; my mother regarded the affair as a great stroke of luck, the young man was elegant and handsome and seemed to worship me, — so we said Yes.

Then the father appeared a second time and invited us to a drive which put me into a genuine Arabian-Nights frame of mind. We drove through the Champs-Élysées; it was for me to select one of four or five splendid palaces which were for sale. My choice fell on the Hôtel Païva, — a regular jewel casket, which Count Henckel-Donnersmarck had set up for the beautiful Madame Païva.

From the Champs-Élysées we drove to the Rue de la Paix. My future father-in-law had us stop in front of a great jewelry establishment. His valet lifted him out of the carriage and assisted him into the shop, where an easy-chair was put at his service. The rest of us stood near by. He ordered them to show us the richest jewels that were to be had. The complaisant jeweler brought out his most magnificent wares, and the velvet caskets as they were opened disclosed to my eyes the prismatic sparkle of solitaires and the mild glory of pearls as big as peas.

"What is the price of this *rivière?*" asked the Australian.

"Two hundred thousand francs," was the answer.

Then turning to me, "Does that please you?"

Yes, it pleased me! And now he took up a pearl necklace.

"That is not bad," he commented, "but it has only three rows; could one not have five?"

"Of the same size? That would be difficult to obtain," replied the jeweler.

"Well, we will not decide to-day," said the old gentleman, and we left the shop.

"I want to go to a few other jewelers," he said, when we took our seats in the carriage, "but not to-day. I now know what your taste is. Moreover, I have brought with me from Australia some stones which are far finer and larger than those we have seen here. I will have them mounted as a diadem."

I rejoice to this day that I had that drive in Paris. I experienced thereby a sensation which it is vouchsafed to few human beings to enjoy, — the feeling of having immeasurable wealth at one's command; of being able to secure, by merely nodding, anything that money can buy. At the first moment it is an intoxicating sensation, but — this observation I also value: the intoxication soon passes away and gives place to a certain sense of surfeit; it comes over one like a weariness, "If one can so speedily have everything that one wishes, what then is left to wish for?" And then, above and beyond the treasures that money provides, how many treasures there are which are not

purchasable, — love, glory, honor, lightness of heart, health — what good did his row of houses in Melbourne do the poor lame man? And I, instead of belonging to a strong, influential, well-beloved husband, to whom I might look up, on whom I could rely — this lad . . .

Prince Achille came to us in order to make the acquaintance of my suitor. I think he did find him rather insignificant, but that seemed to him only one thing more in his favor.

"You will make of him whatever you want; you will be able to twist him around your little finger!"

He invited him to dinner for the next evening. But the next evening, after we had been waiting for our guest a quarter of an hour, a message came: "Mr. F. is ill and begs to be excused." The next day the indisposition had fortunately passed away. Inquiries at the Rothschilds' brought no detailed information; the head of the house was at Nice, and the clerks could only report that a letter of credit bearing the name in question had actually been presented and honored. And now the betrothal was to be solemnly celebrated. Prince Achille's parents had the friendliness to offer their house in which to hold the banquet, and they sent out the invitations. Arrayed in a sky-blue toilet which I had had fashioned at Worth's for the occasion, and with a throbbing heart, I entered the salon. The carriage had been delayed on the way, and so we — my mother and I — got there rather late. The whole

company was assembled, but the future bridegroom had not as yet arrived! A painful quarter of an hour elapsed, and then, the one expected still failing to appear, we went out to dinner. I was seated at the right of the aged head of the house — the place at my right remained vacant for the time. We had reached the third course, in a very painful frame of mind, when a note was brought: "Mr. F. begs to be excused; he has been suddenly taken ill." After this the dinner went off very stupidly. Of course the engagement toasts had to remain undelivered, and the champagne glasses were drained only to the speedy recovery of the absent one.

I foreboded nothing good. This repeated excuse to my friends, and at the betrothal banquet above all things, and in such a cool tone, — what could it signify? The mail brought me the next morning an explanation of what it meant: a letter from the father, — only a few lines, with the tidings that the two men had gone to England. They had come to the painful decision that the engagement must be broken. The disparity of ages was too great, for the young man was — it had to be confessed — not twenty but only just eighteen. "Farewell, and may you be as happy as you deserve. Yours truly." —

And that was all! The whole fairy-tale dream blown away! Later we learned that all that row of houses in Melbourne, and the rest of the millions, were only figments of the imagination.

Of course for a time I was hurt and humiliated on account of this episode. I felt that I had been made a mock of before the whole Murat family. Still my friends endeavored to sustain me and kept assuring me that all the discredit fell on the two Englishmen, and that it was really a piece of good luck to be rid of those erratic people. And soon I really became reconciled.

The same winter I had another experience which lives in my memory. One day I received a note bearing the signature "Princesse Annette Tschawtschawadze," inviting me to call upon this lady at the Grand-Hôtel, where she and her two daughters, Lisa and Tamara, were sojourning. At Homburg I had known Princess Annette, who was a sister-in-law of the Dedopali, and I was delighted to see her again.

An interesting incident in her life had often been told me. The notorious Circassian leader Shamyl had once abducted her. It was at the beginning of the fifties. The young woman was sitting with two of her younger children and a French governess on the veranda of their villa in Kachetia, when suddenly a band of horsemen fell upon them. The men leaped off, tied the women securely, and lifted them up on their horses. The two children were put into Princess Annette's arms, and away went the troop. In addition to her terror, the young woman experienced the fearful agony of having one of her children slip from her arms as they kept growing weaker, and seeing it

crushed under the horses' hoofs. The whole abduction was for nothing but ransom. The ladies were treated with the most scrupulous respect in Shamyl's abode; only he set a very high price on their release — not a price in money, but some political concession or other. The ransom was granted, and Princess Annette was given her liberty; but never in her life could she recover from the horror that she felt at the moment when her child fell from her arms.

I found the lady in her hôtel salon, and among the visitors (oh, surprise!) I perceived Heraclius Bagration, Prince of Georgia. And still greater was my surprise when Princess Annette presented to me her seventeen-year-old daughter Tamara and the elderly gentleman as — affianced! . . .

It did give me a shock; but my feelings for him had long ago cooled down, and so I was able to offer tolerably unembarrassed and sincere congratulations.

XIII

THE YEAR 1870–1871

Resumption of music study in Milan · Outbreak of the Franco-German War · My double existence in the world of books · Return of the victorious troops to Berlin

PRINCE Achille Murat was an officer in the French army; in this capacity he received orders to take up garrison duty at Algiers. Of course his wife went with him, and consequently Paris once more became empty for me. My heart also was empty, and the plans for the future had gone to wrack and ruin. Our small property had dwindled sadly with all these costly lessons and the other expenses of a luxurious existence . . . and so it came about that I turned my attention to singing again. We journeyed to Milan for the purpose of studying opera parts under Maestro Lamperti and, if possible, to make my *début* at the Scala. Lamperti gave me an examination — found my voice marvelously beautiful — but I should have to study with him for at least a year before I could venture to think of appearing in concert or opera. Very good — on then with the do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si. . . .

I studied and practiced diligently, but the "one important thing," the world-filling thing so to speak,

which at the beginning of my apprenticeship I found in hoped-for mastery of my art, had vanished from me.

And now the Franco-German War broke out. I received word from Salomé Murat that she had given birth to a son in Algiers, and that he was born on the first of July, the very day when war was declared. I had not seen the tempest coming, and when it broke it aroused as little interest in me as did the storm of 1866. I was occupied with far more serious troubles: I could not make a success of my artistic career. Whenever I sang at a test, nervousness closed my throat and I made a failure. The "Singsang" was becoming a torment. But I struggled on, for the others kept assuring me that this nervousness could be conquered, and that then my talent would come out victorious. Under the stress of this I paid little heed to the mighty tragedy which was at that time convulsing the world. Other woes than mine were there suffered; my contemporaries there were trembling with other anxieties! Once more did I let this elemental event pass over the horizon without any inward revolt. The repeated victories won by Germany filled me with great respect, while at the same time the fall of the Napoleonic dynasty, with which I had come into such close contact, aroused my sincere sympathy; on the other hand, I was glad for my delightful royal vis-à-vis that he was to wear the proud imperial crown.

About all the distress and the horrors which followed in the wake of the Franco-German War I heard little

— or would not hear anything; I put it aside with my habitual fatalistic *C'est la guerre.* Politics did not interest me in the least; I did not read the newspapers. This gave me all the more time for books. Books carried me into another world in which, along with my own individual life, I led a second life. In my early childhood I had been seized by the passion for reading and learning; through my intercourse with Elvira, poetess and daughter of a savant, it was still more fanned into flame, and never, under any circumstances, has it left me. Whether at home in Baden or off traveling; whether studying at the opera school or moving in high life amid joys and festivities; whether in love and engaged and disengaged again; whether my existence was offering me splendor and pleasures or care and worriments, — I always spent many hours every day in the company of books.

At the time of which I am now speaking, what I had read would have filled a stately library. All of Shakespeare, all of Goethe, all of Schiller and Lessing, all of Victor Hugo. The last named, — a world in himself, — who had already made such a mighty impression upon me as a child with his *Ruy Blas*, I felt called upon to know in all his works; and I was intoxicated with his command of language, with the sunward flight of his genius. Anastasius Grün, Hamerling, Grillparzer, Byron, Shelley, Alfred de Musset, Tennyson, among poets; and of the novelists I knew all of Dickens, all of Bulwer, — better say at once, all of the Tauchnitz

collection. In French the novels of George Sand, Balzac, Dumas; the dramatic works of Corneille, Racine, Molière, Dumas *fils*, Augier, Sardou.

Yet scientific writings interested me as much as elegant literature, perhaps even more. I read works on ethnography, chemistry, astronomy; but my favorite branch was philosophy. Kant, Schopenhauer, Hartmann ("The Philosophy of the Unconscious"), Strauss, Feuerbach, Pascal, Comte, Littré, Victor Cousin, Jules Janet, Alfred Fouillée, — the three last named in the *Revue des deux mondes*, which I regularly read from the first page to the last, — these and many others, all of whose names I cannot here enumerate, were my intellectual comrades, in whose company I led a happy double existence quite apart from my personal doings, and in this my soul expanded most comfortably.

The period of iconoclasm had not then arrived, with immense zeal to throw discredit on the works of the earlier poets, and one could rejoice with undiminished pride in the lofty circle. In science, on the other hand, the really noblest of all — I mean natural science — — had not as yet attained to the height, the influence, and the revolutionary effect on intellects which it has since won through the theory of evolution. Its application to spiritual and social phenomena was still unknown to me. I knew nothing then of social philosophy and sociology. To be sure, Darwin had already published his "Origin of Species"; the economic problems had already been propounded in the works of

Lassalle and Engels; Buckle had already brought out his "Introduction to the History of Civilization"; the battle over Büchner's "Force and Matter" was already on; Herbert Spencer's principal works were already issued; yet thus far nothing of all this had reached me. I received with avidity whatever books told me of nature and human society as things existent, but I did not conceive them as things nascent; and, above all, I lacked the idea that social conditions are destined to become *different* and that man with his eyes open can militantly coöperate toward this evolution.

When the Franco-German War was ended we chanced to be sojourning in Berlin. My studies had brought me to the Prussian capital, for the reason that I desired to make some experiment also in the German method of singing. From an Unter den Linden balcony I saw the entrance of the victorious troops returning from France. The picture remains in my memory full of sunshine, enthusiasm, fluttering banners, scattered flowers, triumphal arches, — a lofty, historic festival of joy. How different would my impression of it be at the present time — but the history of this change will come much later.

XIV

PRINCE WITTGENSTEIN

Duet practice and betrothal · Art journey and — end · Letters from Castle Wittgenstein

NOW follows another episode from the days of my youth, — again an engagement romance. When I say "days of my youth," that is relative; for the romance ran its course during the summer of 1872, when I was already twenty-nine years old, and this age is not called "young" in a girl.

It was in Wiesbaden. A young man — Adolf, Prince Sayn-Wittgenstein-Hohenstein was his name — sought our acquaintance. It appeared that he was favored by nature with a phenomenal tenor voice and was passionately devoted to singing. This naturally formed a basis of acquaintance, and later of attraction. He had once heard me as I was singing by an open window, and this had induced him to make my acquaintance. We asked him to call and bring his music. He willingly acceded to this request. I was astonished that the pieces which he brought were not only songs, but also and for the most part opera airs, and he was no less astonished to find that I too had a supply of scores. The first thing that he sang for us was the aria from *Faust*, — "O dimora casta e pura." I accompanied him

on the piano. When he had finished the aria — he had sung it wonderfully — I opened my score of *Faust* and began to sing the soprano part of the duet; he immediately joined in, and we sang the duet through like two regular opera artists.

"Have you been preparing for the stage, Countess?" he asked in amazement.

"I might ask you the same question, Prince."

The question remained this first time unanswered. We had each found such pleasure in this assured and accurate part-singing that we arranged to have music together assiduously. He now came to our house every day, and the duet from *Faust* was followed by the duet from *Roméo et Juliette* and then by the duet between Raoul and Valentine.

Soon the young man confided to us that he had indeed the intention of devoting himself to the art. Within a month he proposed to start for America, and there, under an assumed name, to appear in concerts or perhaps on the stage. It had been a difficult matter to extort permission from his parents, but his passion for singing was so overmastering that he would have been willing to renounce everything in order to make his beloved art his profession. He also had hopes of winning great pecuniary rewards. Being a younger brother of the heir of entail, he had no expectation of inheriting wealth, while in America first-class tenors always reaped an abundant harvest of dollars.

Thereupon I told him also what plans I had

cherished, and that they had been wrecked merely on account of my insuperable nervousness, which crippled me whenever I was about to sing before a numerous company or at a decisive test. He had experienced the same thing, but had in the course of time succeeded in getting the better of it.

And so we understood each other perfectly. Our voices blended splendidly, and the end was — does not every one suspect what the end was? For a fortnight, for hours every day, to declare to each other in major and minor, in tender and passionate tones, *Io t' amo* — *Je t'adore* — *will sterben* — *gern . . . für dich* —" will gladly die — for thee" — cannot be done with impunity, especially if the two are sympathetic. And so it came to pass that we agreed to unite our fortunes, which were so similar.

Prince Adolf Wittgenstein sued for my hand and his offer was assented to by my mother. My assent he had already obtained in the kiss with which one of the duets, dying in sweet thirds, had ended.

Our plans were thus formulated: The trip to America should be made — more than ever was the acquisition of a competency needful; he would immediately inform his parents of the betrothal; as his recognized fiancée I should remain in Europe, and if his venture succeeded then he would return and carry me back. A letter of approval speedily came from his parents, and so we became *Bräutigam und Braut.* In this relationship the singing of love duets grew twice as

delightful. To be sure, the sadness of the quickly approaching separation was mingled with our happiness. Only a fortnight more and Adolf would be obliged to go to Bremen; his passage on the steamer was already taken, and the concert in which he was to make his début in New York was already announced. So have courage: a few months would soon pass, and next spring we could enter into the alliance of love. We exchanged rings and vows, and my betrothed set out for Bremen, where he was to sail, while we returned to Austria. We betook ourselves to Graz, where a sister of my mother's had settled with her children. There we proposed to live in quiet retirement until Adolf's return. Our Baden villa was sold — song and the infallible clairvoyant power had swallowed up almost everything. My mother had her inalienable widow's portion left, and I enough to provide a suitable trousseau for my approaching marriage.

I looked to the future now not with quietude, to be sure, but still with joyful anticipation. Not with quietude — for what if Adolf failed in his plans, or what if he should change his mind while over there . . . such things do happen! And with joyous anticipation — for it would be likely to be an interesting, happy life by the side of a fellow-artist, who bore a great name, too, and was a dear, poetic, good-hearted man, to whom I was, if not indeed passionately, yet cordially, attached!

From Bremen had come a farewell telegram full of

love, and now several weeks must pass before I could get a letter from New York.

But news of him reached me sooner than I expected, — terrible news. I found in the paper an item only a few lines long, with the heading:

DIED ON THE PASSAGE

A cable dispatch received by the family of Fürst Wittgenstein, at Castle Wittgenstein, reports that Prince Adolf Wittgenstein, who was on his way to America, suddenly died on board and was buried at sea.

I uttered a shriek, and spent the whole night kneeling by my bed and sobbing.

The next morning, with the forlorn hope that possibly the tidings were false, I wrote to the family, and received from Adolf's twin brother the following reply:

Schloss Wittgenstein, November 20, 1872

Liebe verehrte Gräfin Bertha,

How infinitely hard it is for me to send you these lines, for they are to tell you that the report which you read in the papers is true.

Alas, you cannot believe, dear Countess, what unspeakable grief we all, and I especially, feel at the tidings of the sudden death of our dear, good, generous-hearted brother. His heart has ceased to beat! Poor Adolf died, as we learn through the office of the Imperial Chancery, suddenly, on the 30th of October, in consequence of some physical injury apparently caused by terrible seasickness; his dear body was buried at sea. So runs the fatal telegram which reached Berlin from New York on the 6th of November and was transmitted to us on the following day. I cannot tell you, dear Countess, what we felt and suffered at this report; and even now I am not able to realize and believe the frightful fact. I do not know why the God of infinite goodness summons my dearest-beloved twin brother, now in the full bloom of his youth, just as he was on the

point of attaining the goal of his desires! O God, how infinitely painful for us who are left bereaved! I know, dear Countess, what grief will fill your heart at these tidings. You too loved my good brother so dearly. Ah, if he had listened to me, he would have remained in Europe and gone to Italy, and later to London. I had all but brought it about. You may perhaps remember, in his letters, how inconsolably he wrote that people did not want him to be happy. One who has no firm faith, and does not assure himself that whatever God does is well done, could not but despair at this so unspeakably sad event. If we might only call our dear Adolf back, if only he could be with us again! The last token of life that my father received from him was from Southampton. On the 23d, I believe, the ship went on from there; on the 28th it reached New York, but without our dear brother — we have not even his beloved body; that thought, that it is in the depths of the sea, is terrible! Three days before the ship arrived, our dear brother departed. I cannot write any more to-day, forgive me, honored Countess. This very week we expect details from the captain and the ship's surgeon; perhaps also a message of farewell from dear, good-hearted Adolf. My mother has just received your letter; she will certainly write you. I should have been glad to write you, but I did not know your address.

So good-by for to-day. Try to be submissive to the blow, as we try; and may God, who is all-powerful, who inflicts wounds and heals them, grant you strength to endure the grief for him who is lost.

I kiss your hands, dear and honored Countess, and, with cordial greetings to your mother, I remain, in sincere and faithful attachment,

Your mourning friend,

Wilhelm Prinz Sayn-Wittgenstein

Then came the promised letter from the old princess:

My dear Countess,

Alas, if I could only tell you that the news which has shocked you, that our dearly beloved Adolf perished on his sea trip, was not true! No, my dear Countess, God called away the dear, beloved,

angelic son. Why did he have to leave us? That question we keep asking, and for all answer can only say, that for three years and more it had been his most ardent wish to devote himself to art; that in numberless letters he has said again and again, "If you want to see me once more happy, contented, and well, as I was ten years ago, then grant my request and let me go to America." The prince could never make up his mind to grant his wish; only after he was fully persuaded that he would be miserable here, did he at last yield and grant him the desired permission.

I feel that you, my dear Countess, will mourn for our dear son with us, and preserve an affectionate remembrance of him; for your letters to the dear departed have told me that you loved him from your heart. It would have been a great consolation to me if my beloved Adolf had been able to have you with him in his journey to that distant land — yet how terrible for you, if it had been so! Ah, I thank God for having made the last weeks of my dear child's life happy through your friendship; he went away with such joyful anticipations — he believed that he should see his home and family again, and bring you to his home, dear Countess, — alas, it was not to be; we must lose him for this short hand-breadth of life which God still lets us live; but we shall find him again there, where is no more pain, no more disappointment, no more parting!

I shall always be glad to hear that you are happy, and I assure you of my sincere sympathy as

Your devoted

Amalie Fürstin Sayn-Wittgenstein

Schloss Wittgenstein, November 22, 1872

A few weeks later Prince Wilhelm wrote me again:

Most honored Countess,

At last I am able to send you, as I promised, the particulars regarding Adolf's last days. Pardon me for any delay in doing so; I have been obliged to make the transcripts for all the absent brothers and sisters, and I have recently had to assist my father in many other matters.

The princess was much rejoiced over your last letter of sympathy, and thanks you heartily for it. My late brother's effects have not as yet come; things take a long time when transacted through the office of the Imperial Chancery. The steamer *Rhein* was back from New York long ago, and on the 14th of the month sailed again for that port.

We have received the sincerest sympathy from near and far, from high and low, and only one voice has been heard regarding my dear brother: he was loved, honored, and respected by every one. Our good Adolf passed away, it seems, while asleep. He died in the night of the 29–30th of October, having been on deck in good spirits and full of jokes the day before. He did feel very weak during the last days, and had suffered severely from seasickness; but it did not manifest itself as in other people — he only suffered infinitely, and that brought about his sudden demise. He had no forewarning of it; on the very evening of the 29th he talked a great deal with his fellow-traveler M. de Neufville, and with the captain in his cabin. Neither the captain, nor the steward who waited on him and was on the watch that night, heard the slightest thing. On the morning of the 30th M. de Neufville thought he was still sleeping, and sat down on his bunk, never once dreaming that he was beside the dear dead. Let me break off from this sad theme. I am somewhat calmed and strengthened. I cannot thank God sufficiently for having been so kind to my dearest brother. I hope to meet him again in the life to come. I inclose a charming poem dedicated to my brother Adolf's departed spirit, composed by some one in Wiesbaden, who signs the name "Glücklich." It will surely please you.

How is it with you, dear Countess, and with your mother? Do you intend to stay in Graz all winter? I may possibly visit my youngest brother, Hermann, in Berlin for a few weeks, or, if it should be too cold here, go to Wiesbaden where our Crown Prince and his wife are staying. As soon as my departed brother's effects arrive I will send you some of his song books as a memento. Perhaps you might suggest one or another that you especially care for.

Of course we are spending the holiday season very quietly. I will now close, so that the letter may get off to-day, and that you may

at length receive the long-desired details with whatever power they have to set the mind at ease. Remember me most cordially to the Countess your mother, and keep me in your friendship.

With hearty greetings, liebe, verehrteste Komtesse,

Your most respectful and devoted

Wilhelm Prinz Sayn-Wittgenstein

Schloss Wittgenstein, December 19, 1872

From Adolf's fellow-traveler, M. de Neufville, mentioned repeatedly in the above letter, I received a long memorandum about the voyage and the sad ending; whereupon I wrote him, and received the following reply:

P. O. Box 2744, New York, March 12, 1873

Hochverehrte Gräfin,

Your friendly and confiding letter of February the sixth reached me a few days ago, and I should have replied sooner if time had permitted. All the more I have thought about you, highly honored Countess; for it is so easy for me to enter into your feelings of grief, — and permit me, while expressing my best and sincerest thanks for your confidence, to use this phrase, *La douleur fait facilement fraternité.*

I have known only too well what it means when one must suddenly give back to the Lord the loved ones whom one has cherished here below and from whom one has expected so many pure delights. Yet it is infinitely encouraging to know that they are only being kept safe for us, and that they are in a place where there are no disappointments and no partings. How thankful we must be that we have this assurance within us at a time when unbelief is gaining ground so frightfully and is sweeping along one wavering soul after another.

I am very sorry that I can only partially answer your various questions, because many a dear and true word spoken in regard to you by the late prince has escaped my memory during the four months and a half that have elapsed, though not without leaving forever in my heart an exalted impression of your personality. He

told me on the very first Saturday evening — we were scarcely an hour out of Bremen — about your musical talent and your great love for art, and on the very next day we were given a chance to admire his splendid tenor voice: he sang the *Tannenwald*, and a song the title of which I do not know; I think it began with *J'aime toujours*. He sang this song several times; he persuaded me to play the Abt songs on the 'cello, and could never hear them enough; likewise Mendelssohn's *So ihr mich vom ganzen Herzen suchet* ("If with all your hearts ye truly seek me") he sang with piano and 'cello accompaniment. On the 29th of October, at noon, we talked together confidentially for the last time. He was in his berth and I sat near him; he spoke of our living together in New York, of my taking part in his concerts, and suddenly he turned the conversation to his betrothed (he had your picture in his hand when I went into his cabin). He told me of your delightful association in Wiesbaden, and then he added, in a troubled tone, "I think, so many times, How will it be when I get back again — will she love me then just as dearly as she did before my departure?"

Fortunately I was able to free our dear, never-to-be-forgotten prince from these disturbing thoughts by giving him to read a poem which had been sent to me at Bremen by a beloved hand. It is Spitta's (?) *Was macht ihr, dass ihr weinet und brechet mir mein Herz?* ["What mean ye, to weep and to break mine heart?" Acts xxi, 13]. It is so beautifully carried out, — how we all are united in the love which comes from God. We talked about that poem, and then I thought it was better to let the prince rest, and I went away.

Alas! this was the last hour when we could talk alone and confidentially. May a faithful memory be the bridge that unites this hour with the joyful meeting again.

I hope that on another occasion I may have more time to write to you; to-day I had to use for that purpose a few moments in the office.

Thanking you again from the bottom of my heart for your trust in me, I remain with perfect respect and reverence

Your devoted
Ch. de Neufville

And that was the end of a painful and yet beautiful episode of my life,—a short romance of the magic of song, and of melancholy resignation. On board the *Rhein* a mourning flag was raised, a choral was sung, the ship's engines were stopped, and a body was lowered into the ocean with salvos of guns. On the silent heart of the man who there disappeared in the waters—an artist, a prince, a good-hearted man—was laid the photograph of his betrothed, and the billows of the ocean murmured a sobbing wedding song to the dead and my picture.

PART THREE

1873–1876

XV

IN THE SUTTNER HOUSE

Resolve to take a position · The Suttner family · Artur Gundaccar von Suttner · Life in the Vienna *palais* and in Schloss Harmannsdorf · The Exposition year · Secret love · Letters from the Princess of Mingrelia · Marriage of Prince Niko · Zogelsdorf quarry · Three happy years · I tear myself away · Departure

SUMMER, 1873. The brief romance was not forgotten, but the sharp pain of it was assuaged. The love borne "on the pinions of song" had not made too deep an impression on my heart; the whole affair had passed swiftly by and vanished like a dream. I spent a few weeks in deep, genuine grief; then the tears began gradually to dry up, and life again made its rights prevail — and all the more powerfully as the necessity was upon me to earn my own livelihood. Our property was quite used up; I was obliged to leave home. My mother could live on her widow's portion, but I did not want to be a burden upon her, although she entreated me to stay with her and once more attempt to take up my artistic career. Of that I would hear positively nothing more. Thirty years old — that is no time to begin an artistic career; and the remembrance of the pangs that I had suffered through nervousness, the various fiascoes connected with my tests, made the mere thought of "Singsang," as I called

it, detestable. Neither was I willing to remain inactive at home in narrow circumstances, and grow sour. I wanted to see more of the world; I wanted to accomplish some work. With my perfect command of French, English, and Italian, with my superior artistry in music, unusual in one not a professional, with my extensive acquirements in other branches of knowledge, I could make myself useful and brilliant in the outside world.

So I took a position that was offered to me as instructor and companion to four grown-up daughters in the baronial house of Suttner.

Here was I first to win the crown of my life. Blessed be the day that brought me to that house; it was the bud from which the hundred-leaved rose of my good fortune opened out. That day also opened the door through which there could enter that Bertha Suttner whom, with her experiences of the purest married bliss and the deepest woes of widowhood, with her participation in the critical issues of the time, I feel myself to be to-day, while that Bertha Kinsky of whom I have hitherto been writing hovers before me like a figure in a picture book, whose adventures — in vague outlines — are indeed known to me, but do not affect me.

The Suttner family occupied their own *palais* in Canova Street, Vienna. One side looked out on the Karlskirche across the Vienna River, the other on the Musikverein building. We — that is to say the baron, the baroness, the four daughters, and I — occupied the

first floor; in the mezzanine lived the oldest son Karl, who had been married a few months previously to a marvelously beautiful woman born Countess Firmian, and the third and youngest son Artur Gundaccar. The second son, likewise married, a former captain of cavalry, who had fought in Bohemia in 1866, lived on the manor of Stockern.

"Papa" Suttner, at that time fifty-one years of age, a goodly man, an Austrian cavalier of the old school, conservative — not to say reactionary — in his political ideas, always welcome at court. "Mamma" Suttner, about the same age, with traces of great beauty, somewhat formal and cold in her bearing. The daughters, Lotti, Marianne, Luise, and Mathilde, aged twenty, nineteen, seventeen, and fifteen, each prettier than the other. Especially Mathilde, the mother's favorite, had a truly angelic look with her wavy blond hair, her dazzling complexion, and her regular features. Two other living beings belonged to the family, — Schnapfel, a yellow-haired *Pintscher*, a constant companion to Papa and Mamma; and Amie, a wise white poodle with a laughing physiognomy, the confidante of the girls.

It was a great establishment; the household servants were a valet, a chasseur, serving men, a lady's maid, housemaids, a cook, a scullery maid, a coachman, and a porter. Carriages and opera box. The dwelling — I still see it before me: antechamber with Gobelin tapestries on the walls; a suite of three drawing-rooms, one green, one yellow, and one blue; the mother's

bedchamber in lilac; the father's office, which served also for a smoking room, with leather-covered furniture and wooden wainscoting. Then two other chambers for the girls, — Lotti and Marianne slept together, and so did Luise and Mathilde; my room was next to theirs.

The girls and I were soon the best of friends. I did not play my rôle as instructor too strictly; a few hours in the morning were regularly spent in the study of music and the languages, but the rest of the time was nothing but enjoyment, joking, and jollity. I did not parade the dignity of my thirty years, nor yet the authority of my position. We five were playmates. Our days were fairly regular: in the morning, before breakfast, a walk in the neighboring city park; at nine o'clock, coffee together in Papa's office (in connection with which Mamma made inquiries about the progress of the lessons and laid down all sorts of rules of behavior and other good advice); from ten till twelve, lessons; at noon, *déjeuner à la fourchette* all together in the dining-room; from one o'clock on, music, school tasks, etc., alternating, until it was time to dress for the five-o'clock dinner.

The occupants of the mezzanine floor, Karl with his wife and Artur, were present at the dinner. Artur, then a young man of twenty-three, was the special favorite of his sisters. Not only that, he was the favorite of every one. I never knew any one, not one, who was not delighted with Artur Gundaccar von Suttner. As rare as white blackbirds are those creatures who

radiate a *charme* so irresistible that all, young and old, high and low, are captivated by it; Artur Gundaccar was such a person. I purposely do not translate the word *charme* by "enchantment" because the French word gives a hint at the derivative *charmeur*, an expression which would be very inaptly rendered by "enchanter." What such a *charme* consists in, is hard to say; it is not so much a complex of characteristics as it is a characteristic in itself. It operates by an inexplicable and irresistible magnetic and electric force. One thinks it needful to explain why some persons are so attractive and pleasing and inspire such confidence and affection in others, and ascribes this to their cheerful disposition, their friendly spirit, their good looks, or their talents; but that is all a mistake: others have the like characteristics, perhaps even to a higher degree, but the same effect is not produced, for they are no *charmeurs*. They are not sunshine-people. Artur Gundaccar was. When he entered a room it immediately grew twice as bright and warm as it was before. This does not mean that I fell in love with him at first sight; I only shared the delight which the four sisters felt when the favorite brother joined in their jests and diversions, when he sat in our midst chatting, when he chanced to take part in our entertainments and excursions. He could not do this any too often, for he had to drudge in preparation for a civil-service examination; this, to be sure, he did as little as possible, for he learned very easily but not

with avidity. Zeal for the study of law was not one of his strong points. "A lazy dog" his former tutor, now his private secretary, complainingly called him; his father dubbed him "a frivolous good-for-nothing"; "He is a real affliction," sighed his mother; and at the same time they all worshiped him. He was handsome and elegant beyond all comparison. He had an incredible gift for music; without having studied, he played everything by ear and composed ravishing melodies. And the basis of his character — is this perhaps the secret of the sunshine effect? — the basis was kindness.

I have wandered from my account of the order of our day. After dinner Mamma used to drive in the Prater with some of her daughters. Mathilde, the youngest, was readiest for this; the others had no pleasure in this slow promenade back and forth through the "Nobelallee." However, the rest of us too went down to the Prater to the Exposition. For the year 1873 was the year of the World's Exposition; it was also the year of the "crash." In this crash Baron Suttner senior suffered serious losses, but he kept it from the knowledge of his family. It was only discovered at a later period.

The excursions and the visits to the Exposition gave us many enjoyments. On Sundays we brought them into the forenoons, and then Artur Gundaccar and some of his friends used to join us. In the evenings we went twice a week to the opera, taking turns in

using the box; almost every day callers came to tea. Then we had music, played social games, and talked, until eleven o'clock. This first summer, as the Exposition was open, the family remained in town until the middle of July, when we went into the country to Castle Harmannsdorf. Moving-day was a gala day to all of us, for the girls liked ten thousand times better to be in the country than in Vienna, and so did the sons. There is nothing more delicious than to leave the hot, dusty city, and arrive at a beautiful castle where in every room there is a scent of freshness; where you are surrounded by park and forest; where you look forward to a long period of recreation and enjoyment of nature.

Harmannsdorf possesses a beautiful old castle with a central and two corner towers; a vast stone terrace gives into the park, of which the foreground, laid out in the French style by Lejeune, the creator of Schönbrunn, is richly adorned with vases and statues. You pass from it to walks shaded by pine trees many centuries old, and into grounds laid out in English style; of these, one quite wild in character is called *Das Wäldchen*, — "the little forest." But we liked the real forest still better. There we used to go often afternoons, taking along a pony cart drawn by donkeys and loaded with edibles and drinkables — we had invariably the feeling of an excursion to the country, although we were in the country already. And how happy, happy we were!

Artur Gundaccar was the soul of these festivities. And gradually and blissfully it dawned upon us that we loved each other. The sisters gave their laughing benediction. The parents knew nothing about it; there could of course be no question of our being married, so they would have put an end to the affair most speedily. Why destroy the innocent happiness, why banish the "Midsummer Night's Dream" mood? And so we guarded our secret, and the sisters helped us to guard it. It was a delightful time. Not without melancholy, because we knew that a life union was impossible for us; but as yet we refused to think of the separation — for the present we would be glad in the divine gift which was ours because our hearts kept time in their beating, because their flames streamed together into one. Guilelessly, unselfishly, unreservedly, with utter trust, with tender devotion, we loved each other.

From the first I had announced that in three years I was going to leave Europe and we should be obliged to part. This was the way of it. I had kept up a lively correspondence with my Caucasian friends and told them of the change in my worldly circumstances. The old Princess of Mingrelia, who had now returned home, offered to take me into her family, but not until she had finished building and furnishing a castle in her home town of Zugdidi. The old castle, which the prince had furnished in European style and with great magnificence, had been destroyed by the Turkish

bands when the Dedopali was compelled to take flight, and now she had in mind to build a new one still finer.

I had seen the plans and had often been told the details of the decoration. There was a hall in Persian style, another in the style of Louis XIV; furniture and hangings and works of art the princess had gradually acquired during her residence in Europe, and had dispatched them to Zugdidi. Enormous packing cases were piled up there and were waiting to be opened. Once I myself was charged with procuring something for her: a big music box (I might go as high as fifteen thousand francs) which should play orchestral pieces. I remember that I had Artur go with me to make this purchase. A music box was wound up and played a waltz as a test.

"Perhaps I shall dance to this waltz in Zugdidi," I said.

"As if I would let you go!"

"It will have to be; I have made up my mind."

"Let us not talk about it."

I had also kept up a correspondence with Salomé. She lived in the vicinity of Paris and was now the mother of a second little boy. The Empress Eugénie was his godmother, and he was christened Napoleon. Nikolaus of Mingrelia was aide to the Emperor of Russia and living in St. Petersburg. Here is a letter which the princess wrote from a halting place in her journey to her home land:

Yalta, September 12, 1873

My dear Contessina,

It is now a fortnight since I came here. I am occupying a charming villa situated on the gulf and giving a view of the whole place, as well as of Livadia, the *palais* of the Empress, on the mountain opposite me. Last Sunday, after mass, I was invited to breakfast at their Majesties', and there met the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess Mikhaïl, — he is governor of Caucasia, — the Queen of Greece, and others. I have discovered that the Grand Duchess Maria Alexandrovna, the Emperor's only daughter, has grown considerably and is prettier than when I saw her last. Her fiancé, Prince Alfred, is expected here next week. Niko and André are in Mingrelia, where they are anxiously expecting me. Salomé is coming to Yalta on the 24th; she will spend some time with the Princess Orbeliani,[1] my cousin's widow, who has a little estate near by, and will then join us in Mingrelia. I leave Yalta on the 3d of October and reach Poti four days later. Adieu, dearest Contessina; I wish you as much happiness and good fortune as you deserve.

Your very devoted

Ekaterina

In the spring of 1874 the princess with great delight informed me that her son was betrothed to the daughter of Count Adlerberg, a lifelong friend of the Tsar's.

One of the next letters brought the description of the wedding, and in one that came still later the arrival of the young couple at Gordi, the summer residence of the Mingrelian family, was depicted. I insert the description here, for it gives a vivid picture of the country in which later I was destined to spend so many years with my husband.

[1] Later, and as a result of this visit, married to Prince Louis Murat, Prince Achille's youngest brother.

The journey of the newly married couple went off in excellent shape. A special ship was put at their service to bring them directly across from Odessa to Poti, and from there a special train brought them to Kutais. The whole trip was one endless ovation. The inhabitants lined the way, and at all the stations they were received by the princes, nobles, and residents of the district with songs, shouts of joy, and salvos of musketry. They were compelled to stop and repair to floral temples where refreshments were ready, and there again began songs, dances, and other diversions.

At Kutais the travelers remained two days, where the banquets, balls, and receptions threatened to last forever, so that the young couple had to steal quietly away in order at length to reach Gordi.

At the entrance of the mountain pass is a bridge which leads over a rushing stream. There the carriages are left, since the heights can be reached only on horseback or in palanquins.

So, as soon as the equipages were emptied, they all crossed the carpeted bridge, which was roofed with a continuous arbor of flowers and adorned with a triumphal arch marking the boundary of Mingrelia.[1] Thereupon they took their way to a tastefully decorated pavilion, where the young couple were received by a delegation of my son's officials and servants, as well as by all the princes and nobles of the region. After the health of the newly wedded couple had been toasted, all those who had been on horseback mounted so as to make a cordon around Mary's palanquin, and the imposing procession started out along the road which leads up the mountain for seven kilometers.

At the first cannon shot which announced their arrival I went with my suite to the balcony of their dwelling, where I first received the cavalcade of the prince from the Letchgum, who, under the leadership of Prince Gregor, Niko's uncle, were riding ahead of the newcomers; then I caught sight of the young couple, who, amid the ringing of all the bells, the music of a march played by the military band, and the roar of cannon echoing from the mountains, approached and received from the steward at the head of his people the bread and salt in accordance with the custom of the country.

[1] The stream mentioned above, the Tzkhenitz-Atzkhali — the Hippus of the classic writers — forms the dividing line between Mingrelia and Imeretia.

Then they hastened up to me and knelt before me, to receive my blessing, with the holy picture, on the threshold of their new dwelling. This moment was so affecting and so solemn that the tumult of the billowing throng suddenly changed to the deepest silence. Tears stood in the eyes of all; Mary showed herself especially moved, so that I had to conduct her into the house to give her time to recover.

At last we proceeded to the church, where the *Te Deum* was celebrated, and the archimandrite, together with my almoner, delivered appropriate addresses. After the religious solemnities were finished I conducted my daughter-in-law into the great hall and there presented her with my gift, a parure of diamonds. As regards the dwelling that I have prepared for them, I can truly call it a jewel casket.

We rested for a while; then the festivities began, and lasted till late at night. Orchestral performances, national songs and dances, firing of guns, games, athletic sports, alternated. The number of guests came to three hundred, of whom a part ate under the great trees in the park. On the next day it began again, for we celebrated Mary's birthday; and for this occasion I had prepared an evening surprise — fireworks, and an illumination of the mountains with Bengal lights, which furnished a magical spectacle.

Whenever I received such a letter I read it aloud to the Suttner family, and it was taken as a settled thing that as soon as the castle was completed I was to go to the Caucasus. This work was continually delayed, but we were perfectly satisfied that it was. Life, alternating between Harmannsdorf and Vienna, was so happy! Harmannsdorf, especially, offered us a whole succession of delights. During the hunting season came a throng of guests, and there were dancing and theatricals. In the park was a large hall with stage and dressing rooms. There we performed various dramas and comedies, which were witnessed not only by the

Harmannsdorf public and the inhabitants of the neighboring castles, but also by the peasants of the surrounding villages, who came flocking in and filled the theater. Then the harvest and vintage festivals, the excursions to the neighboring Stockern, where also a jolly throng of young people sojourned, and above all the favorite donkey-wagon parties and the stolen moments of confidential tête-à-têtes. The only dissonances that made their appearance in the house sprang from unfortunate business transactions. On the estate of Zogelsdorf, which belonged to Harmannsdorf, were quarries which were operated actively but unprofitably. The new Vienna museums were built from the Zogelsdorf stone, and the statues of Hercules that adorn the Burgtor were chiseled from it; yet a dishonest overseer was the cause of this business resulting in serious losses instead of profit. But the burden of this anxiety rested more on the parents; the children heard little about it and did not take it to heart. The brilliancy of our outward life was not diminished, and our gay and joyous activities went on as usual. Artur Gundaccar and I had sad moments only when we could not succeed in banishing the thought of our approaching separation. . . .

"Oh, no more of that," one or the other of us would say after such an outburst of grief; "nothing endures forever; let us thank fate for granting us this bit of heaven."

I confided this love story to my mother, who had remained at Graz with her sister. Of course, she urged

me either to insist on a marriage or to leave the house; but I quieted her.

At last, however, his mother too began to have her suspicions. With icy coldness but with all delicacy she gave me to understand this. And I had always known that on that side sanction for marriage was not to be expected. I had not thought of it myself either. I saw the unreasonableness of such a match. Absolutely penniless, seven years older . . . and he still without employment, also without means, but qualified and assured to make a brilliant marriage — all the girls were crazy about him — should I stand in the way of his future? That had never been my plan — there must one day be a parting, and now that the secret was half disclosed the moment had come for me to tear myself away. I mustered up all my courage and said to the baroness: "I am going to leave the house. I cannot go to Mingrelia yet, the castle will not be finished for another year. Could you not give me a recommendation to London? I should like to find a position there in the meantime — far from Vienna."

"That is right, my dear child," she exclaimed warmly, "I understand you. . . . See, in to-day's paper I have found an advertisement for something which would perhaps suit you; would you like to answer it?"

The advertisement read: "A very wealthy, cultured, elderly gentleman, living in Paris, desires to find a lady also of mature years, familiar with languages, as secretary and manager of his household."

So I wrote offering my services, and received a reply signed with the then to me unknown name Alfred Nobel.

I showed the letter to the baroness; she made inquiries and learned that the person in question was the famous and universally respected inventor of dynamite. Mr. Nobel and I exchanged several letters. He wrote cleverly and wittily, but in a melancholy tone. The man seemed to feel unhappy, to be a misanthrope, with the widest culture, with deeply philosophical views. He, a Swede, whose second mother tongue was Russian, wrote in German, French, and English with equal correctness and elegance. My letters too, for whatever reason, seemed to have a very stimulating effect on him. After a brief delay an agreement was reached: I was to take the position. The day of my departure for Paris was set. Now for saying farewell, separating from what is dearest . . . *Scheiden tut weh:* the truth of that popular proverb I experienced.

I can still call up from the past those hours of parting. It was on the evening before I was to leave. I had been for several days at the house of an acquaintance in Vienna, to make my preparations. The last day Artur also came in from Harmannsdorf to be with me for the last time. My hostess left us alone — she knew that we still had much to say to each other. But it was hard to talk. We clung in a close embrace and wept. "To part!" Is it possible? Have we the strength for it? It must be — what could we do if I

remained? Ah, it would have been too beautiful . . . it could not be. . . . And again two salt-tasting kisses, again sobs and new laments, new grief-trembling words of endearment. Before he went he knelt before me and humbly kissed the hem of my gown:

"Matchless, royally generous-hearted woman — I thank thee, thank thee from the bottom of my heart! Through thy love thou hast taught me to know a happiness which shall consecrate all my life. Farewell!"

XVI

THE ZENITH OF HAPPINESS

Arrival in Paris · Alfred Nobel's personality · Unendurable agony of separation · Two dispatches · A plan of action · Arrival at Vienna · Blissful meeting · At last and forever united

I REACHED Paris early in the morning. Mr. Nobel came to meet me at the station and took me to the Grand Hôtel on the Boulevard des Capucins, where rooms had been engaged for me. He left me at the door and said he would call a few hours later after I was rested. I could not as yet take up my quarters in his little *palais* in the Rue Malakoff, because the suite that I was to occupy was just being carpeted and furnished for me; so for the time I should have to stay on at the hotel.

Alfred Nobel made a very pleasing impression. He was not indeed an "elderly gentleman," as the advertisement gave us to understand and as we all imagined him, gray-haired and feeble — not at all. Born in 1833, he was then forty-three years old, rather below the medium height, with dark, full beard, with features neither ugly nor handsome; his expression rather gloomy, softened only by kindly blue eyes; in his voice there was a melancholy alternating with a satirical tone. Sad and sarcastic, such was his nature. Was that the reason Byron was his favorite poet?

After a few hours, then, when I had rested and refreshed myself and sent a dispatch to Harmannsdorf, he came to see me. The letters that we had written to each other caused us to meet on a different footing from that of entire strangers, and the conversation was immediately put on an animated and stimulating basis. After *déjeuner*, which we took in the dining-room downstairs, we got into his carriage and drove through the Champs-Élysées. Then he showed me his house, and the rooms that were reserved for me.

But those rooms I never occupied. Before they were ready I had left Paris again. This is the way it came about. I was unhappy — ever so unhappy. Homesickness, the bitterness of longing, the agony of separation, made me suffer as I had not thought that any one could suffer. Dispatches from Artur and letters from him and his sisters came speeding to me every day. The sisters wrote that no one would know Artur, that he never spoke, that he seemed to be suffering from melancholia. When I was alone all I could do was to weep or write home or groan with heartache.

When I was with Alfred Nobel I was for the moment diverted, for he could chat and tell stories and philosophize so entertainingly that his conversation quite captivated the mind. To talk with him about the world and humanity, about art and life, about the problems of time and eternity, was an intense intellectual enjoyment. He kept aloof from social life: certain forms of shallowness, of falsity, of frivolity, filled him with wrath

and disgust. He was full of faith in the abstract ideal of a coming loftier humanity, — "when once people come into the world with better-developed brains," — but full of distrust of the majority of the men of his day, for he had had to make the acquaintance of so many low, selfish, insincere characters. He was distrustful also of himself, and bashful even to the point of timidity. He regarded himself as repulsive; believed that he was incapable of inspiring sympathetic feelings; was always afraid that people were merely flattering him because of his enormous wealth. That was doubtless the reason why he had never married. His studies, his books, his experiments, — those were what filled his life. He was also a writer and poet, but never published any of his poetical works. A philosophical poem a hundred pages long, written in the English language, he gave me to read in manuscript; I found it simply splendid.

He must soon have discovered that I was burdened with a secret sorrow.

"Are you fancy-free?" he asked me one day.

"No," I answered honestly.

He pressed me further, and I told the whole story of my love and my renunciation.

"You have acted bravely; but be completely courageous, break off the correspondence also — then let a little time pass . . . a new life, new impressions — and you will both forget — he perhaps even sooner than you!"

Break off the correspondence? I could not; it was my consolation. What was I to do in my lonely hours if I did not write to my dear one — tell him everything minutely, all my experiences and all my feelings?

Alfred Nobel could give me only one or two hours a day, for he was tied to his work. He had another new invention in mind.

"I wish I could produce a substance or a machine," he said to me, "of such frightful efficacy for wholesale devastation that wars should thereby become altogether impossible."

About a week after my arrival Mr. Nobel was obliged to go for a short time to Sweden, where a dynamite factory was being established; the king himself had summoned him.

I was now quite alone. The yearning for the man of my heart grew beyond endurance. Then I received two dispatches. One was from Stockholm, — "Arrived safely, shall be back in Paris in a week"; and the other from Vienna, — "I cannot live without thee."

And my soul gave a cry, "Nor I without thee!" and I had to act accordingly. Another sleepless night, during which a plan of action was matured, and on the next day I wrote to Stockholm that it was impossible under the circumstances for me to take the position in the Rue Malakoff. I thanked him for all the confidence and friendliness which had been shown me, but I must return to Vienna.

I owned a valuable diamond cross, an inheritance from my guardian Fürstenberg; I went out to dispose of this, and the price which I received for it was sufficient to cover the hotel charges, to buy a ticket for the next express train for Vienna, and to leave me some ready money. I acted as if I were in a dream, as if under irresistible compulsion. I did have flashes of consciousness that this was folly, that perhaps I was running away from a good fortune and into the arms of a misfortune; but I could not, could not do otherwise, and the bliss which I expected to feel in the instant of meeting again outweighed everything else that might come, even were it death.

I had not announced my coming — I wanted to take him by surprise. I drove from the station to a hotel, and sent to the Canovagasse a note in a disguised hand, begging Herr Baron Artur to come to the Hotel Metropole, Room No. 20, where a lady from Paris had a message from Countess Bertha to give him.

He could be there in half an hour. With throbbing heart I listened to every step in the corridor. I had not long to listen till I recognized the beloved footfall; there was a knock at the door; I tried to say "Come in," but my voice failed me. Nevertheless the door opened and — it was he!

I flew to him with a cry of joy.

Du, du selber! — "It is your own self!" he cried, and we were once again sobbing in each other's arms, just as on that evening when we parted, only this time

not with feelings of pain but rather of unbounded happiness.

"I have thee, I have thee again — I will never let thee go."

"No, never again!"

We sat down on the sofa, nestling close, and we began our story. What he had suffered, what I had suffered . . . how he had already begun to think of suicide . . . "No, no, we belong together, nothing shall ever part us again. . . ."

But what now? — what was to be done?

"Leave planning till later," I besought. I felt so completely satiated with bliss by this festal meeting that I could not attend to questions and doubts and the making of projects. Of all tender speeches such as are used by lovers and poets, "Thou art an angel," "Thou art my all," and the like, the loveliest and most significant is *Du bist die Ruh!*

But he awakened me from "Rest."

"We must talk about the future," he said. "One thing is clear, — it must never happen again that we let ourselves be parted, or that we actually separate of our own accord for wretched considerations of worldly wisdom. We will be married, — that is settled."

Yes, that was settled. We had honestly tried to separate, and had seen that it was impossible, simply impossible. To have each other forever was unspeakable happiness; to renounce each other forever was synonymous with dying. With this choice set before

us, there could be no further hesitation. To live, to live and be happy!

And so we did begin planning. We would be married — secretly — and then out into the world! We could surely make our way: we would work, put our talents to profitable use, find a situation . . . To the Caucasus! — was my proposal. There I had powerful friends. The Dedopali had years and years before made me promise to come and make her a visit with my husband. Thither, then, should be our wedding journey. Through their relations with the emperor of Russia it would be possible to secure a position in the Russian court or state service. . . .

The plan was carried out. No one was allowed to know of my return from Paris; I went into hiding for a few weeks with a family in Lundenburg — very dear people. In the meantime My Own — I never called him Artur, but My Own, so I shall do the same here in these recollections — provided for the publishing of the banns, secured trusty witnesses who would hold their tongues, made everything ready that was necessary, documents, traveling money, luggage, etc. Fortune favored us; the family got no wind of the banns published in a remote suburban church, and one fine morning — it was June 12, 1876 — I drove in my traveling dress and hat to Gumpoldskirchner parish church; my betrothed was waiting for me there with his witnesses and mine, and in a side chapel a priest of venerable years united us. We were man and wife.

PART FOUR

1876–1885

XVII

WEDDING JOURNEY

On the Black Sea · Jason mood · Arrival in Asia · The hotel in Poti · Kutais · Count Rosmorduc · Reception at Prince Zeretelli's · National dances · Journey to Gordi · Prince Niko with escort comes to meet us · Arrival at Gordi · Ceremonious reception

I SEE us next on board the steamship that was to take us from Odessa across the Black Sea to the port of Poti. It was My Own's first sea voyage in all his life; he passionately loved the sea, had always longed to take a voyage, and now he reveled in the fulfillment of his wishes.

Our goal was the land whither Jason went in his quest for the Golden Fleece. I think there was much of the Jason mood in us both at that time: a mingling of delight in adventure, confidence of conquest, the intoxication of hope. Before us lay a world of things new and surprising; we were going to set foot on a land consecrated by the most classical legends, and experiences which we could not even well imagine beckoned us onward.

We knew that we were expected and should be received with open arms. I had written from Vienna to the Dedopali, and to Prince Niko, who also was at that time sojourning in the Caucasus, telling our whole romance and announcing our visit. A joyous

"Welcome" was wired back to us. We both thought it likely that my old friend Niko would secure for My Own a position as aide to the emperor or something of the sort. And altogether we were so inordinately enraptured at being together, our bold stroke had aroused in us such an intense feeling of happiness, everything thus far had gone so *sur des roulettes*, that we looked forward to a constant increase in our good fortune. One day we should return home in triumph; but it would be a long time before we should want to return home; for the present, out into the wide, beautiful, rich, wonderful world! we were after the Golden Fleece. Nor did we need it — that was the best part. Whatever treasures the world might grant or deny us, we had in each other measureless riches. And My Own felt all this even more keenly than I. He was only twenty-six years old, and this was his first journey into the Unknown. I had already experienced so much disillusionment, and had already, with my thirty-three years, emerged in a measure from that state of intoxication which is called youth; but I caught the contagion of his youthful enthusiasm, and was as childish as he.

After a calm passage our steamboat landed us on the Asiatic shore. A different continent — it fills the comparatively inexperienced traveler with a peculiar pride, a pride upon which old globe-trotters look down with a smile. My Own set his foot on the un-European soil with the haughtiness of a conqueror.

"So," said he exultingly, "here we are in Asia!"

Whether Asia or Australia, whether earth or Mars, cried the exultation within me, we are together, and that is the main thing.

A messenger from the princess was on the landing-place to meet us. He handed me a letter from his mistress with a renewed welcome and the request that we should delay our arrival at Gordi — the summer residence — for a week, till our hosts, who as yet were still at Zugdidi, had had time to establish themselves in their mountain abode. We were to trust ourselves to the direction of her messenger, who would conduct us to the town of Kutais, where we might put up at the hotel for the time being. So we turned the arrangements over to this factotum, a Georgian steward, who spoke a little broken French. He wore the national costume: long caftan, cartridge shells across the chest, bashlyk on head, dagger in belt.

There would not be another train for Kutais that day, hence we had to spend the night at Poti. The place had only a very simple inn, to be sure, but *que faire?* — This phrase, adopted from the Russian *chto dyelat*, often came to our ears in that country; it imports that resignation, coupled with a shrug of the shoulders, which does not so much enunciate the question what one is to do in order to contend against something as intimate rather that nothing can be done.

The inn was in truth very simple: we spent the

night in chairs because the beds proved to be too thickly inhabited, and when we wanted to make our toilets and looked for a washstand there was none to be found. I rang for the chambermaid. One appeared in the form of a barefooted peasant with a scrubby beard and a forest of curly black hair. We could not make him understand what we wanted, and called to our aid our factotum, who had also put up at this palace hotel of Poti. Then it was made known to us that the house possessed only one tin washdish, which was carried from one room to another as it was needed, and with it the towel — in what a condition!

Not especially refreshed by this resting-place, but in unruffled good spirits, we continued our journey the following morning in order to reach our next stop, Kutais, the capital of the province of the same name. There another messenger from the Mingrelian family was also awaiting us — the young prince's intendant, a portly, tumultuous Armenian, who likewise could speak broken French, and wore the European dress. He conducted us to the best inn of Kutais; this was certainly not a palace hotel either, but might be so regarded in comparison with the hole where we had been the day before, for here each guest had his own washbasin and even his own towel, and the rooms and beds were clean. But everything we saw and heard — and smelt — seemed to us so terribly exotic: the strange types of people, the strange costumes, the strange architecture of the buildings, and — as to the sense of smell

—a quite peculiar and not disagreeable odor of sun-dried buffalo dung. The buffaloes themselves, which are used here to draw loads and as milch cattle, and which we had already seen idling in sundry mudholes on our way to Kutais, were an exotic phenomenon to us.

The heat was frightful. One could hardly endure it in the rooms, and we spent our days and took our meals (consisting of mutton, mutton, mutton) on a wooden balcony which ran around the house over the court.

After two days our Armenian took his departure, and a third messenger came to be our guardian and protector. This time it was a family friend of the Dadianis, an old French nobleman *de vieille roche*, with the fine manners *de l'ancien régime*. His name was Comte de Rosmorduc. Born in Bretagne, he had come to the Caucasus some twenty-five years before (for what reason I do not know) and had settled down there for good. He had married a Mingrelian woman, and owned a house which he had himself built at Zugdidi. He was a welcome associate of the princess and her children, and later became a dear friend of ours also.

He now did us the honors of Kutais. He introduced us at the home of General Zeretelli, the foremost house in the city. The Zeretellis were Caucasians and relatives of the Dadianis. They showed themselves very obliging, even arranging for a great reception in our honor on the following evening, to which all the notabilities and aristocratic families of the place were

invited. The daughter, Nina, was a famous beauty, but as she was twenty-five she was regarded already as an old maid. Girls in the Caucasus usually marry at fifteen or sixteen. The Countess Rosmorduc, who was then thirty-five, had been married for twenty years. She also was a great beauty; but we did not make her acquaintance until the next year.

The soirée at the house of the Zeretellis left an ineffaceable impression on our minds, because it was the first time that we got a glimpse of the social life of the country. Here we saw ladies in their national costume and witnessed for the first time the performance of the national dance — the *Lesginka*. We also participated for the first time at a banquet where the fiery Kachetin wine was poured from slender silver flagons into great drinking-horns, and where a toastmaster, chosen to this honorable office, proposed the healths — on this occasion, as first of all, the health of the guests from Austria. The host and hostess did not sit down at table but helped serve. Among those present we found many who spoke French, and where that was not the case Count Rosmorduc, who had learned the language of the country, served as dragoman.

In the salon stood a piano. My husband sat down at it and played some of the waltzes which he had himself composed, and the Caucasian society was full of admiration and danced to this music with perfect grace. But they were most pleasing in the *Lesginka*. This dance is usually executed by only one couple,

while the rest sit in a circle and clap their hands in time to the music. The accompaniment is provided by a small native instrument which endlessly repeats a certain melody three bars long, and by tambourines adorned with little bells, on which skillful hands thump with an increasingly lively rhythm. The dance itself is a pantomime of the immemorial play of love: pursuit, flight, enticement. The men perform artistic *pas;* the women fairly float along the floor, the long, heavy silken garment concealing the feet so that they look as if they were rolling on invisible casters; the veil which is attached to their headdress flows behind them, and from the arms, stretched out in circling gestures, float the long double sleeves. As a conclusion to the festivity I treated the company to an Italian bravura aria and then to Auber's Laughing-Song — Carlotta Patti's show piece; the laughter in the song infected everybody, and the whole ended with a chorus of laughter.

And now the next morning we started for the goal of our journey, for Gordi, situated on a high plateau among the mountains. Count Rosmorduc chartered a troika and escorted us. It was jolly riding behind that spike team; the more the springless vehicle shook us up, the more fun we had out of it. The way was splendid; all the hedges were abloom with cascades of wild roses. At the same time the heat was frightful. All the more delightful the prospect that we were going among the mountains, where, as Count Rosmorduc assured us, cool and almost raw winds blow all the time.

After a journey of several hours across the plain we came to Pompey's Bridge; this is that place where one must leave the carriage and ride horseback the rest of the way. We were now at the entrance of the defile, and the peaks of the mountains which we were to climb stood out steeply against the azure sky. The stream which roared and foamed under Pompey's Bridge roared perhaps twice as loud in our ears because it had been described to us as the "Hippus" of the ancients; what classic craft — doubtless even Jason's *Argo* when he went to capture the Golden Fleece — must it not have rocked on its billows! This was the place, I remembered from the Dedopali's letters, where the young princely couple on their home journey had dismounted from the carriage, where the bridge had been spread with a carpet, and a triumphal arch of flowers had marked the boundary line of Mingrelia.

There was no triumphal arch awaiting us at Pompey's Bridge, but there was a pleasing surprise: Prince Niko, accompanied by a great retinue, had ridden down to the threshold of his dominion to welcome the "Contessina" and her husband. Under a tent a table was spread with refreshments. There we had breakfast first and a toast of welcome was drunk, and then we addressed ourselves to the ascent. Horses were in readiness also for us and Count Rosmorduc; for me a gentle pacer. Prince Niko lifted me to the saddle, and now we had to ride up the seven kilometers of serpentine road, while the cavalcade of the princely

escort, in their picturesque costume, were around us performing all sorts of feats of horsemanship in their high saddles, springing up and down the steep sides of the pass, and offering a perfectly wonderful spectacle.

And as we rode upward the temperature grew cooler and cooler, and the prospect over abysses and valleys more and more magnificent. The sun had already disappeared behind the mountains when we arrived at our destination. Gordi is situated on a great plateau, in the background of which, buttressed by a mountain wall, stands the prince's castle, a wide edifice flanked with towers and adorned with numerous balconies and terraces. On the right and left at intervals were small, neat wooden villas. One of them was occupied by the dowager princess; one by Niko himself, because his castle was another that was not yet completed; one was for us; and the rest served as quarters for the other guests and neighbors.

The Dedopali was standing on the terrace of her villa to welcome us. Around her stood her women, her almoner, her private secretary, and her bodyguard. She took me into her arms and bade me welcome.

"Présentez-moi votre cher mari, ma petite contessina, ou faut-il dire 'baronessina' maintenant?"

She kissed my husband on the forehead, in Russian fashion, when he bent over her hand after the introduction.

We were soon conducted over to our little house, where we were to rest and dress for dinner. The small

guest villa, built on a level with the ground, consisted of a sitting-room hung with gay cretonne and provided with furniture of the same, a bedchamber, and rooms for the man and maid who had been put wholly at our disposition. The dinner was served at the Dedopali's villa, on a broad open veranda. After dinner the company — there had been about thirty at the table — went out on the plateau, which lay in full moonlight; and now dances were performed, rockets were set off, choral songs were sung, and not till midnight did we retire.

That was our reception at Gordi.

XVIII

IN KUTAIS (1877)

Lessons · Rumors of war and outbreak of war · Red Cross fever · The plague on the horizon · Bad times · Conclusion of peace · Mathilde · Beginning of literary career

OUR wedding excursion to the Caucasus lasted nine years. A long honeymoon!

The first summer we spent uninterruptedly in Gordi, where we were kept until the family themselves went away—Niko to St. Petersburg, the Dedopali to Zugdidi. But the illusion regarding a position at the Russian court had shown itself to be an illusion. At first Niko took kindly to the idea, but soon it became apparent that if an attempt should be made to turn it into a reality, impossibilities would be encountered. So what was to be done? That life of nothing but pleasure and festivity which we had led there in the mountains could not be kept up without end, and to be forever "an always welcome guest" is really not a vocation. We had broken with Harmannsdorf—or rather the parents had broken with us: they could not pardon us for our reckless step. Neither did we seek pardon. We had defiantly announced that we would make our way, and now we had to do it. We had kept up a most affectionate correspondence with the brothers and

sisters, but the parents sent us a wrathy letter of reproach and repudiation, and never another word. My mother, to whom My Own had made a visit before our journey, had not indeed approved of the whole match and of the erratic elopement; but in a few days she had taken My Own into her heart, and her blessing accompanied us.

We now decided to settle in Kutais, and, for the time being, until Prince Niko had found a suitable situation for us (which he still treated as a possibility), to earn our living there by giving lessons in music and the languages. A cousin of the princess, who had been visiting at Gordi with us and whose home was in Kutais, promised to get pupils for us in her circles. These were certainly not exhilarating prospects, but our inner exhilaration was invulnerable. The whole life, the whole country seemed to us so interesting that the intensified sense of travel and adventure with which we had started out remained ever vivid; and, moreover, we were so unspeakably happy in each other that really (just as there are conditions in which one envies all people) we pitied all people who were not ourselves. The most delightful thing was that we felt our love not only not diminishing, but all the time increasing.

So, after the general breaking up of the party at Gordi, we went to Kutais, where another friend of the Dedopali — General Hagemeister — took us into his house as guests to remain until we should find a house

and pupils. In a few weeks we were established in a little home of our own, and a number of the daughters of noble families in Kutais had presented themselves to me for piano and singing lessons. My Own gave a few lessons in German.

Now rumors of war began to buzz through the air. The year before an insurrection had broken out in Bulgaria. (It was asserted in other than Russian countries that this was fomented by Russian agents.) Russia demanded of Turkey reforms and guaranties for the safety of the Christians. Now the great powers met in conference — from November, 1876, until January, 1877, in Constantinople; in March, 1877, in London; but their decrees were refused by Turkey. Would Russia now declare war? This portentous question was on every tongue. The troops were waiting in expectation on the border.

And, sure enough, on the 24th of April came the Russian declaration of war, and, simultaneously, the crossing of the Pruth and of the Armenian border. The news was the more exciting for the reason that the Caucasus itself served as one of the two theaters of the war, and an invasion of Kutais by the Turks was one of the possible dangers.

I do not remember that we felt anxious. Nor did I have any feeling of protest against war in general, any more than in the years '66 and '70. My Own likewise looked upon the war that had broken out as merely an elemental event, yet one of especial historical

importance. To be in the midst of it gives one personally an irradiation of this importance.

We received from my mother, from my sisters-in-law, letter after letter, telegram after telegram: we must make our escape! We did not think of such a thing; on the contrary we wanted to make ourselves useful, and we offered our services to the governor, Prince Mirsky, as voluntary nurses of the wounded. Only one condition we made, — that we should work in the same place, if possible in the same hospital. That was not possible; they wanted to use him here and me there, and so we withdrew our offer. For to separate, especially in such perilous circumstances, no price would tempt us! So we remained in Kutais. Our sympathies (at that time we still had "sympathies" in war) were with the Russians. The word was, "to free our Slav brethren"; that was the common talk all around us, and we accepted it in perfect faith. Moreover, a second watchword was in the air, raised by the Mohammedans living in the Caucasus, by the wild mountain tribes, Shamyl's comrades: revolt — shaking off the Russian yoke. All this sounded very heroic. But no insurrection broke out; the Caucasus proved to be satisfactorily Russianized and loyal. The sons of the land, looking very handsome in their Cossack uniforms, went to the front as one man to beat the Turks. "Sotnias," as bodies of a hundred mounted noblemen were called, joined the army as volunteers, and we saw them riding away under our windows.

The first death announced in the war bulletins was that of a young fellow whom we knew in Kutais, the only son of a Russian general's widow.

Of course, in all the neighborhood everybody who remained behind was seized with the Red Cross fever: making bandages, sending off supplies of tea and tobacco, treating the regiments that went through with food and drink, collecting money, planning and executing enterprises of beneficence,— all for the good of the poor soldiers. To-day it seems to me there might be something still better than this good,— not to send them out! To-day, too, we know from Tolstoi, the man who has the courage of truth, what the case was with the "dear Slav brethren" at that time. He writes thus in his book "Patriotism and Christianity," which came out since the war:

Just as is now the case with the love between the Russians and the French, on the eve of the Turco-Russian war we had a sudden view of the love of the Russians for I know not what Slavonic brethren. These Slavonic brethren had been ignored for centuries; the Germans, the French, the English, were and still are infinitely nearer to us than these Montenegrins and Servians and Bulgarians. And at that time we began to celebrate solemn festivities and organize receptions under the puffing of men like Katkof and Aksákof, who are very properly regarded in Paris as models of patriotism. Then, as now, the talk was of nothing else than the sudden love with which the Russians were burning for the Slavs of the Balkans.

First—exactly as was just now done in Paris—people gathered in Moscow to eat and to drink and to talk nonsense to one another, to melt with emotion over the noble feelings which they had, and to say things about peace and harmony, passing over in silence the main point —the project against Turkey. The press magnified the enthusiasm,

and little by little the government took a hand in the game. Servia revolted; diplomatic notes and semi-official articles began to appear. The newspapers produced more and more lies, inventions, and grew so heated that at length Alexander II, who really did not want the war, could not help giving his consent. And then what we know took place: hundreds of thousands of innocent men were lost, and hundreds of thousands were reduced to savagery and robbed of every Christian feeling.

Well, at that time we two believed in this Slavonic brother love. My husband sent to the *Neue Freie Presse* at Vienna a series of letters about those events of the war of which the echo reached us. These were gratefully accepted for a time, but at length were found to be too pro-Russian — the *Neue Freie Presse* took the side of the Turks — and were declined.

As far as I was concerned, since I could not take care of the wounded, at least I helped diligently in the enterprises got up by the ladies of Kutais in their behalf. I remember an evening garden-party which assembled the inhabitants of the city on the "Boulevard," as a promenade in the middle of the town, shaded by trees, is called. There were Chinese lanterns, orchestral music ("God save the Tsar," a pot-pourri from Glinka's opera *Zhizn dlya Tsarya*, the Balkan March, Slavonic songs, and the like), sale booths, and a tombola. Between two trees, brilliantly lighted up, had been placed a great painting of a touching scene on the battlefield: in the foreground a wonderfully beautiful Russian sister of charity, with tears on her cheeks, bending tenderly over a wounded

Turkish soldier, whose head she was raising in order to give him nourishment; in the background a tent, powder smoke, dead horses, and bursting shells. I myself shed a tear or two as I stood in front of that picture; and at the tombola, where I bought chances till my pocketbook was drained, I won a small earthen vase, which I had them raffle off again. And thus I believed that I had paid my tribute of sympathy for the tragedy of the Balkans.

The war took its course. We received very sad letters from the Dedopali; she was worried about her two sons, who had gone with the army.

Suddenly there arose the rumor that the plague had broken out in a place not far away. That filled us with real dismay. When the news came I burst out in self-reproaches.

"Oh, where have I brought you? It is my fault that you came here, My Own."

He comforted me: "Not for a moment have I regretted it. If only nothing happens to you! But even if we must perish now, still we have had our share of happiness."

The pestilence, however did not spread. The fate of being carried off by the terrible angel of destruction, to which we had resigned ourselves, was spared us.

In other respects things were going very badly with us. In the disorder caused by the events of the war no one any longer thought of taking lessons, and we were fearfully pinched. There were days when we

actually made the acquaintance of the specter Hunger. But everything that befell us, whether joy or sorrow, brought us closer and closer together, and later we were grateful to Fate for having enriched us with such experiences. Without doubt they were essential to the strengthening of our characters, and to educating us into that sympathy with the sorrows of humanity, with the wretchedness of the people, which in days to come formed the basis of our united work in the service of mankind, and which awakened in each of us feelings that gave delight to the other.

The war moved toward its end. On March 3, 1878, the Peace of San Stefano was signed. The Dedopali's two sons had come out unscathed; the older — with the rank of colonel — had fought at Plevna in the emperor's suite; the younger, then a captain, had taken part in the storming of Kars. In Kutais many families were in mourning. The returning sotnias ("hundreds") did not return as hundreds.

Our family at home were greatly rejoiced that the war had spared us. My mother-in-law had gone with her two daughters Luise and Mathilde to spend the winter in Florence, because the latter was ill with a severe cough and the physician had prescribed a mild climate. In the spring, on their way home, they stopped at Meran, and from there came the news that Mathilde's condition had grown worse; that she was suffering from severe attacks of fever, and her life was in danger. A few days later came the tidings of

her death. Not yet twenty years old, and so beautiful and so worshiped by her mother . . . how could that mother bear such a blow!

They say she looked like an angel on her bier with a wreath of roses on her golden hair unbound and streaming down on both sides. The remains were brought back to Harmannsdorf — it must have been a sad journey for the poor mother — and from there were transferred to the family vault in Höflein.

The news brought us deep grief, and we wept bitterly for the sister so prematurely snatched away from us, with whom we had spent many happy hours, and who had always stood lovingly by us.

As I say, it was ebb tide in the lessons. So my husband tried his hand at writing. The war correspondence published in the *Presse* had been much praised, and in producing it he had discovered in himself a talent for writing a light and picturesque style. He now composed some descriptive articles on the Caucasus and its people, and sent them to various German weeklies. These contributions were gladly accepted and paid for.

Was it envy or was it imitativeness? I wanted to see if I could not write something too. I had never felt the call within me. When I was sixteen—at that time it *was* envy and imitativeness, awakened by Elvira's successes—I had indeed written a short story entitled *Erdenträume im Monde*, and a periodical which long since had suspended publication, *Die deutsche Frau*,

had brought it out and through the editor's correspondence department had asked for further contributions: "I should not bury my talent." Since that time, however, with the exception of letters (which I was tremendously fond of writing), I had written nothing.

So now, in the year 1878, I made my first (the *Erdenträume* did not count) attempt as an author. I composed in all secrecy a feuilleton entitled *Fächer und Schürze*—"Fans and Aprons"—and sent it to the old *Presse* at Vienna, and lo and behold! almost by return mail I received a copy of the paper containing it, and twenty florins. Oh, that first honorarium of an author! What a proud satisfaction its receipt gives —indescribable! The little work was signed with the pseudonym B. Oulot, a word formed from the nickname "Boulotte," which had been given to me at the Suttners'; and when I saw these six letters in print under the feuilleton, which really seemed to me a very good one, I had the impression that about that time Central Europe must be stirred by the question, Now who can this B. Oulot be?

And from that moment I have gone on writing without interruption up to this day.

XIX

TIFLIS

Another summer in Gordi · Business projects · Removal to Tiflis · Princess Tamara of Georgia · Our manner of life · Double position · Continued authorship · Illness

IN the summer of 1878 we were again guests at the Mingrelian summer residence.

The two sons for whom the Dedopali had trembled had now come to Gordi also, decorated with various orders; likewise Prince Niko's wife Mary. And, in addition to these, Achille Murat with his wife and their two boys. It afforded me great pleasure to see my friend Salomé once more, and we had again a delightful time in this dear and merry circle. Count Rosmorduc contributed not a little to the entertainment. This old Frenchman had the gift of relating endless anecdotes from his life, exciting, witty, and touching, and of never repeating himself.

We still found that nothing came of the position for My Own. There was all the more of making plans and building castles in Spain. Businesses were to be taken over, colonists to be imported, a trade in wood to be started. Niko and Rosmorduc were especially inventive of such projects, in which my husband was always to have lucrative functions. Various things

were actually entered upon: negotiations were begun, extended correspondence was carried on, but in the end nothing came of it.

So winter approached again, the colony at Gordi separated, and this time we decided to try our fortune at Tiflis; it was there that we could avail ourselves of the best recommendations. Here was the home of Princess Tamara, the widow of Heraclius of Georgia. He had died after a long illness, during which he is said to have been unendurably capricious, and his beautiful young widow had the most important house in Tiflis next to the grand-duke-governor's. There we were received with the greatest kindness.

Tiflis is a city half Oriental, half West-European. In the European quarter the same sort of life prevails as in our great cities: European toilets, European manners, French cooks, English governesses, *jours*, *soirées*, conversation in Russian and French. Princess Tamara had her own *palais*, furnished with exquisite taste, and in her salons met the cream of the local society, consisting of dignitaries of the grand-ducal court, — the grand duke himself often used to come there, — of various governors and generals, and the great people of the city. Tamara's younger sister, as beautiful as she herself, had married a general and also lived in Tiflis.

Our social position there was something quite peculiar. We had to be earning something, so that we might live, — hence in the forenoons I went to several

houses giving music lessons, for which I was well paid; my husband had a place under a French wall-paper manufacturer and builder, as bookkeeper and especially as designer of new patterns. For this service he received a salary of one hundred and fifty rubles a month, and moreover we had board and lodging in the pretty private house of the manufacturer, Monsieur Bernex of Marseilles. The bell for work rang at five o'clock in the morning. Then My Own, My Own who at home had been so spoiled and in truth shamefully lazy, had to get up. He did it right gayly; then he went to the press-room to oversee the workmen. At eight o'clock he sat down with the owner and the bosses to the early breakfast, consisting of a pail of weak coffee with milk, and black bread — it tasted good to him! — then he had to go to the office and figure and design till one. Meantime I had given a few lessons, and we all ate dinner together at the Bernex table. In the afternoon My Own had to go on business errands, to customers, to the customhouse, to the railway station, all long distances; he did it with pleasure. But after six o'clock in the evening we were free, put on full dress, and almost every evening dined *en ville*, now with the Princess of Georgia, now with her sister, and with all the great families of the city. Our romance was generally known, also our close relations with the Dadiani family; and in society we were not treated as the factory employee and the music teacher, but as a sort of aristocratic emigrants, not

only on a footing of equality but with that peculiar courtesy which is usually shown to illustrious foreigners. We could not help laughing about it.

I kept up my literary labors as far as my time permitted. I wrote novels, — *Doras Bekenntnisse*, *Ketten und Verkettungen*, — and carried about with me the scheme of a larger work, *Inventarium einer Seele*. My husband got very little opportunity for writing, for now his employer had set him to work also at designing architectural plans. And he did it. How he made a success of it I do not understand to this day; but it is a fact that several houses and castles in the vicinity of Tiflis were built from his plans. As he played the piano without having taken music lessons, so he made architectural designs without having studied architecture. He had already picked up enough of the Georgian language to be able to get along with the native workmen and contractors. In the meantime I was perfecting myself in Russian, which I had already begun to study in Vienna with a view to the prospect of residing in Zugdidi as the Dedopali had planned for me. That castle, by the way, was not even then finished; nor was it finished during the lifetime of its mistress.

During our sojourn in Tiflis I underwent an illness, the only one in my whole life. The period of this illness is among my sweetest, dearest recollections. I could not eat: my stomach refused everything that I took. I could not walk: if I tried to take a few steps, I fell down. Certainly that does not sound as

if one were bringing up sweet, dear recollections; and yet God knows it was a happy time. I was in a state of half-stupefied faintness, lying down gave me a comfortable sense of rest, and My Own's care and assiduity and tenderness cradled me into a deep quiet consciousness of bliss. This lasted about six weeks; then I was well again, and we two were a good bit more in love with each other than ever.

XX

ZUGDIDI

The capital of Mingrelia · Our little house · Labors on the Murat estate · Social life at the Murats' and the Dedopali's · Lonely summer at Zugdidi · New literary labors · Prototype of *Es Löwos* · New horizons · Study together

WE changed our residence from Tiflis to Kutais again, then to Gordi and to Zugdidi, and to many other places; I cannot here recount in chronological order and in detail all the migrations that filled up our nine years of the Caucasus. Nor was it external events that were the "important thing" for us; it was inner experiences, there in our exile, that made of us two wholly new persons, — two happy persons, two good persons.

We spent a few lovely years in the little town of Zugdidi, the Mingrelian capital; only a village, although a capital. A long row of Oriental houses with open shops, stall on stall; for that reason the row was called "The Bazaar"; but it was also called "The Boulevard," because the street was planted with a double row of tall trees. And what trees! Nothing less than mimosas, if you please. When they were in bloom the whole place was filled with drowsy fragrance. Besides this Oriental row there was a bunch of little peasant huts occupied by — Württemberg peasants:

this was "the German colony." Then, scattered about in larger and smaller fenced grassplots or fields of Indian corn, one-storied houses in the style of the Caucasus,— that is, built of wood and surrounded with verandas; also, in a garden, Count Rosmorduc's villa; then the Princess's provisional dwelling on the border of the great park, in the midst of which rose the unfinished magnificence of the castle,—this was Zugdidi.

There was to be something else added. Achille and Salomé Murat had decided to take up their residence in the Caucasus. A large uncultivated domain was assigned to them, and upon it a country house, farm buildings, stables, flower and kitchen gardens, greenhouses, and cultivated fields were to be created. And all this we actually saw created in the course of four years.

For ourselves we had rented the cottage of a German colonist. Paradisal, according to our ideas; in itself it was not so very pretentious. Level with the ground, three low-studded rooms and a kitchen. A wooden veranda in front of the entrance. The first room was our drawing-room. We had got at the bazaar a sufficient quantity of a very inexpensive red material, and we used it to tapestry the walls of the drawing-room and to provide the windows with hangings. We were our own upholsterers. The material was cut and sewed together, then tacked up, and it was done. For furniture our red drawing-room had a very large table which served both of us as a writing-table, a few chairs, another

table, and a *takhta*. This is a piece of furniture which is never lacking in a Caucasian room, — a long, wide divan, uncovered and without a back. A rug is thrown over it and forms the covering; four long bolsters covered with carpeting serve as the back and arms. One can add a few fancy pillows, and it makes the most comfortable contrivance for sitting, lying down, or lounging. With the aid of a few bookcases, a few vases kept always full of fresh flowers, a mirror over the fireplace, and a carpet on the floor, the red drawing-room assumed an almost elegant appearance. We were to the last degree proud of it.

The two other rooms were arranged with corresponding luxury as a bedchamber and dressing-room. Our corps of servants consisted of the daughter of our Swabian landlord, who lived in another little house situated behind the grass-grown court; we also had a *fundus instructus* consisting of five geese. These marched forth independently to pasture every morning and came dignifiedly home toward evening. Of course they had been acquired for culinary purposes; but having watched them every day from our balcony returning home so unsuspiciously, we felt it so hard to betray their confidence that during our whole residence there we left them in possession of their lives. One may enjoy roast fowl, but it should not be personal acquaintances.

The reason for our settling in Zugdidi was that Prince Achille Murat had engaged my husband as

overseer and assistant in the construction of his buildings and other improvements. Designing plans and directing workmen had become his specialty. Prince Murat himself was a sort of amateur architect, amateur farmer, and amateur gardener; so the two shared in making and executing plans. Gardens were plotted, wooden ceilings painted, ditches dug, wall-paper put on, horse-thief-proof stalls constructed, all with combined forces; I frequently saw the two, owner and manager, together enthroned on the top of a ladder or wading in the depths of a drainage-ditch. And now and then, in a short dress of rough cloth, the princess herself, armed with paint-brush, spade, or shovel, also gave her aid. I had another field of labor: for two hours every day I taught German and the piano to the two little boys, Lucien and Napo.

The princely couple's servants did not take existence so easily as their masters; there was constant changing and friction; the correct English coachmen and grooms, the exquisite French chefs, could not put up with these primitive, inchoate conveniences. They would not remain in the wilderness and disorder. Except for a faithful valet of long years' standing and a chambermaid of the same kind (and even these felt that they were martyrs), all rebelled. Then, each time, new regents of the kitchen and stable would be imported, for Prince Achille could not live without the finest French cookery and without sportsmanlike English appointments for his horses, his carriages, and his hunting.

Twice a week we used to eat in the villa on which they were working, and after dinner, at which, in contrast to the forenoon's workaday garb, all appeared in evening dress, the evenings were spent in chatting, music, and chess-playing. Great amusement was afforded also by the caricatures which my husband made and brought with him; they presented a complete chronicle of the calamities which had attended the building operations and a whole portrait gallery of exaggerated but speaking likenesses of the various persons involved. Among the many talents with which My Own was endowed was that of wielding an extraordinarily witty pencil. Once he sent to the *Fliegende Blätter* a series of illustrations to the examples given in the Ollendorf grammars, such as "The candelabra of thy uncle is larger than the cat of my aunt," "The industrious apprentice of the baker has seen the melancholy captain," "The French gentleman has a long walking-stick and the poor Russian is cold," and the like, which were accepted and made a great hit.

In the winter, when we stayed at Zugdidi with the Dedopali, Sunday was the day on which her children and we were regularly invited to dinner. In the summer, however, we were left at Zugdidi quite alone, and we enjoyed this life the most. My husband devoted a few hours in the morning to superintending the work on the Murat estate, and the rest of the time belonged wholly to me; and then both of us could write

diligently. At this time were produced the novels *Ein schlechter Mensch*, *Hanna*, and the book entitled *Inventarium einer Seele*, by B. Oulot; and *Daredjan*, *Ein Aznaour*, and *Kinder des Kaukasus*, by A. G. von Suttner. Time also was ours for reading together, for studying together, for long conversations about everything between heaven and earth, and we evolved a philosophy of life, a view of the universe, which we should never have reached under other circumstances, nor either of us without the other; we had won for ourselves a genuine Eden of harmony, with new, wide, bright horizons.

But one cannot revel forever on the heights of thought; one must have one's little corner of the earth, one's humble everyday home; and the reason why we felt so utterly contented in ours was that we had quite unintentionally fulfilled that command of the Saviour which says, "Be ye therefore as little children."

We talked nonsense, we did absurdities, we had invented a language of our own, we flung the most shocking insults at each other, we had the wildest romps and the most extraordinary songs, we played, not indeed with dolls, but with creatures of our fancy; in short, we were silly, silly, happy children. I embodied this phase of our life in a monograph entitled *Es Löwos*, which appeared first in the Munich monthly *Die Gesellschaft*, and then in book form. Many reproached me for it, saying, "One does not expose such privacies to the multitude." As if one wrote for the multitude!

One always imagines as one's readers those in whom a string tuned to the same note is vibrating. There are never more than a few such in the multitude. In *Es Löwos* I went so far as to imagine only one, and always apostrophized as "One" this sympathetic, comprehending person, who perchance had experienced the like in his own life. And lo and behold! in the course of time I received something like a hundred letters from the reading public, in which the writers assured me that they had had all my experiences, and signed themselves "The One."

Our studies had opened to us a new horizon, I said just now. That must be enlarged upon a little. It was especially through the natural sciences that undreamed-of lights broke upon our minds. But not as they were usually taught in the schools, mere classifications of plants and animals into species and orders, mere enumerations of mineralogical and geological formations, mere dry elements of physics and chemistry with their proper figures and symbols; no, we gained our knowledge from the works of the latest students of nature, those who are also philosophers of nature, and from whose investigations bursts the radiance of a new discovery, namely, that our whole glorious world is subject to the law of evolution. By evolution from the simplest origins it has developed into its present complexity and is assured of incalculable transformations yet to come. Then these other truths perceived by modern science, the transmutability of all forces

one into another, the unbroken concatenation of all causality, the indestructibility of atoms, the uninterrupted continuity between the inorganic and the organic world, between physical and psychical life,—in short, the unity of the world, and the consequent inference that the development of human society also goes on in accordance with the same laws and that it also is assured of incalculable future transformations.

The authors in whose works we immersed ourselves were Darwin, Haeckel, Herbert Spencer, Whewell ("History of the Inductive Sciences"), Carus, Sterne, etc.; and, above all, the book which was a revelation to me, Buckle's "History of Civilization." I had already read this book, and several of those just mentioned, before my marriage; and I had brought them in my trunk. Now My Own had also to make their acquaintance. I had the advantage over him that I had read more works on the natural sciences than he had; he had the advantage over me of loving nature more passionately than I did. The magnificence of a beautiful landscape, the sublimity of the sea, and the glory of the glittering firmament inspired in him more than enjoyment and admiration; they inspired him with religious awe. And he had such ability to *see* what nature has of sweet and mighty fascination, that from it grew that force of description which he put into his books on the Caucasus. The landscapes which formed the background of his novels *Daredjan* and *Aznaour* were painted with glowing, brilliant colors, and won

the unanimous praise of the critics. In analysis of character, construction of plot, inventiveness, his novels were less successful — it was for this reason that he achieved no abiding place in literature; but in the reproduction of nature he was a past master. The secret of this faculty was that he loved nature. Any love multiplies any power tenfold. As I have already said, we were mutually complementary, — we helped each other upward. He taught me to enjoy nature, I helped him to understand her. At my desire he had to read — read with me — all those works which I had already looked into, and in which I now for the first time thoroughly steeped myself. This grasping of a new truth by two together makes the possession twice as certain, the comprehension twice as clear.

A rich life we led there in that far-off peasant cottage, around which at night we often heard the jackals howling. Rich, although our income was the scantest; although our housekeeping was so insignificant that it happened when our only housemaid was ill that we ourselves got the midday meal ready, and once — full of gayety over it — scrubbed the floors ourselves with sand and scrubbing-brush. Rich in happenings and in experiences, although for weeks at a time we saw not a human being and nothing actually happened to us; the source of our happenings was in our books and our hearts. The rarest of all earthly fates was ours: complete, firmly-anchored happiness.

XXI

OUR LAST DAYS IN THE CAUCASUS

The Dedopali's death · Death of my mother · Prospect of coming home · Translation of "The Tiger's Skin" · Sojourn in a Mingrelian village · A bit of Georgian history · Queen Tamara

IN the summer of 1882 the Dedopali was taken ill. We were just at that time her guests again at Gordi. The physicians whom her son summoned from Tiflis prescribed a "cure" at Karlsbad. But she refused to leave her fatherland.

"I hope to get well again," she said to me, "but if this should really be my last illness I desire to die here near the Convent of Marthvilli, where I shall be buried. I should not like to make the long journey back from Europe in a box."

Her condition gradually grew worse, and when we left Gordi in the autumn we had no hope of ever seeing her again; and, in fact, we soon received from Prince Niko by telegraph the news that his mother had passed away painlessly and with Christian resignation. Although I was prepared for the news, it was a sore grief to me, and I deeply mourned for this friend of many years. She was laid away in the crypt of the Convent of Marthvilli, in the midst of a gigantic mourning assembly, in which the population of all the

neighboring provinces participated; thousands and thousands had made the pilgrimage to the ancient cloister which contained the ancestral tomb of the princes, to pay the last honors to the "Queen of Mothers."

At the beginning of the year 1884 I suffered a far heavier bereavement — my mother. I had confidently hoped to see her again very soon, for our home-coming was now in immediate prospect, and she herself was looking forward to this reunion with yearning joy. In that moment death snatched her away with only a brief illness. Full of sympathy and love, My Own did his best to console and comfort me.

The period of our exile was coming to an end. The parents, who now recognized how faithfully and happily we clung to each other, how bravely we had made our way without ever claiming their help, had given over their obstinate rancor and were bidding us to come to Harmannsdorf. We had in the meantime reached a position of independence, and could therefore return home without any sense of humiliation. To be sure, nothing had come of the hoped-for situations at the Russian court, and the various plans for business undertakings that were to bring us a competency; but we had both won a place in literature which gave us the prospect of a sufficient and increasing income and assured us an honorable position. The critics lauded us, editors asked for articles, publishers wanted manuscripts. My husband's Caucasian stories and novels

were meeting with great success, and my *Inventarium einer Seele*, in which I had set forth all my views about nature and life, about science and politics, had made somewhat of a sensation; my belles-lettres were equally in demand. And we both felt that we still had a good deal to say, that the fountain of inspiration would yet pour abundant streams; the new calling had become for us "the one important thing."

Our return was set for the month of May; it was still three months to that time. We proposed to use these on a work which one of my husband's friends, a Tiflis journalist, had urged us to undertake. This was a French and German translation of the national epic of Georgia, "The Tiger's Skin," by Shosta Rustaveli. As we did not know the Georgian language thoroughly, the work was to be done in this way: Mr. M—— (his name, all except the initial, has slipped from my memory) was to give us the poetry literally in such imperfect French as he knew; we would then translate this into correct French, and from that into German. There was at that time a plan of bringing out a great holiday edition of "The Tiger's Skin," for which the painter Zychy had drawn splendid illustrations. In order to be able to carry out this work undisturbed, we accepted Mr. M——'s invitation to move with him to a remote Mingrelian village where his father was the *pope* and owned a little house, in which he would take us as boarders for a nominal sum. There we could regularly devote two morning hours and two

afternoon hours to "The Tiger's Skin," and the rest of the time we spent in walking, reading, and "looking forward" (a business in itself) to the coming journey home.

We enjoyed twice as much as ever the wildness, the primitive conditions, of that Caucasian solitude, in anticipation of once more plunging into the bustle of European civilization. The little house that we inhabited was, so to speak, not furnished at all; we had brought with us for our room our own *takhta* and a few other conveniences, among them a zither. This is, to be sure, not one of the indispensable comforts of life; but, as we had no piano, we satisfied our craving for music with the little Styrian instrument, on which I played accompaniments for my sentimental songs and My Own twanged most lively heel-tapping Ländler.

The room in which the *pope*, his son, the son's old nurse, and we took our meals contained nothing but a table and the necessary number of chairs. The menu alternated between two dishes, one day chicken, the next day mutton; and the napkins were changed only once a fortnight. The *pope* supped his broth with a noise that reminded one of sporting whales. Below our room was a cellar in which sauerkraut was being made, and the odor from it came up to us through the cracks in the flooring; but nothing, nothing disturbed our good humor, and the actively progressing translation of the Georgian poem gave us lively satisfaction. A whole vanished world opened before us—the world of the thirteenth century in this remote corner of the

earth. An epoch to which the Georgians look back with pride, because it was the climax of their country's glory—the epoch when the great Queen Tamara was on the throne. Shosta Rustaveli sang at her court and celebrated her fame, her power, her charms. We learned from the mouth of our patriotic journalist even more of the past of his country, and of the departed splendor of Queen Tamara, than we did from the poetry of the Georgian bard. Her name stirs the Georgians to real religious devotion; the memory of those ancient days celebrated by Rustaveli lives as something sublime and immortal.

The Georgians look back on a history extending over twenty-three centuries; their first king, Phamawaz by name, was elected three hundred and two years before Christ, and the Christian religion was introduced four hundred years after Christ by Saint Nino. Like every ancient history, that of Georgia is a history of wars. The land was surrounded by hostile nations and tribes; in particular, it was constantly assailed by the Ottomans and Persians. Of course the chronicles tell of the victorious battles which the Georgians fought against their enemies, and their pride in this finds expression in their greeting. "Good-morning" in Georgia is *gamardjoba*, which means victory; the reply is *gamardjosse*, "May he (God) make you victorious."

The reign of Queen Tamara is regarded as the golden age of the land. The chronicles aver that under this queen prosperity prevailed, the fine arts flourished,

splendid buildings were erected, — the same as you find it in all the ancient documents of flattery under the name of history, where all possible achievements are always ascribed to the then reigning monarch. If the rulers were cruel, the strictness of their rule is praised; if they were not, then this negative virtue is extolled to the skies. So it is to be read in the chronicle concerning Tamara, "No one at her command was deprived of his limbs or of his eyesight"; and that is the more noteworthy as at her time and afterwards the principle laid down by one of her ancestors, the heroic Wakhtang Gorgaslan, was in full force: "Whoever in war escapes death and fails to bring back the head or the hand of an enemy shall die by our hand."

How little it does take to kindle admiration in the biographer of a king; among us too there are very many people who have no predilection for tearing off limbs and putting out eyes, and no one heaps glory and praise upon us on that account.

At the beginning of her reign Tamara's kingdom was threatened by the Persian caliph Nasir-ed-Din, who marched against the borders with a "numberless" host. Then Tamara summoned her troops; in ten days she collected battle-joyous legions from all quarters, had them march before her in review, and addressed them with the following words: "Brothers, let not your hearts sink when you compare the throng of your foes with your own small numbers. Surely you have heard

of Gideon's three hundred men and the innumerable multitude of Midianites that they overcame. Remain fearless, and put your confidence in the bravery of each." Then she delivered to them the banner of her ancestor, the banner of Gorgaslan (author of the above-mentioned edict, "Whoever in war escapes death," etc.). Of course the troops went and won a brilliant victory over the foe. When they returned home the queen hastened to meet them, and the soldiers, enraptured to see her in their midst, compelled all the chieftains of the Persian army to bend their knees before the queen. Probably the incident is related differently in the Persian chronicles.

A few years later Rokn-ed-Din, sultan of Asia Minor, collected eight hundred thousand (!) men and marched against Georgia. He sent the queen, by his ambassador, the following polite message: "I would have thee to know, O Tamara, sultana of the Georgians, that all women are of weak understanding. Now I come to teach thee, thee and thy people, no longer to draw the sword, which God has given into our hands alone." This note was signed with the writer's name and titles; among others, "Highest of all Sultans on Earth, Equal to the Angels, God's Privy Councilor," and the like.

Tamara read the message "without haste." She gave her commands for the troops to assemble, and she herself rode out at the head of her army against the enemy. Of course the victory was complete; the

streets of Tiflis were decorated and the queen made her triumphal entry glittering like the sun . . .

That the chronicles have as much to say of her piety as of her bravery is a matter of course. The alliance of "saber and aspergillum" is as old as these two symbols, whatever forms they have been, and are, exchanged into. There is a national poem of Georgia, which every peasant knows by heart, in which the following story is told of that famous queen: It was again on a great day of victorious rejoicing. Tamara had put on all her precious ornaments — her crown of precious stones, her gold brooches and strings of pearls. Anew she glitters like the sun. She desires that all her people be happy. She has given orders to her treasurer to distribute gifts and alms to all the great and all the small. "Hast thou fulfilled my command?" she asks. "Are all satisfied?" He answers, "Lady, I have distributed gifts in accordance with thy will; only one beggar woman received nothing, for she insisted on coming to thee to receive her alms from thine own hands. We refused to admit her — she would take nothing from us, and with angry face she went away." The queen is in consternation, and gives orders to make search for the beggar woman and bring her into her presence. But she waits in vain; the couriers cannot find the woman again. Then suddenly an inspiration comes to the queen; she sinks on her knees before the sacred icons, crosses herself, and cries in an ecstasy: "I know, I know now who that

beggar woman was; thou, O holy mother of God, hast sent her to me." And she tears all the precious ornaments from her body and carries everything, the pearls and the diamonds, to the nunnery of Gaenathi, dedicated to the Madonna.

And in this nunnery, which is situated not far from Kutais, it is said that Tamara was buried.

Our translation of "The Tiger's Skin" was never published; but we did not regret the time which we spent in this work. Through that, and through the tales and observations which our enthusiastic Georgian patriot connected with it, we were thoroughly initiated into the nature, the history, and the spirit of the people and of that magical land in which we had spent so many years; and we learned the chronicles of all the families with which we had been associated, whose names — the Orbelianis, the Zeretellis, the Gruzinskys, the Dadianis, the Mukhranskys, the Tchavtchavadzes — have as proud a ring in that land as the Montmorencys, Manchesters, Borgheses, Liechtensteins, etc. have with us. And we were able to penetrate deeply not only into the history but also and especially into the nature of the country, to observe the customs of the people in this rural solitude, in the nearer or remoter inns where our landlord took us to weddings, funerals, and baptisms.

But, interesting as all this was, we counted the days that separated us from our return home, and the nearer this came the more we rejoiced in the anticipation of it.

PART FIVE

1885–1890

XXII

AT HOME

Departure from the Caucasus · First destination, Görz · Return to Harmannsdorf · Family life and neighborly visits · Literary correspondence · Writers' convention in Berlin

IN May, 1885, nine years after our elopement, we returned home. Not without a pang did we say farewell to the Caucasus; we had grown very fond of the beautiful country, and our friends there also found it hard to let us go. But the delight, after such a long separation, of coming back "to our house" as a happy couple, who had proved their right to such happiness and had fought their way to a self-supporting profession, — this delight outweighed all the grief of leave-taking, and just as jubilantly as we had originally set sail from Odessa to carry our love and our passion for adventure to the legendary land of Colchis, so jubilantly did we set sail from Batum to cross the Black Sea once more: homeward — homeward!

Our first destination in Europe was Görz, the place where lay my mother's grave. There we desired to kneel before we returned to the Suttners' paternal house. Therefore we went directly through Vienna without pausing, and it was only when that visit of pious sorrow had been paid that we turned our faces

back to the north again. Then we spent one day in Vienna with Brother Karl, whose reception of us gave a foretaste of the welcome that was awaiting us. We appointed the next day for our arrival at Harmannsdorf. Artur begged that no one should come to meet us at the station, so that he might find all his dear ones at once in the Harmannsdorf that he so loved.

So, then, at the station of Eggenburg only the family carriage was waiting for us. From Eggenburg to our destination is another three miles. Ah, that splendid drive! It was a sunny, fragrant May day; the song of larks in the air, red clover in the meadows, radiant joy in our hearts. The landscape in the distant mountain land, where, according to the myth, the earthly paradise was situated, was unquestionably grander and finer than this flat Lower-Austrian region — but this was home. A hundred sweet recollections arose in my mind, and doubtless a thousand in his; it was the abode of his youth and childhood. When we reached the place on the road where the tower of the castle becomes visible, he stretched out his left arm toward the horizon with a cry of joy, and with his right pressed me to him.

"Willkommen zu Hause, mein Weib!" he said in a tone of deep emotion. It was the only time in his life that he called me "wife"; perhaps this is why that moment, with all its blessed solemnity, has remained so clearly impressed upon my mind.

And now the arrival, — the entrance through the gate, the pause before the castle drawbridge, where the whole family was assembled,—well, we know from the Bible how it is usual to celebrate the return of the prodigal son.

The best rooms in the castle had been made ready for us, and thus I was "at home" under the roof of Harmannsdorf — a roof that was to protect our happiness for seventeen years longer.

Now began for us a new life, a family life. Harmannsdorf was occupied by the parents and the three daughters; the eldest also, married to a Count Sizzo at Trent, was with us making a visit. The oldest son, Karl, secretary in the Department of Commerce, came every Saturday, and always spent his vacation at Harmannsdorf with his beautiful wife and his twelve-year-old daughter Mizzi, who was a pupil at the Sacré Cœur Convent. As such she was very piously inclined, and made the most strenuous endeavors to convert her Uncle Artur, for whom she had conceived an ardent affection and whose ecclesiastical lukewarmness caused her great anxiety as to the salvation of his soul. The second oldest brother, Richard, lived with his family at the castle of Stockern, a mile and a half distant, and of course the intercourse between Stockern and Harmannsdorf was very lively. Of other neighbors, whom we constantly saw, those we liked best were the owners of Mühlbach, Baron and Baroness Josef Gudenus, and the castellan of Maissau, the grand

master of the huntsmen, Count Traun. From Vienna often came Artur's former schoolmates; in short, the domestic and social life left nothing to be desired in agreeableness and liveliness of intercourse. And yet we managed to save out many hours for laborious solitude. For we kept up our scientific studies, were always reading the same books together, and also writing together; not that we collaborated in authorship, — each worked independently, and we each read the other's writings only after they had been printed, — but we wrote at the same worktable.

Even while we were in the Caucasus we had entered into correspondence with many of our contemporary authors. This correspondence was now carried on even more assiduously. My *Inventarium* had brought me many unknown friends in literary circles.

Thus one day we were surprised by an enthusiastic letter from Friedrich Bodenstedt. As the poet of *Mirza Schaffy* had himself spent many years in the Caucasus, he took a keen interest in Artur Gundaccar's Caucasian stories. M. G. Conrad of Munich, in whose newly-founded monthly magazine, *Die Gesellschaft*, had appeared *Es Löwos* and other things, had also engaged us in correspondence. Hermann Heiberg, Robert Hamerling, Count von Schack, Ludwig Büchner, Konrad Ferdinand Meyer, Karl Emil Franzos, — those are some of the names of our correspondents; also Balduin Groller, who had long exchanged letters with B. Oulot in the Zugdidi days without suspecting

that this *nom de plume* concealed a woman, as he himself tells the story in one of his delicious feuilletons.

I was fulfilling my duty as editor of a great literary periodical. That flood of generally mediocre manuscripts, all of which demanded to be read! Occasionally, as in a big, stupid cake, a raisin here and there — the rare products of genius. Once there was a special editorial feast-day; I had found a big raisin, a work of remarkable depth and delicacy and quite incomparable grace of construction. That was a delight, a genuine intoxication; a new talent — that is certainly nothing trifling, is it? Above all things, what is the man's name? B. Oulot — a singular name, but the world will soon get used to it. But this was not the only singularity. I take into my hand again the letter which accompanied it. Where does the man live and what else does he do? A Russian postage-stamp; the letter is dated from Zugdidi, Government of Kutais . . . And there is also a request for leniency, as the work is the writer's first. That too! I see to it at once that the honorarium shall be sent immediately, so as to keep the new contributor in good humor, and I write a letter of unreserved appreciation of this first work, with an urgent request for further articles.

These also came, and my delight and astonishment kept on increasing. They betrayed a scientific and philosophical competence equal to that of any university professor, but at the same time a grace, and a humor that triumphed over everything — no, assuredly it was not a university professor.

We got to talking together, of course through letters. We could not get to the end of all that we had to say to each other. In this exchange of ideas we discovered that we had in common so many opinions about art and life that it would have been sheer nonsense to keep bothering with society flourishes, and we began to use the "thou" like two good comrades. It was brother heart on this side, brother heart on that; but on one occasion I must have expressed myself so vigorously and so unequivocally — between comrades one is not so particular about little things — regarding some question which would have come within the purview of the as yet unpromulgated *Lex Heinze*, that a protest might seem proper. It followed in

a very delicate, perfectly unobtrusive manner. The next letter ended with *Deine ergebene* — the feminine form.

I was dumfounded. So B. Oulot is a woman — who would have thought that of the man! I demanded an explanation and received one. B. Oulot was — Baroness Bertha von Suttner, born Countess Kinsky. — Well, all right then. I did not feel offended at it after that, and anyhow there was no changing it now.

This was just at the time of "the revolution in literature," and we followed with the liveliest sympathy the phases of that revolution. Conrad, Bleibtreu, Alberti — we read all that they wrote and were amazed at their audacities. A *Moderne* was beginning to show its head — which, to be sure, has since been thrown on the rubbish heap by the very most modern *Modernen*. And in the plastic arts too the first symptoms of the Secession began to be distinguishable. Everywhere there was fermentation. — After all, there is at every period a newest thing which surprises and puzzles, is antagonized, wins, and soon becomes *vieux jeu*. That the present phase seems to one to be so unprecedentedly subversive of all that has been supreme, is mere illusion.

In October of this year, the first year of our return, the Congress of the Authors' Union held its session in Berlin. In our capacity as members of the Union we were invited to be present, and we needed no second invitation.

I preserved in my diary a few pictures of this congress — the first which I had ever attended in my life — and later turned them to account in my *Schriftstellerroman*.

On the evening before the first business meeting, a "gathering and informal greeting of the members of the Union" took place in the Kaiserhalle.

At the entrance of the assembly hall, from which comes the loud buzz of hundreds of voices speaking at once, stands the host, that is to say, the President of the Congress, to receive the guests. That is Hermann Heiberg, — tall, fair, elegant, with nobly formed features.

The hall is packed; only with difficulty can one make one's way from place to place. A large number of those present have already taken their seats at two or three long tables which run from one end of the hall to the other. With difficulty are places secured for us.

Hermann Heiberg introduces various colleagues to us, and these fetch still others. As often as a name celebrated in literature is mentioned, I am stirred by the same kind of joy that one feels when at a raffle a winning number is called. There is only one thing that is often bitterly disappointing, — sometimes the actuality so utterly fails to correspond to the mental picture that one has formed of the author in question. To be sure this picture was quite misty, indefinite, lineless as it were, and yet one regrets its annihilation. What, were these fragrant love songs, these rapturous fancies, written by the brutal-looking stout man? And can it be that this awkward little bourgeois manikin is the author of those exquisitely elegant pictures of high

life? What! Did that downy-bearded youth yonder who looks like a grocery clerk write those essays dripping with wisdom and experience?

Various figures and faces attract my attention, and I ask who they are. An imposing female apparition in black toilet with transparent sleeves — an interesting face: Frau Ida Boy-Ed, the author of *Männer der Zeit*. A small man with long white hair and benevolently beaming eyes in a beardless face; that is Paulus Cassel, an apostle of self-sacrificing philanthropy. There, leaning against a column, — a sharp contrast to the Apostle Paulus, — a dark Mephistophelian phenomenon: it is Fritz Mauthner the satirist. Near him is a pretty, animated young woman — it is the American Sara Hutzler, whose specialty is original child-scenes; the one who afterward married the dramatist Kainz, but died within a short time.

There at last — we recognize him by his picture — is Mirza Schaffy, our dear correspondent-friend Bodenstedt. He hastens to us and sits down with us. Then follow new reminiscences of the Caucasus; it was there that the poet spent the most joyous years of his youthful activity. And he tells of Tiflis, of the forests of Mingrelia, of the roofs of the Oriental houses on which in the moonlight beautiful women play the lute and dance, and to which in the silence of the night a young German poet is summoned for a tryst; of the Platonic passion which the beautiful wife of a Russian general inspired in the same youth, and which even

to-day gleams as the most magical recollection in the poems of the gray-haired man.

Not only on that evening but during the whole session of the Authors' Congress, Friedrich Bodenstedt was our constant companion; we could not weary of telling one another of the Caucasus.

On the next day the business meetings began. It was the first session of a Union that I had ever attended. The whole affair — the green table standing on the lofty podium, the members of the directorate sitting around it, each with a pile of paper in front of him, the president in the midst — made a solemn impression on me. It aroused in my mind the comprehension of a thing which is destined to assume ever deeper and more widely inclusive dimensions in the humanity of the future; that is to say, the consciousness of solidarity. This is a consciousness which works even more efficaciously than the command "Love your neighbor as yourself"; for in the right kind of solidarity your neighbor is identical with yourself to begin with. That the interests of all are at the same time the interests of each, and vice versa, gives to each individual such a heightened feeling of existence as if he were the whole: he can no longer separate his ego from the collectivity, since this is — as the word Union signifies — *one*, and therefore inseparable. Of course that is only the ideal conception of a Union; in practice the thing often lacks its own life principle, unity.

This is not the place to tell of the matters dealt

with and the course that the business took, although I find these stated in my notebook. Let me only sketch two or three more features of the convention.

At the Rathaus, greetings by the Bürgermeister, and addresses following. An address by Max Nordau was on the programme, but unfortunately this fell through. The Lord Mayor of Berlin, in gala attire, welcomed the guests and said all the flattering things that can be said to "the laborers of the mind," "the bearers of civilization," those who embody "the progress of the idea of our time" and constitute "the pride of the nation." After the perfunctory speech of thanks for the "honor of such a reception" in "the Metropolis of the Intellect," and the like, begin the promised addresses, — addresses in connection with which the New York *Staats-Zeitung* later made the remark that "the association of literary Freelunchers, instead of discussing arrangements for furthering the interests of their profession, talked about the relation of Old Fritz to German literature and about the Goethe House."

On the sixth and last day, banquet and ball in the hall of the "Harmonie." Again Hermann Heiberg stands at the entrance and welcomes his colleagues and numerous guests from Berlin society. The great hall, made as light as day, is speedily filled; the guests take their places at table, and when the roast comes in the toasts and speeches begin. The first speaker is Karl Emil Franzos, who in the name of the Danube

states says all sorts of friendly things to the capital of the German Empire. Then Julius Wolff. The speakers mount a tribune so that they may be better heard. Among them there are women. It is incomprehensible to me . . . how can one have the courage to talk so in public? A young Russian woman with a foreign accent praises *ger'manische* poetry. An elderly authoress also ascends the tribune. Her voice is so weak that only those quite close to her can hear what she says; although conversation is resumed throughout the hall, she goes on haranguing indefatigably in a plea — as we afterwards come to learn — for putting up a memorial tablet on the house of Gutzkow. With all zeal — especially with sweeping movements of her arms, the only part of the address that the audience can make out — she explains the imperative necessity for this memorial tablet, until some one at the foot of the tribune cries out, "It was put up long ago."

Now Oskar Justinus recites a poetical toast to the women that write, and points out that even in the most ancient times there were bluestockings, for it is well known that Leda was not averse to taking a quill in her hand.

The last address is delivered by Hermann Heiberg, in bringing the banquet to an end. Raising his glass, he says: "May that be fulfilled which each one wishes in the bottom of his heart, be it right or be it — according to the world's ideas — wrong. . . . The world's ideas are often false, and what is warmly wished has

a right to be granted. — So I drink to the fulfillment of our warmest wishes!"

"A strange toast," remarked some one at the end of our table; "Heiberg seems to be talking in a fever."

"That would be nothing to wonder at," said my husband; "the ungrateful task of taking charge of a festival brings with it so much annoyance and worry that — as he himself told me a little while ago — it is only with quinine that he keeps himself up. . . . And then he is one who understands everything, forgives everything, and would be willing that everybody should have a bit of happiness, whether what they wish is right or — in the opinion of the world — wrong. I am one who have had fulfilled a warm wish which other people condemned — and it was my happiness."

"And mine, too," I added under my breath.

XXIII

A WINTER IN PARIS

Schriftstellerroman and *Das Maschinenzeitalter* · Journey to Paris · Renewed acquaintance with Alfred Nobel · The Schnäbele affair · Madame Adam's salon · Princess Tamara of Georgia in Paris · Max Nordau · A ball in the Palais of the *Revue des deux mondes* · Victor Cherbuliez · Ludovic Halévy · Alphonse Daudet

NOW once more followed a long and industrious period of work in our dear Harmannsdorf. We all stayed in the country, even in winter; the palace in Vienna had been sold, for the quarry and other business transactions had turned out badly. But none of us had any yearnings for the city; the social companionship of the numerous members of the family, the sleighing parties on the snow-covered fields, mail-time with its manifold messages from the wide world, the sessions of joyous labor at our common writing-table, the reading aloud to each other of some interesting scientific book, the many little jokes and silly tricks which we still kept playing on each other, — for we remained like children, — all this filled our days so satisfactorily that we assuredly did not hanker for the pleasures of city life.

And then when spring awoke, about Easter-time, how we did enjoy finding the first violet in the sward of the park! and there followed the series of ever-increasing

pleasures in the first umbels of the elder, the first call of the cuckoo, the first note of the blackbird.

"After all," My Own remarked, "that is pleasanter to hear than the howling of the jackal. Now spring was thoroughly beautiful in the home of Medea too; but really the charm of the things which one has been accustomed to since childhood, the beauty of one's own garden, the thousand greetings which come to one from the tones, the scents, and the colors of one's own home, are sweeter than the most splendid impressions of travel."

In this time I wrote my *Schriftstellerroman* ("Romance of an Author") and *Das Maschinenzeitalter* ("The Age of Machinery"). The latter afforded me great enjoyment, for in it I threw off from my mind all that had accumulated within me of grief and exasperation at the conditions of the present, and of glowing hopes for the future so full of promise. The book was not to appear under my own name; it was signed *Jemand*—"Some One." The motive for this anonymity was not cowardice, but, as it was altogether scientific and philosophical themes that were very freely treated in the *Maschinenzeitalter*, I was afraid that if the book were signed with a woman's name it would not reach the readers whom I desired; for in scientific circles there is so much prejudice against the capacity of women as thinkers that a book signed with a woman's name would simply remain unread by those for whom it was expressly designed.

A WINTER IN PARIS

When the second winter after our return from the Caucasus was coming on, we decided to see a bit of the European world. The *Maschinenzeitalter* was finished, and I had (not without difficulty) found a publisher for it, — Schabelitz in Switzerland. It was not to appear till spring.

We decided to spend a few weeks in Paris, which My Own had never seen. The payment for a novel sufficed to cover the expenses of the trip, and we set forth with that full sensation of enjoyment which is involved in the notion of a pleasure trip. I can still remember: deep snow was lying on the fields around Harmannsdorf, a fierce snowstorm was blowing into our faces as the sleigh took us to the station, and we rejoiced in it and laughed immoderately. If the road was drifted so as to be impassable, well, then we would start some other day; our trips in the Caucasus had accustomed us to far more serious difficulties. There we had often ridden on the edge of abysses and crossed narrow, swaying bridges; had reached ferries which the ferryman refused to take us over on account of the dangerously swollen state of the water, so that we had to seek shelter in a wooden hut, content ourselves with a meal of bread, sardines, and Kachetin wine, sleep on a bare bench, — and yet we used often to recall even these experiences as blithesome recollections.

The sleigh took us to the station without mishap; only the luggage-sled arrived too late, so we had to wait for a later train, and could not continue our

journey to Paris on the same day, as we had meant to, but were obliged to spend a day in Vienna.

Our sojourn in Paris proved to be very pleasurable. We sauntered on the boulevards and in the Champs-Élysées; we drove in the Bois; we were assiduous attendants at the theaters great and little; we visited the museums; we made excursions to Versailles, Saint-Cloud, and Sèvres; and we took in all the other similar diversions that every visitor to Paris feels he must enjoy.

I wrote a note to Alfred Nobel, with whom I had all along kept in touch by correspondence, — perhaps in the eleven years eleven letters had passed between us, — to acquaint him with our presence in Paris. He came without delay to look us up. I found him unchanged, except that he had grown somewhat gray, but he was more deeply than ever immersed in his labors and inventions. My Own took a keen interest in his chemical investigations, which he explained in detail with the help of his crucibles and other apparatus when, a few days later, having invited us to dinner, he did the honors of his house and his laboratory. He still lived very much aloof from the world; the only house which he frequently visited was Madame Juliette Adam's, and he took us there.

The author of *Païenne* and editor of the *Nouvelle Revue* lived in her own house in the street named after her the Rue Juliette Lambert. As every one knows, Madame Adam was a great *patriote*, which at that

epoch signified a representative of the idea of *revanche.* And I can remember that in our very first call she steered the conversation into a political channel. But just then was one of the moments when it was generally believed that the war of revenge, predicted for sixteen years, was coming. Herr von Bismarck was in want of a military law valid for seven years, and in the German parliament the method of "War in Sight" was employed as is usual on such occasions. The recipe is a sure one: with a view to this all military demands are readily granted. Furthermore, the Schnäbele incident on the frontier happened, and on the horizon, slowly mounting, appeared General Boulanger's black horse. What an outpouring of amateur political opinion there was! Wherever one went this question was asked, Will it break out? In the newspapers, and still more in the air, there was the anticipation of some great event. In the *Chat noir*, that famous artists' Gschnas-Café (the ancestor of all the *cabarets* that now flood the world), Caran d'Ache was conducting his magic lantern "L'Épopée," Napoleonic war scenes, and *cela fait vibrer la fibre patriotique.* Madame Adam also vibrated.

And she invited us in a most friendly way to a great evening reception which was to take place at her house within a few days. Of that soirée I have preserved a rather lively recollection.

The little house in the Rue Juliette Lambert was filled with guests from the first landing of the staircase

to the farthest corner of the salon. On the threshold of the salon door stood Madame Adam, an imposing and captivating figure. She wore a dark-red velvet gown with long train, diamonds on the bosom, and diamonds in her white hair massed high. Her face under this white hair looked still youthful,—somewhat in the style of Marie Geistinger as *la belle Hélène*. Of course, as the duty of a hostess required, she gave each person a gracious word with a gracious smile.

"Ah, dear baron," she said to my husband, "I am so much attracted toward you because the country which you describe so excellently in your books, the semibarbarous Caucasus, is so fascinating to me."

Certainly, it was well known how much everything Russian fascinated Madame Adam, the glorifier of Aksákof and of General Skóbelef. "How can a woman ever busy herself so much with politics?" was my thought at that time. "How much that is disagreeable, and sometimes ridiculous, she brings upon herself by that! And how can one bother herself with editing a review into the bargain?"

Many distinguished men — artists, authors, politicians — were gathered in Madame Adam's salons, and many pretty women. Madame Napoleon Ney was pointed out to us as one of the most famous beauties of Parisian society. Unfortunately, one could not make the acquaintance of all the interesting persons present; the throng was so dense that one had to stay in his corner and be contented with talking to a few in his

own vicinity. And for the most part one had to be still and listen, for — as was the custom in Paris — the guests were served with all sorts of artistic delectations: a pianist played Hungarian melodies; an author of great promise, but as yet unknown, read a few short stories; and Mademoiselle Brandés, at that time not yet engaged at the Théâtre Français, declaimed a poem. But even here, amid this artistic and social gayety, the dark word "War" was buzzing through the room; here and there the names of Bismarck and Moltke and Schnäbele were heard, and prophecies that next spring it surely would come to something were boldly uttered, but without detracting from the spirit of cheerfulness that prevailed; these vaticinations probably aroused fine hopes in the hostess, enthusiastic for her country's glory as she was. I was no longer so indifferent in the presence of these things as I had been during my youth. I already hated war fervently, and this frivolous trifling with the possibility of it seemed to me as lacking in conscience as in common sense.

It was a great joy to us to meet in Paris a friend from the Caucasus, Princess Tamara of Georgia. The beautiful young widow had been established in the French capital for a year with her two half-grown girls; she lived in a fascinatingly furnished mansion in the Elysée quarter. We were very frequently invited to her functions, and always found a large company there, Russians for the most part. General Baron

Frederiks, who afterward became, and is still, chief master of ceremonies to the Tsar, was a friend of the house.

We cultivated literary society extensively. A Dr. Löwenthal, who had written to me on account of my *Inventarium einer Seele* when we were still in the Caucasus, and with whom, after an ardent exchange of ideas, we two had become close friends, made us acquainted with Max Nordau. The greatly celebrated author of "Conventional Lies," although then only thirty-eight, had very thick snow-white hair, which was very effective with his black beard, black eyes, and interesting face. There were some unforgetable hours which we four spent in conversation about God's magnificent world and the conventional, lie-ridden world of humanity.

In the Buloz house, where we attended a ball a few days after the Adam soirée, there was not so strong a flavor of politics as in the home of the *Nouvelle revue;* here homage was paid to only two things, the *Revue des deux mondes* and the Académie Française. The Buloz house had the reputation of being a center of the literary and intellectual life of Paris. On Madame Buloz's Tuesdays half of the Forty Immortals were to be found there, and of course all the collaborators of the *Revue*, from which the Academy so often draws its recruits. The solid old *palais* in the Faubourg Saint-Germain, with its ground floor devoted to the offices of the monthly, and its big reception rooms on

the floor above, had a grave and dignified air. The furnishings of the salon were of rich and substantial plainness. The tone all through the house was rather stiff, puristic, erudite — in short, academic. The same tone, you know, that permeates the so often uncut pages of the articles in the old *Revue*. The married life of the husband and wife seemed to be exemplary. M. Buloz, a man of serious and steady look, and at the same time amiable, of about forty, with full red beard trimmed to a point — liking best of all to talk about his *Revue*, the conduct of which cost him much labor, for he read every line of the manuscripts that were sent in, and sternly repelled any encroachment of frivolous realism — who could have suspected at that time that a few years later he would be compelled to part from his *Revue*, and that under such frivolous circumstances as he would never have permitted one of his colleagues to incorporate in a novel? Most surprising and startling for the whole serious *milieu* came the sudden discovery that M. Buloz had wasted nearly all his property, besides incurring a million in debts, — all for a woman. A separation resulted — whether Madame Buloz got one or whether she pardoned him I do not know — but a separation from his *Revue*, the proud paternal inheritance. He was forced to leave the management; and the monthly, which ever since its foundation, for more than a half century, had borne the name of Charles Buloz, both father and son, came out with the name of Brunetière.

Since then the undertaking has fallen off in circulation; various new monthlies have come into existence to enter into active rivalry with this great-grandmother of reviews. At that time it was in full flower; it had a circulation of 25,000 copies and brought its stockholders large and ever-increasing dividends. At that ball M. Buloz told me that his father had for thirty years published the magazine under a deficit; then suddenly came the change — the *Revue* was read all over the world and its owners became millionaires.

"You see, gracious lady," added M. Buloz jestingly, "if a periodical has been kept up for a time, it can expect further duration and some profit; only the first thirty years are rather hard sailing."

The connections which we formed at the Buloz house brought us into relations with various members of the Academy. I remember one evening which we spent with Victor Cherbuliez and when we met Ernest Renan. It was but a small circle of people that was grouped around the fireplace there, and the result was a genuine *causerie*, such as cannot be had in reception-rooms filled with hundreds of people. There were present M. and Mme. Cherbuliez and their daughter; M. and Mme. Renan; M. de Rothan, a former diplomat and author of highly valued political articles and contemporaneous reminiscences, especially regarding Alsace-Lorraine; his wife; and lastly, Ludovic Halévy, the latest of the Academicians. The merry blasphemer of the Grecian Olympus, — for with the

aid of the equally merry Meilhac he had exposed Jupiter, Juno, Venus, and Mars to Offenbach's musical mockery, — the creator of Madame Cardinal, mistress of the household, and her daughters who "went on the boards," was sparkling with wit in his conversation too. As a novelist, however, he was also successful in striking the serious strings; remember his novel *L'Abbé Constantin*, with its tinge of sentimentality and its harmlessness for boarding-school misses. And by no means did he fail to make the famous patriot fiber vibrate; he became the historian of the invasion of 1871, and celebrated the military glory and the heroic misfortunes of the conquered.

So it came about that when the conversation that evening touched upon the predominant question of the day — the threatening war-cloud — Halévy welcomed, with some pathos, the possibly approaching day of requital.

Renan excitedly took the other side. He did not conceal his horror for national massacres in general, but as a thinker he was especially pained by the hostility between his nation and "the nation of thinkers." He acknowledged that he had learned much from German philosophy, and spoke with the greatest respect of its representatives in both older and later times.

I had expected that Renan should be ugly in his outward appearance, for that was notorious; but this expectation fell below the reality: short, stout, sallow, with a broad, beardless face, reminding one of

Grützner's monks, a monstrous bald cranium, — with these qualities, the author of the *Vie de Jésus* gave me at first glance the impression that he was the ugliest man I had seen in my life. Ten minutes after he had begun to speak, this impression was effaced. Not only tolerable did he seem to me, but possessed of a genuine charm.

Another charmer whose acquaintance we made in Paris was Alphonse Daudet. In his case the power of the intellect, the fiery, easy discourse, were accompanied by an externally beautiful appearance. With his flashing black eyes, his thick curling hair, his mobile, aristocratic features, Alphonse Daudet could not have helped pleasing every one even if he had not been Alphonse Daudet. His wife — who was more of a collaborator to him than the world suspects, though his grateful testimony to the fact was public and plain-spoken — was likewise a very attractive personality. I often called there on her day at home. The man of the house was not present on these occasions, but stayed shut up in his workroom. It was in this that he used to receive us and fascinate us with his gift of fiery conversation.

XXIV

THERE IS A PEACE MOVEMENT

Return from Paris · International Peace Association · *Das Maschinenzeitalter* by "Jemand" · Anonymity attains its end · Bartholomäus von Carneri · At the Carneri table · In the Hotel Meissl

IN the spring of 1887 we returned home from Paris enriched with many experiences and impressions. One thing especially I had learned there, which had a decisive influence on my after life and work. In a conversation about war and peace — a theme which was already mightily filling my soul — our friend Dr. Wilhelm Löwenthal informed us that there existed in London an "International Peace and Arbitration Association," the aim of which was to bring about, by creating and organizing public opinion, the establishment of an international court of appeal which should take the place of armed force in settling disputes between nations.

"What! Madrid had such a girl, and I learn it for the first time to-day!" cries Don Carlos, when, in the scene with the Princess Eboli, she discloses her soul to him. Just so I felt. What? such a league existed, — the idea of justice between nations, the struggle to do away with war, had assumed form and life? The news electrified me. Dr. Löwenthal had to give me

on the spot all the details about the formation of the Association, its aim, its methods, and the persons who were associated with it. What I learned was as follows:

The name of the founder and president of the Association was Hodgson Pratt. The Duke of Westminster, the Earl of Ripon, the Bishop of Durham, and others were among its directors. Its headquarters were in London.

Hodgson Pratt, a man of lofty ethical and philanthropical principles, had, within a few years, journeyed over the Continent for the purpose of calling into existence branches of his society. Since then there were in Stuttgart a "Württembergischer Verein," Fr. von Hellwald, president; in Berlin a provisional committee, Professor Virchow, president; in Milan a "Unione lombarda per la pace," Professor Vigano, president (after him, Teodoro Moneta); in Rome an "Associazione per l'arbitrio e la pace," Ruggero Bonghi, Minister of Instruction, president. Others in Sweden, Norway, and Denmark.

The appeal which the London society had adopted as the basis of its propaganda, a copy of which Dr. Löwenthal handed me, contained the following introduction:

Lately a member of the English ministry declared that England's greatest interest is peace. Could not the same thing be said of every civilized country?

The international political conditions in the civilized world when contemplated arouse no less astonishment than reflection.

On the one hand men of every rank and of all shades of opinion desire progress, the common advantage and happiness of mankind;

and the object of all the endeavors of the men of science, the enlightened writers and thinkers, culminates in the accomplishment of this progress and well-being.

On the other hand, in opposition to these endeavors, the fruits of industry and diligence are constantly sacrificed in behalf of military objects, and this sacrifice serves to delay and hinder all progress.

Has the time not arrived, at the close of the Nineteenth Century, for all men to consult together and get into agreement to put an end to this folly, this terrible plague which can be avoided only through a common understanding and endeavor?

But how arrive at this result? Through the irresistible power of widely directed and energetically organized public opinion.

The means for attaining this propaganda and this organization is to be found in the formation of a great league, with branches in all European cities.

The appeal goes on to explain what the league was to aim at and what were to be its methods.

On my return I found awaiting me the proof sheets of my book *Das Maschinenzeitalter* ("The Age of Machinery"). I added in the chapter entitled "Zukunftsausblicke" ("Glimpses into the Future") an account of the London League. Just as I had previously known nothing about it, I took it for granted that my readers also were unacquainted with this phenomenon of the times. For in that thing called "Publicity," the endeavors of a few hundred men — even of a few thousand — disappear like so many drops of carmine in an arm of the sea.

When the book came out, shortly afterward, I had the satisfaction that not a single one of the very numerous critics who devoted whole columns to their

reviews of it ever suspected that "Jemand"—Some One—could possibly belong to "the weak-minded sex." Doctor Moritz Necker, the well-known literary editor of the Vienna *Tagblatt*, in writing to me about another matter, mentioned that he had recently been reading an anonymous book called *Das Maschinenzeitalter;* in his mind there was no doubt that the author was Max Nordau. Cherbuliez was of the same opinion, and in a sixteen-page article in the *Revue des deux mondes* designated Max Nordau as the author of the work he was reviewing. Max Nordau met this with a published declaration that he did not know the book, and that he was in the habit of signing what he wrote.

For some time I had been in correspondence with the philosopher Bartholomäus von Carneri, to whom, after reading his *Sittlichkeit und Darwinismus* ("Morality and Darwinism"), I had written a letter expressing my admiration; he had replied that he knew and prized my *Inventarium*, and a regular correspondence had ensued. I had not revealed to him anything about my anonymous book; I was all the more pleasingly surprised when in the newspaper report of the parliamentary proceedings I found a speech of Carneri's, delivered in the Austrian Reichsrat the day before, in which he mentioned *Das Maschinenzeitalter*. Thereupon I asked him what kind of a book it was, and who was the author. To this he replied that the author was not named, but he had guessed who it was

— Karl Vogt; he had instantly recognized him by his style. Many, however, believed that he himself, Carneri, had written the book. Then I confessed to him that I was the guilty one, but begged him to keep the secret, and this he agreed to do.

At the beginning of the next autumn we had gone to Vienna for a fortnight, as we often did. At the hotel at which we put up we learned that the member of the Reichsrat from Styria, B. von Carneri, was in the same house. The prospect of becoming personally acquainted with my famous correspondent was extremely tempting to me, and we sent in our names to him. The savant received us with alacrity. An old man, a sick man, — almost a cripple, — and yet what gayety and freshness! Carneri had never been well in his life. His head was all the time bent over to his right shoulder, he could walk only with difficulty, and since his early youth he had not spent a day without agonizing pain. And he called himself a happy man; he not only called himself so, he was. His intellectual labors, his political activities, the possession of a beloved daughter and a beloved son-in-law, the high regard which he had won in the learned world and among his parliamentary associates, may well have been the basis of his enjoyment of life; but the real secret was doubtless that he not only dealt in philosophy but actually was a philosopher, that is to say, a man who can pass beyond the miseries of life and thankfully enjoy its beauty.

We spent some exhilarating hours in Carneri's company; all the themes which we had broached in our correspondence were discussed, and the friendship which had begun through our letters was only confirmed by this personal association. That same evening we met again. When the member from Marburg-an-der-Drau stayed in Vienna during the sessions of the parliament, he was accustomed to take his supper at a certain long table in the hotel dining-room, and at that table a number of his colleagues and other prominent personages from the political, literary, and learned circles of Vienna used to gather. The "Carneri table" at the Hotel Meissl was a sort of salon of wit and talent. That evening we also took our places at this table, and listened with interest to the lively conversation, the center of which was our friend Carneri, at whose right hand I sat. I can remember one episode. My neighbor on the right suddenly spoke past me to my neighbor on the left, and said to him:

"Say, I have bought the book you quoted in your speech lately. Do you still not know who 'Jemand' is?"

"No, I have not a suspicion," replied Carneri, and exchanged a smiling glance with me. "And what do you say to it?"

My right-hand neighbor began a long dissertation on *Das Maschinenzeitalter*, and another man who had also read it joined in the conversation. What was said I no longer recall; I only know that it was not

disagreeable to me, but amused me immensely, especially when I threw in the remark, "I shall have to get that myself," and some one cried, "Oh, that is not a book for ladies!"

XXV

DIE WAFFEN NIEDER

How the plan for the book originated · Study of sources · The model of my hero · Satisfaction in writing the word "End" · Unanimously rejected by the editors · The publisher's scruples · Publication · How the book was received · Favorable and hostile criticisms · Personal contact with the peace movement resulting from the novel · The peace congress of 1889 in Paris · Founding of Interparliamentary Union

BUT I no longer had "The Age of Machinery" and its fate so much at heart. I had on the stocks another work, which had taken possession of me; to this all my thoughts and purposes were turned. I wanted to be of service to the Peace League, and how could I better do so than by trying to write a book which should propagate its ideas? And I could do it most effectively, I thought, in the form of a story. I should certainly find a larger public for that than for a treatise. In treatises one can only lay down abstract appeals to the reason, can philosophize, argue, and dissertate; but I wanted something else: I wanted to be able to put into my book not only what I thought but what I felt, felt passionately; I wanted to give expression to the pain which the image of war burned into my soul; I wanted to present life, palpitating life, reality, historical reality; and all this could be done only in a novel, and best in a novel

written in the form of an autobiography. And so I went ahead and wrote *Die Waffen nieder*, "Away with Weapons."[1]

It was to be the history of a young woman whose fate was closely involved with the wars fought in our own day. But in order that the historical events introduced should correspond to the reality, that the descriptions of the battle scenes should be truthful, it was requisite for me to make preliminary studies and collect material and documents.

This I did conscientiously, as well as I could. I read up in big-volumed histories, I rummaged in old newspapers and archives, to find reports of war correspondents and military surgeons; I got such acquaintances of mine as had been in the field to relate episodes of battles; and during this period of study my horror of war waxed to the most agonizing intensity. I can certify that the sufferings through which I led my heroine were actually experienced by me while I was working on it. What a woman must suffer when she knows that a beloved husband is engaged in war I could now more easily imagine, for the depth of my own conjugal love sufficed to put me mentally in such a situation. And the portrayal of a noble personality, as I attempted it in drawing the figure of my hero, was rendered the easier by the fact that my own husband sat as model for this character.

[1] Or "Throw Down your Arms." One translation bears the title "Ground Arms," but that does not convey the idea.

What a feeling of relief and satisfaction when I wrote the word "End" at the bottom of the second volume!

Now for placing it. I had no fears about this; many periodicals had begged me to send them a manuscript, and that great weekly which had printed my earlier works, and which had never refused anything I sent, would doubtless publish this manuscript too. I sent it in without misgivings. My astonishment was not little when the reply came:

Gracious Lady:

It is with regret that we find ourselves compelled to return to you the . . . [some compliments] manuscript. Large classes of our readers would take offense at what it contains.

So I tried it on another editor: the same result. And then on others — unanimously rejected. In one of the answers (which were all more or less sugar-coated with courteous phrases) it said: "In spite of all these merits, however, it is quite out of the question to publish the novel in a military country."

So perhaps it was better to forego the thought of serial publication and let *Die Waffen nieder* make its first appearance in book form; and so I sent the much-traveled package to my publisher Pierson. He hesitated a long time. The book seemed to him dangerous. At that time there had just been decided in Germany a case under the press laws, of which the consequence was to be an increase in the strictness of the censorship and a rigorous suppression of all writings that

contained any sort of mutinousness against existing institutions. Pierson advised that I should give the manuscript to some experienced statesman to look over, and ask him to strike out everything that could give offense. I cried out in indignation at such a demand. A work in which I had written off from my soul all the rage and all the pain that the hallowed "existing institution" of war had begotten in me (and assuredly in thousands of others beside me, only that they dared not express it) — to get somebody to lop and trim in diplomatic-opportunist fashion such a work, which, whatever its worth or worthlessness, had at least the one merit of being hotly felt and *unreservedly sincere*, — to remodel it by the rules of that most contemptible of all arts, the art of suiting everybody, — no, sooner into the stove with it. Then I should alter the title at least, was the publisher's next suggestion. No! The title embraces in three words the whole aim of the book. Of the title, too, not a syllable is to be changed. After this ultimatum Pierson gave way, and *Die Waffen nieder* made its appearance.

The publisher had no cause to regret his audacity: to-day the novel is circulated by hundreds of thousands and has been translated into a dozen languages. From this quite unexpected success I draw only one conclusion: the idea which permeates the book was to the taste of the public. In spite of the editors' fears that the warlike German public would take no interest in the idea of peace, it was shown that this idea is

cherished in wide circles — even in military circles; for from these too there came to me many tokens of appreciation. When a musical note sounds strongly in a room, this does not demonstrate so much the fullness of the tone as the favorable acoustic properties of the room. The spirit that usually obtains in newspaper offices, in theatrical directorates (as a generality, in managements of all sorts), is usually behind the times with regard to the wants of those masses who are in each case concerned: judgments are formed there according to the state of public opinion as it made itself felt ten or twenty years ago; but meanwhile public opinion itself, in its uninterrupted transformation, has progressed to another stage.

So I am ready to believe that a book against war, appearing at the beginning of the seventies, when the intoxication of victory still effervesced in Germany and the wrathful clamor for revenge still raged in France, would have had no success whatever. The cult of arms, too, had to attain those huge dimensions whereby it has since then harnessed the peoples under its heavy yoke, it had to have brought the world to the brink of ruin, in order that the watchword "Away with Weapons" might find so powerful an echo.

Every day brought me reviews from far and near, — feuilletons and editorials. Bartholomäus Carneri published a ten-column article in the *Neue Freie Presse*, J. V. Widmann a series of five feuilletons in the *Bund*. I received criticisms from Russia, where

the book appeared in five different translations, — one of them authorized by me, — criticisms from America, from England, from the Scandinavian countries, where even in its first year translations were made.

I was now brought into living touch with all those who were connected with the peace movement, or who, having had their attention drawn to the existence of such a movement by my book, were now joining it.

The following letter afforded me especial pleasure. The inventor of dynamite wrote me:

Dear Baroness and Friend:

I have just finished reading your admirable masterpiece. We are told that there are two thousand languages — 1999 too many — but certainly there is not one in which your delightful work should not be translated, read, and studied.

How long did it take you to write this marvel? You shall tell me when next I have the honor and happiness of pressing your hand — that amazonian hand which so valiantly makes war on war.

Nevertheless you make a mistake to cry "Away with Weapons," because you yourself make use of them, and because yours — the charm of your style and the grandeur of your ideas — carry and will carry much farther than the Lébels, the Nordenfelts, the De Banges, and all the other implements of hell.[1]

A. Nobel

[1] Chère Baronne et amie!

Je viens d'achever la lecture de votre admirable chef-d'œuvre. On dit qu'il y a deux mille langues — ce serait 1999 de trop — mais certes il n'y en a pas une dans laquelle votre délicieux ouvrage ne devrait être traduit, lu et médité.

Combien de temps vous a-t-il pris de composer cette merveille? Vous me le direz lorsque j'aurai l'honneur et le bonheur de vous serrer la main — cette main d'amazone qui fait si vaillamment la guerre à la guerre.

Vous avez tort pourtant de crier "à bas les armes" puisque vous-même vous en faites usage, et puisque les vôtres — le charme de votre style, et la grandeur de vos idées — portent et porteront bien autrement loin que les Lébel, les Nordenfelt, les de Bange et tous les autres outils de l'enfer.

Yours for ever and more than ever

Paris, le 1 / 4 1890 A. Nobel

In a Reichsrat debate on the military budget (April 18, 1891) Minister Dunajewski, of the Department of Finance, spoke the following words:

"There has recently appeared a book called *Die Waffen nieder.* I can only advise the gentlemen to devote a few hours to the reading of this novel; any one who then still has a predilection for war I can only pity."

Of course opponents were not lacking. Anonymous letters of ridicule and of abuse; withering criticisms — "What the good old lady tells about her misfortunes is indeed very sad; but the conclusions drawn from them can elicit from the serious politician only a smile"; "emotional silliness"; "obtrusive, inartistic didacticism"; "Brummagem that totally fails of its purpose"; "the authoress ought to return to her short stories, in which she has shown a quite clever talent"; etc. Even one of the great in the realm of literature, Felix Dahn, sent out an epigram which went the rounds of the press, but which — the poet himself will concede this — cannot boast of much poetic beauty:

An die weiblichen und männlichen Waffenscheuen

Die Waffen hoch! Das Schwert ist Mannes eigen,
Wo Männer fechten, hat das Weib zu schweigen,
Doch freilich, Männer gibt's in diesen Tagen,
Die sollten lieber Unterröcke tragen.[1]

[1] All hail to weapons! They are man's by right!
Let woman hold her tongue when men must fight.
And yet, 't is true, in these days men are found
Who rather should in petticoats be gowned.

Everything in this world is in reciprocity. What comes as a result is in turn the cause of new results. So here. I had written the book with the design of rendering, in my own way, a service to the peace movement, of whose incipient organization I had learned; and the relationships and experiences that grew out of the book have swept me more and more into the movement, so that at last I was compelled to go into it not only, as I had at first intended, with my pen, but with my whole being.

Meanwhile, during the time of the World's Exposition of 1889 in Paris, a Peace Congress had been held there, presided over by Jules Simon. This was taken as an opportunity for creating also the institution of Interparliamentary Conferences. The year before, two men — Randal Cremer, member of the English Parliament, and the French deputy Frédéric Passy — had set to work to form an Interparliamentary Union. They enlisted the support of a number of their colleagues, and in the year of the Exposition these assembled in a first conference (of the English Parliament three hundred members were present), and it was agreed that adherents should be secured from the popular assemblies of all the European countries, and that every year an Interparliamentary Conference should be held. For the next conference, the second, London was named as the place of meeting.

To all this the contemporary world paid but little attention, one might say paid none at all. But I

followed these events with the eagerest and most hopeful interest. Through the monthly periodical *Concord*, the organ of the London Peace Association, I was kept informed of what was going on, and I read attentively the reports of all the speeches delivered in the assemblies, and of the resolutions passed. But as yet the idea of taking part in the movement myself, otherwise than with my pen, never entered my mind.

XXVI

INTERCOURSE WITH FRIENDS

In port · Trip to Vienna · Literary circles · Balduin Groller · Theodor Herzl · Letter from Count Hoyos · Letter from Friedrich Bodenstedt

AFTER our return from Paris we remained quiet and secluded at Harmannsdorf. An uneventful life, but no empty life. There is no way in which a life can be better filled than with labor and love. Of course there is not much to tell about it. The reminiscences of my youth, with all its betrothals and art-plans and varying adventures, have certainly made more amusing reading.

The period of storms was past; we were now in port. The midday sun of youth no longer blazed, and now there lay on our horizon something like the tints of evening. But not yet time to lay aside work; there was yet much to be done. And we had to bear a great grief, to fight a hard battle. It was not sorrow of our own that weighed upon us, but the sorrow of the world; we took the field not against personal enemies, but against the enemies of mankind — cruelty and falsehood!

It is a common belief that only people who are themselves unfortunate can understand the misfortunes of others, and they call that the hard school of

suffering. With us it was different: whatever we experienced of deep pity, of warm wishes to help and to better, had its root in the *joy* which we had in life and life's beauties. It was in the college of happiness that we had learned that here on earth life may be — in other words, ought to be — glorious and joyous and rich in love. The unfortunate are likelier to get embittered: "other folks may as well have their troubles too," they think, and they comfort themselves by saying "there is no such thing as happiness anyhow." We knew better: there is. It is only that not all find it, that very few indeed can find it because so much stupidity blocks the way to it, — these things will not let the happy be at peace.

For a little change from our workaday existence in the country we had brief trips to Vienna. There we attended the theater and associated with a few friends, mostly in literary circles. When Carneri was in town we joined the "deputy table" at the Hotel Meissl. We had a very pleasant intercourse with Balduin Groller, then editor of the *Oesterreichische Illustrierte Zeitung*. While still in the Caucasus we had formed an epistolary friendship with him, a friendship which has remained steadfast to this day. Humor and heart are the two qualities which characterize Balduin Groller as a feuilletonist and as a man. This is why in his company one is excellently amused and at the same time is in such a comfortable frame of mind; you laugh at his dry wit and bask in his warm

geniality. That he was a handsome, dark-eyed, elegant man, an adept in sports, did not detract from the effect. Moreover, he liked us as well as we liked him, and those evenings when we four — Groller has the dearest little wife — chatted together over our food and wine were most delightful. Often Theodor Herzl joined us. He also sparkled with wit. And that head of his — like an Assyrian king's! He ought to have been really king of the new Zion, whose awakener he was, and which might perhaps already exist if he had not died so prematurely.

We had in Vienna a dear and interesting friend, Count Rudolf Hoyos, a handsome old gentleman, every inch an aristocrat, but a democrat in his views. I perceive that this is the third time I have laid stress on external beauty in describing the persons of notable men. I cannot help it — in the first place they really were handsome, these three, and in the second place, I like handsome people better than homely people. One must forgive homeliness; but one ought not to neglect beauty. — Count Hoyos was a free and brilliant intellect. He had published a volume of poems in which a few pearls were to be found. His residence — a whole floor in the palace of the "Adliges Kasino" on the Ringstrasse — was a museum: paintings, art furniture, bric-a-brac, antiquities, vases, fabrics, carved cabinets, armorial trophies, bronzes, costly books, — it took hours and hours to admire all the rare objects. The host, however, preferred to spend his time in a

little oriel where there was room only for one table with various mementos on it, besides his easy chair with a reading-desk, a little divan and a rocking-chair for at most three callers, and an easel with the portrait of a woman — a woman whom Rudolf Hoyos had loved; a great lady who had once been the center of a distinguished and witty circle, but who was no longer living. Count Hoyos remained unmarried. I have a large number of letters from him, and one of them I will introduce here; his character will thus most clearly be shown:

Toblach, August 13, '90

Many years ago, at a *Thé d'esprit*, I was introduced to a daughter of Bettina Arnim. Her first words after the introduction, as she handed me my cup, were, "What do you think about the immortality of the soul?" "I believe in immortality, but not in the soul," was my reply.

This story is suggested by the article "Carus," excellently translated by you in the last magazine. It interested me very much, but did not at all satisfy me.

Do you know a children's game *Frau Gevatterin, leih mir d' Scher'*,[1] in which those who take part keep changing their seats, while there is always one who finds all the chairs taken, because there are more players than there are seats? Carus lets his ideas play this game, or rather the designations for the ideas. Ego, personality, soul, its activity, spirit, idea, consciousness, and so on, keep changing their places with great agility — but there is always one of them that gets nothing.

It does no good to give all ideas new names or to foist new meanings upon old words — there is always one left in the air; that is, he no more finds the ultimate cause than do the rest of us, only he does not acknowledge it as we do.

[1] Corresponding (see top of page 353) nearly to our "Puss in the Corner."

What answer does C. give to the question with which the article starts? Is that which used to be called Soul a cause or an effect (that is, a phenomenon)? Does he believe that every cause begets effects, the children of which again become causes? Does he close the circle and regard the last effect as the first cause and vice versa?

He constantly provokes me to contradiction even in details. For instance, he brings Luther forward as a "progressive spirit," because he substituted the Bible for the Church — belief in authority for belief in authority —! Whither this progress has led, we can see by the sanctimonious frauds with the halo! these Bismarcks with the tiara —!

Pardon, if C. is a favorite with you, but frankness is the first condition of a wholesome correspondence. Even with Villers I used to have frequent controversies.

Your many-sided activity and creative enthusiasm fill me with admiration, like a great drama of nature. Now pray allow yourself the enjoyment of the latter, as I did yesterday in my world's-end thunderstorm. Gratefully yours

R. H.

Best regards to your worthy husband.

Here also I introduce a letter which I received from Mirza Schaffy, after I had sent him a review of my novel by Carneri in the feuilleton of the *Neue Freie Presse*. The Peace Congress which Bodenstedt tells of is the one that took place in Paris in the year 1849, under the presidency of Victor Hugo, when Cobden was present.

Wiesbaden, April 8, '90

Best thanks for the article you kindly sent me regarding your admirable work; I am returning it herewith, as soon as I have read it. Carneri has wielded his pen like a master and written just after my heart. The other printed sheets which I also inclose are the last pages of the second volume, which is soon to be out, of my Recollections. On the last page of all you will find how it was I came to be sent from Berlin to Paris as a peace man and a free-trader. The

thing was so suddenly arranged that I had no time left to prepare a speech. And besides, I could not have said anything that was not already included in the Berlin letter of adhesion which I was to deliver. Moreover, I had never yet spoken in public, and had no desire to make my first experiment in a foreign language. So everything would have been sure to go off without a ripple had not Richard Cobden insisted on making me make a speech, and that in the very first session. I had taken my place in one of the front rows of the hall, which held between five and six thousand people, and I had been calmly listening to a half-dozen addresses — among them a very good one by Bastiat — when Cobden perceived me and immediately came down from the platform, seized me by the hand, and made me go with him and take a place in a chair next him on the platform. As vice president he sat at Victor Hugo's left, and, when Victor Hugo opened the congress with solemn grandiloquence, had immediately followed with an address in fearful French but immensely effective.

I obstinately refused his insistence that I also should be heard, and I believed that I had safely got out of it, when suddenly my ear caught a whispered conversation between him and Victor Hugo:

"Il faut le faire parler de quelque façon que ce soit."

"Mais il m'a prévenu, déjà hier, qu'il n'a pas préparé un discours."

"Donnez-lui toujours la parole; il faut donc bien qu'il dise quelque chose!"[1]

The next moment the bell tinkled and the voice of the president was heard,

"Je donne la parole à Mr. Fr. Bodenstedt de Berlin."[2]

I got to my feet in some trepidation, and said, in as good French and in as loud a voice as I could just then command, that the president had been aware ever since my arrival that I had not come to make a speech; "mais même si j'avais préparé un discours, je ne le prononcerais pas aujourd'hui ici . . ."

"Pourquoi pas? Pourquoi pas?"

[1] "We must make him speak, however we do it."
"But he notified me himself, yesterday, that he has not prepared a speech."
"Call on him all the same; then he will have to say something!"

[2] "Monsieur Friedrich Bodenstedt of Berlin has the floor!"

" Je vous en dirai la raison tout franchement. Je viens de promener mes regards à travers cette vaste salle, où l'on voit représentées par leurs drapeaux toutes les nations civilisées du globe, mais le drapeau de la nation la plus civilisée, le drapeau allemand y manque ! " — [1]

After all eyes had looked in vain for the German flag, which was nowhere to be found, M. E. de Girardin arose to his full height and cried in a solemn nasal tone, " Monsieur, vous êtes le drapeau vivant de l'Allemagne ici ! " [2]

During the storm of applause that followed these words, I remembered that at breakfast I had seen in the *Charivari* a cartoon of Girardin, with these words for a legend : " Mr. de Girardin commence à flotter avec le vent." [3] So I got up, as soon as the hall was quiet again, and said, " Merci du compliment, bien que je ne puisse pas l'accepter dans toute la force du terme, attendu que je ne flotte pas avec le vent, moi ! " [4]

Indescribable effect. Hundreds of Americans and Englishmen cried, " The translation ! The translation ! "

M. de Coquerel, curé de Ste. Madelaine, *translateur officiel*, gets up and begins :

" The learned gentleman has said — "

I interrupt him, politely begging permission to translate my words into English myself ; in doing so I make an allusion to our Anglo-Saxon relationship, and arouse great enthusiasm.

Now arose M. de Cormenin (Timon) to protest against Germany's being *la nation la plus civilisée du globe:* only France, said he, could be so designated.

[1] — " but even if I had prepared a speech I would not deliver it here to-day — "

" Why not ? Why not ? "

" I will tell you why frankly. I have been running my eyes over this immense hall where all the civilized nations of the globe are seen represented by their flags ; but the flag of the most civilized nation, the German flag, is not there ! "

[2] " Sir, you are the living flag of Germany here ! "

[3] " M. de Girardin begins to flutter in the wind."

[4] " Thanks for the compliment, though I cannot accept it with all its implications, since I do not flutter in the wind ! "

"Let us put it to the test," I cried. . . . "How is the greatness of a nation known? By its great men. Name me six of your great living men and I will wager that every German schoolboy knows their names; then I will mention six Germans who are their peers, and I will acknowledge myself beaten if you yourself can give me any tolerably satisfactory account of their importance."

So the matter was thrashed back and forth without its being possible to speak of it as a speech; I myself was farthest of all from having the idea that I had made one. But Fate often plays strange tricks with us. Szarvady, Wilhelmine Claus's husband, was my guide through Paris, and we had agreed to dine at the Hotel Rougemont at six o'clock with some of his acquaintances. He had not been at the meeting, but had taken me to Victor Hugo's the day before and had there learned that I was not going to make a speech. Great was his astonishment at reading in all the evening papers the most contradictory reports of the speech I did not make. John Lemoine in the *Journal des Débats* was praising my fine English, and *Galignani's Messenger* remarked as follows about my French:

"The learned gentleman delivered himself in a most exquisite French."

That is the only sentence which my memory retains as an attestation of my oratorical triumph. In Paris I was called *le drapeau vivant de l'Allemagne* for a few days, and from there the phrase went over into all the German papers, where it kept its vogue for a few years. Now it is to be read only on a "triumph cup" which a fascinating young lady presented me; on it she had painted me as I then was, in my thirtieth year, with a full head of curly hair, slender, and vivacious. This young enthusiast afterwards married the famous Orientalist, Professor Matzstein, and is still living in Berlin.

But, to turn from this swift success of a witticism to a soberer tone, I must tell you briefly of a soirée which I attended at Alexis de Tocqueville's. He was at that time Minister of Foreign Affairs and was the most intelligent Frenchman whom I ever knew. With him, Cobden, and Bastiat I had a long conversation in which the peace question was treated more exhaustively than was possible in the Congress. We agreed that the fruit of peace could be ripened only

on Germanic soil, while France and Russia would remain disturbing elements as long as they should have the power to be such.

As far as I personally am concerned, I have always found myself in a difficult position as an apostle of peace. My father-in-law was a colonel. One of my sons-in-law is likewise a colonel. Two of my wife's brothers went to fight against France as young captains in 1870. One of them did not come back at all; the other lost a leg at the storming of the heights of Spichern, and now hobbles round as a major. All my wife's tears could not keep my only son from going as a volunteer against France, where he won the Iron Cross and the Order for Valor, with swords. He is now living in St. Paul on the Mississippi. . . .

Yesterday I was interrupted while writing the first sheet of this, and now the second is drawing to an end. I will only call your attention to a poem entitled *Die kriegerische Nazarener* ("The Warlike Nazarenes"), which went through all the papers in 1854, before the breaking out of the Crimean War, and which you will find on page 120 of the ninth volume of my collected works (Berlin, Decker, 1867). It might be very appropriate for reprinting in the new edition, as is shown by the utterances of three ecclesiastical potentates, which it illustrates:

The issue is the battle of the Cross against the heathen.

The Metropolitan of Moscow

It is for the glory of God that you are fighting.

The Archbishop of Paris

Jesus Christ, our Saviour, for whose sake you fight, will bless your arms.[1]

With best greetings to the husband also,

Friedrich Bodenstedt

[1] Bodenstedt gives the Russian's word in German, the Frenchman's in French, and the line "Jesus Christ" etc. in English, implying that this was said by the Archbishop of Canterbury or some other Englishman, though the speaker is not named. — TRANSLATOR.

XXVII

MENTONE AND VENICE

The news of the Crown Prince's death · Sojourn in Mentone · Octave Mirbeau · A winter in Venice · Old acquaintances · Princess Tamara and Marietta Saibante · Visit of Felix Moscheles to the widow "Tillings" · Moscheles as a peace propagandist · Formation of a section in Venice through Marquis Pandolfi · Grelix · The Princess of Montenegro · Princess Hatzfeld, born Von Buch · A memory of Cosima Wagner

IN the beginning of the year 1889 (my novel was then still a manuscript in Pierson's hesitating hands) we once more gave ourselves the treat of a little pleasure trip. And this time our course took us to the Riviera — our destination Mentone. We were caught on the way by the news of Crown Prince Rudolf's death. The first report spoke of it as a hunting accident; only a little at a time did we learn the terrible contradictory details. The tragedy affected us deeply.

From Mentone, our headquarters, we made excursions to Monte Carlo, Nice, Cannes. Naturally My Own was fascinated with the beauties of the Riviera. To one who loves nature so passionately as he did the sight of this blooming, paradisal corner of the world must afford an intense enjoyment; and the combination there of the charm of artificial luxury with the charm of nature was a double attraction to him, with his receptivity for every kind of elegance. But we did not

participate in this social life; our vacation budget would not have permitted it, nor had we any inclination to do so.

We made a very interesting acquaintance a few days after our arrival at Mentone, — that of Octave Mirbeau. The young writer had even then become famous through his novel *Le Calvaire*. I knew the novel, and a chapter in it that describes a marvelous scene from the Franco-German War — describes it in a way that expresses a hearty condemnation of war. The chapter had captivated me, and it was a pleasure to me to be able to shake hands with the author.

Octave Mirbeau with his pretty young wife lived in a tiny villa which he had bought in Garavent, and there they invited us to dinner. The young writer looked more like an Englishman than like a Frenchman. He reminded me a little of Achille Murat. Very tall, broad-shouldered, with a fine blond mustache. But, if his exterior had an English air, his manner and conversation were genuinely French, that is to say, full of piquant wit. Yet he talked also of very serious things. Social problems seemed to be what he had most at heart. There need be no misery in the world, was his fixed belief; that there nevertheless was, was the occasion of his wrath.

On our way home from the Riviera we spent a week in Venice. The beautiful dead city of the doges was like a revelation to My Own. He fell in love with it. It filled him with jubilant admiration. And so we

made up our minds that sometime we would spend a whole winter in Venice.

This plan we carried out in the year 1890–1891. We took rooms in a small palazzo on the Grand Canal. A delectable little palace, on the outside gilded and gayly colored — the Palazzo Dario; we rejoiced in the view of it every time we saw it from the gondola. The interior also pleased us immensely, for the rooms were wholly in old Venetian style. We had taken a gondola by the month. One of the two gondoliers was likewise our valet. The landlady furnished us with good Italian cooking, and I had engaged a pretty girl as my waiting maid. You are not to suppose that we had discontinued our work. The forenoon hours were regularly appropriated to writing. We were happy as happy could be. *Die Waffen nieder* had been out now for a year, and I was still receiving critical articles from the periodicals and letters from the public regarding it.

How round the world really is, and how small! Wherever one goes one always meets friends and acquaintances from the remotest regions. So it was here. We were introduced into society by our consul general, Baron Kraus, and quite unexpectedly we met dear old friends.

Princess Tamara of Georgia, in whose house in Tiflis, and again four years before in Paris, we had spent so much time, was now settled in Venice and was there introducing her two daughters into society. I even found a friend of my girlhood days — Marietta

Saibante — in the Marchesa Pandolfi, whose salons in the Palazzo Bianca Capello were a meeting-place for Venetian society. We had not seen each other in nearly twenty-five years, and had quite lost track of each other; so it was a delightful surprise to both of us to meet again so unexpectedly. Her husband, a member of the Italian parliament for Sicily, had just come from Rome. He is the same Marchese Benjamino Pandolfi who afterwards took a prominent part in the peace movement.

One forenoon my husband and I were sitting and chatting together after breakfast, when a card was brought in. On it was written the inquiry whether Mr. Felix Moscheles of London, who had chanced the day before to learn through Sir Austen Henry Layard that the author of *Die Waffen nieder* was in Venice, might be permitted to present his respects.

I sent down word that it would be a pleasure to me.

My husband went to meet the visitor in the anteroom.

"My wife will be much pleased . . ." he began politely.

"What! How is this?" cried the other. "Can you be Baron Suttner? So you are not dead? Why, you were shot in Paris!"

"Excuse me, no . . ."

Thereupon the two gentlemen came in where I was, and the stranger explained why he had been so surprised to find me in the possession of a living spouse, when he knew from the story of my life, which he had

lately read, that I had lost my two husbands, and he had not supposed (somewhat reproachfully) that I was married for the third time.

We laughingly explained to him that the two deceased military men were mere creations of fancy, and all that was taken from reality was the loving and happy wedded intercourse which the book depicts — and this, thank God, had not been sundered by any cruel fate.

Mr. Felix Moscheles, a son of the famous musician, and editor of the correspondence between his father and Mendelssohn, now explained to us that he, together with Hodgson Pratt, Cardinal Manning, Lord Ripon, the Bishop of London, the Duke of Westminster, and others, belonged to the directorate of the London Peace Association. Being a permanent resident of London and a naturalized Englishman, he had set himself the task of carrying on propaganda for his peace association whenever he was traveling. His chief specialty was table-d'hôte conversion; but this, he laughingly acknowledged, was generally a wretched failure, or else brought upon him the counter attempts of old women tract distributers to convert him.

The preceding winter he had spent with his wife in Cairo, where he had made quite a number of Egyptian studies, — Mr. Moscheles is a painter by profession, — and there he had succeeded in winning over sundry beys to his peace theories. A friend from Berlin had sent him my book, and that had awakened in him an

eager desire to make the acquaintance of the unfortunate woman who had suffered so much by war and who had expressed in this book so much that he himself had at heart. Now the day before he had learned quite by accident, in a soirée at the house of Sir Austen Henry Layard, the well-known ex-diplomat, that the author was in Venice, and he could not but pay his respects to her: first as a friend of peace, to thank her for the book, and secondly as a man, to express his sympathy for the poor broken-hearted widow . . . and — what disillusions life brings — he is received by the husband of a jocund woman!

In the course of the conversation Mr. Moscheles told us that it would have been very agreeable to him if in Venice he could have met with people who would be disposed to form a local section of the Peace Association; but that there was no prospect of it — no one took any interest in the question. He was therefore planning to return to England in two days.

"Who knows?" said I. "Perhaps it might be possible to do something in the matter after all. This evening there is a reception in Casa Pandolfi; I will speak about your wish to the marquis, who, to the best of my knowledge and belief, belongs to the Parliament at Rome and to the Peace Association there."

So that same evening, in what had been the Palazzo Bianca Capello, while the young people were dancing in the next room, I asked the host for a word with

him. With but little hope of any results I told him about the visit of the English friend of peace, and about his desire. The Marquis Pandolfi seemed very much surprised to hear me speak of such things; and even more joyfully surprised was I when I now learned that he was one of the most enthusiastic and active adherents of the cause, that the group of sympathizers in the Italian Chamber already comprised a large proportion of the popular representatives, and that he, Pandolfi, was at work on the organization of this group and the preparations for the next conference. He most willingly took up the idea of having a section formed in Venice, and commissioned me to request Mr. Moscheles to be good enough to call on him for further conference the next forenoon.

A few days later a provisional committee had been formed, a notice sent out, and a meeting called. About a hundred persons attended at the hall, among them many journalists and lawyers. Only two women were present, — Mr. Felix Moscheles's wife Grete and I.

The two given names Grete and Felix had among their friends grown into the collective name Grelix. For Grelix is altogether of one mind; Grelix is enthusiastic for every kind of social progress and works for it; Grelix paints in partnership, visits every picturesque corner of the earth with sketchbook and pencil; Grelix's self is a pretty sight too, he with his thick snow-white hair crowning still fresh features and an

elastic figure, she looking as if she might be his daughter, nice and delicate as a little doll, with gold-blond hair tumbling about a rococo face; and the house in London, containing the two studios and all the art treasures collected in traveling, is called "The Grelix," after its owner.

Pandolfi gave those who were present a kindling address — it is well known how fierily Italians speak if they are orators — in which he urged the formation of a Venetian section of the universal European league of peace and explained the aims of the interparliamentary group to which he belonged. Then several others took part and expressed their views.

It was the first time in my life that I had been present on such an occasion, for I had never belonged to any kind of a Union, or looked on at a meeting of one or at its formation. The result was that a committee was at once appointed, with Pandolfi as chairman; dispatches were sent to the Peace Association in London and to the peace and arbitration group in Rome; and so the group so ardently desired by our English guest was founded.

The next day all the Italian papers had notices of this event, and for a while it was the talk of the day in our circles. In such fashion, to be sure, as parlor talk in the presence of a new movement, striving to accomplish a great revolution in any field, ordinarily is, — expression of sapient doubts and probable objections, hinted mockery, condescending recognition

of the noble aim, — and all against a background of stolid, obstinate indifference.

And especially — is it credible? — especially women are the ones that manage to find beautiful aspects of war, that neither can nor will conceive of a condition when their sons will not any longer have to die for their country, but simply to live for it.

Among the ladies of Venetian society with whom I associated at that time, and who showed some interest in the newly founded Pandolfi Union, these two were foremost: first the widowed Princess Darinka of Montenegro — who died a year later. "We shall yet live to see the world shaking off war," she said to me. "The Emperor of Russia, you may believe me, cherishes a deep horror of it." Well, she did not live to see that day; but what difference does the presence of us ephemera make when it is a question of the history of humanity, which goes on living — and we in it — ?

The second of the women who took an interest in the question was the Princess Hatzfeld, born Von Buch. A splendid old lady — she had just celebrated her seventieth birthday. She had a receptive mind and warm enthusiasm for everything that took place in the world in politics and art. When Richard Wagner was living in Venice she was on terms of intimate friendship with him and Frau Cosima. She was the first who learned of his fatal illness and hastened to his deathbed. A note from the stricken wife, "Come!" had summoned her. When she entered the

room where Wagner lay, he had just drawn his last breath, and Frau Cosima with a wild cry threw herself on his dead body. After a while she rose to her feet, and, pale, tearless, stepped to a little table on which lay a pair of scissors; these she seized, and, cutting off her long thick tresses, placed this blond silken cushion under the dead man's head.

PART SIX

1890–1891

XXVIII

THE AUSTRIAN INTERPARLIAMENTARY GROUP IS FORMED

Return · Skeptical reception of my reports · Resumption of our literary labors · Pandolfi suggests enlisting recruits in the Austrian parliament for the conference at Rome · Correspondence with members: Baron Kübeck, Pernerstorfer, Dr. Jaques, Dr. Exner · The group is formed, Baron Pirquet turning the scale

ON our return from Venice to Harmannsdorf we stopped for a few days in Vienna.

On the very first evening we met at the Hotel Meissl a few members of the Reichsrat who were friends of ours, and, still under the influence of our exciting experiences, I told them the whole story of the founding of the Venetian Peace Society through a member of the Italian chamber. I also told them about the Interparliamentary League which had been formed in Paris in the year 1888, had met in London the year before, and was to have its rendezvous in Rome this year.

The gentlemen listened with interest but with very skeptical faces. As to joining, none of them had any idea of it.

At Harmannsdorf we industriously resumed our work. My husband wrote his Caucasian story "Shamyl," and I also sketched the plan of a new novel, *Vor dem*

Gewitter ("Before the Storm"). What was meant was the political and social storm whose clouds are rolling up in all quarters. Literary work did not keep me from busying myself with the peace cause so dear to me, for I kept up a steady correspondence with Hodgson Pratt, Moscheles, Frédéric Passy, and others.

I received word from Pandolfi that he, encouraged by his success in Venice, was now zealously at work in the Roman chamber, enlisting as large a committee as possible for the Interparliamentary Conference. He was having brilliant success; three hundred senators and deputies enrolled themselves. Now he was especially concerned to have parliamentary committees formed in Germany and Austria also, in order to send representatives to the conference in Rome, the date of which was set for November. He urged me, in case I had any connections with Austrian parliamentarians, to assist in the matter. That was at the beginning of June. What difficulties and what delays preceded the formation of an Austrian group, will be apparent from a bunch of letters which I have preserved from that time. The writers were people with whom I had communicated in the matter first personally (we went to Vienna for that purpose) and then by correspondence.

From Baron Kübeck, whose name I found in the London Peace Association and who therefore seemed to me most fitted to further the cause, I received a very explicit answer, which is interesting especially by

its excursions into the domain of foreign politics as they were understood in the year 1891 in our political circles.

Vienna, June 11, 1891

Highly honored, most gracious Baroness:

First of all I beg your kind indulgence for my long delay in answering your friendly communication. The highly interesting inclosure I return with thanks, having taken a copy from the address circular (which should perhaps be sent also to Smolka and Trautmannsdorf?).

My now somewhat overcrowded affairs, and especially my attempts to sound some of my more prominent colleagues, are responsible for this delay.

Taking all together, I believe that I find among the great men of our party very little agreement with our — *your* — great ideas; that is to say, in theory they may assent, but hardly as regards working to bring them over into practical life.

Hofrat Beer regards it as inopportune and impossible to go to Rome as a representative of the parliamentarians; Professor Suess is a kind of war man himself in spite of his peace-breathing utterances;[1] Bärnreither considers public talk about the matter as premature, and so it goes. The proposition receives most assent, and, as it seems to me, practical appreciation, among a few cultured Poles — why? because they, having a tinge of cosmopolitanism, do not take that parochial standpoint which unfortunately plays the principal part among our German deputies.

I think I have also a strong inclination to sail in the cosmopolitan channel; which has stamped me with a certain foreignness in the circles with which I am in closest political harmony, and yet — wrongly. But never mind — to business!

The opinion of the Poles with whom I have talked agrees with mine that the present condition of chauvinistic hatred of Germany in France, and likewise the danger threatening us on the side of Russia,

[1] Here my correspondent was in error; Professor Suess does not think otherwise than his utterances indicate. Eduard Suess is one of our profoundest intellects and noblest characters. — B. S.

cause the Triple — or rather Double — Alliance, with its foundation of exorbitant military preparation, to be a defensive necessity, a guaranty of peace, even in the eyes of the populaces concerned. There is much truth in this too, since the French *of to-day* are not to be capacitated, and Russia is only looking for a chance to conquer the rest of Europe and British India by a sudden attack at an unexpected moment — which, considering her supply of half-savage, battle-tried, and pugnacious men, may easily be realized some day when Russia's shortcomings shall be exceeded by those of Europe; so probably nothing remains but to wait for the ultimate undoing of this perpetual Gordian knot, whether through the arduous work of a peaceful partition or through the horrors of war.

But still there can and must be endeavor after that which can *prepare* for the final victory of arbitration, and under this head come economic questions: customs unions, the facilitation of rail and water transportation by unified tariffs, reciprocity of the credit system and of the circulating medium, and so on. This will at least be now attempted between Germany and Austro-Hungary, and will probably be extended to Switzerland, Belgium, Italy, and some of the Balkan states. The aim of these agreements is doubtless, among other things, to make the burden of military preparations more endurable, and that is *something*.

Furthermore, an effort should be made to diminish the horrors of war, especially to put some limitation on the use of explosives[1] so as to bring the destruction of property — to say nothing of human life — not utterly out of proportion to the military purpose to be attained (*vide* the bombardment of Alexandria by Admiral Seymour, etc.).

This is the aim of the Polish gentlemen, one of whom, Koslowski, is my fellow member in the Cobden Club of London and was also present at the last Peace Congress. The second Pole would be Sopowski, who has studied the Oriental question as very few have, and has written very interestingly on it; finally, Szepanowski, whose long residence in England has made him a genuine thorough-going cosmopolitan.

[1] "*On n'humanise pas la guerre, on la condamne parce qu'on s'humanise*," says Frédéric Passy. — B. S.

As regards arbitration, you will admit, most gracious Baroness, that in a great political question arising, for example, between France and Germany or between Russia and Austria, and affecting their very existence, it will doubtless be impossible to find a power which could undertake the office of arbitration, or to which it would be intrusted. Perhaps the Pope? Yes, the idea would be quite worthy of the Supreme Head of the Church, but will Protestant Germany or schismatic Russia ever acquiesce in such an award? I doubt it. Yes, in minor territorial questions (Luxemburg, Samoa, the Carolines, etc.) submissiveness to an arbitrator who occupies a suitable neutral position is possible and probable; but in such world-affecting questions as those I have mentioned, probably not so soon, probably not in the first thousand years.

This I desired to lay before you, most gracious Baroness. You know how much I admire and appreciate you and your noble activities, and would so gladly share in them as your faithful follower; but our contemporaries will not heartily coöperate, and this must be taken into consideration. But the modus to be provisionally adopted, as I have permitted myself above to indicate it, bids fair to be successful in securing many present advantages; and to this I should like to draw your attention.

Accept, etc. Max Kübeck

P.S. In Berlin, so far as my knowledge goes, Dr. Barth would be our man; I will write him.

Permit me to lay at your feet my discourse on British India.

The Socialist deputy Pernerstorfer:

House of Deputies, Vienna,
June 16, 1891

Highly honored Lady:

I would willingly, at least for myself personally, obey your friendly summons to go to Rome for the Peace Conference. But this is quite out of the question for me, since such a journey, especially at the present moment, exceeds my pecuniary ability; all the more as I should have to take it not alone but accompanied by my wife. So what remains possible toward meeting your desires is that I should

help along the propaganda for the Conference among the members of the Austrian House of Deputies. Now you do mention some names, and I have not the least doubt that the men you name are warm friends of the efforts toward peace. Yet this friendship is certainly nothing but a highly Platonic one, which does not go further than pathetic assurances and sentimental phrases. You clearly have a far too favorable opinion of the Austrian Parliament; the thoughts that govern this house are of a purely practical, and often a very selfish, nature. Ideal endeavors are here regarded as ideological, and moral indignation is not taken seriously. It would be a tempting theme for a writer of creative power to hold up a mirror to the world in a political novel. The detestable picture would be seen of a class brutality such as had never before come to light in such a degree.

So I cannot do anything in this second direction either. It is possible, no doubt, to induce a few members of the Austrian Parliament to take a trip to Rome, on which occasion they would have also to take part in the Peace Conference; but do you really regard that as any gain and as especially desirable?

I would not let this opportunity pass, highly honored lady, without thanking you from the bottom of my heart for the great gratification which you have given to me, as well as to so many, many others, by your splendid book *Die Waffen nieder*. For those who, like myself, are in public life, such a book is more than an enjoyment; it is a great consolation and means an uplift and a new stimulus.

With the deepest respect,

Your sincerely devoted

Pernerstorfer

Here follow two more letters from deputies:

House of Deputies, Vienna,

June 21, 1891

Much-honored Baroness:

First of all allow me to thank you most heartily for your exceedingly delightful favor. Baron Kübeck had already spoken to me of your noble endeavors, with which I too am in the most cordial sympathy.

As I have long been in touch with the English Committee — and also have the pleasure of personal intimacy with Rugg. Bonghi — I am fairly well *au courant* with the condition of things. Besides, it has always intensely interested me to follow the course of cases in which the principle of arbitration has come to be applied in international controversies.

Certainly it cannot be denied that progress in this matter takes place with infinite slowness; hence, to begin with, it is peculiarly difficult, at least in our circles, to enlist adherents for a cause which to-day seems still Utopian. The counter argument, in the words "Russia, France," is not to be got rid of.

We must, therefore, begin by realizing that to-day there can be attained at best nothing more than perhaps to have a small number of deputies show an inclination toward an expression of sympathy, and, in addition, toward inducing one of their number to go to Rome.

Baron Kübeck and I will not fail to try for this. You will understand that of course I shall not fail to confer with Baron Pirquet and Pernerstorfer, and likewise with Count Coronini.

In case I have any favorable news to send, I shall take pleasure in reporting it, since personal contact with you, Frau Baronin, even if it be only by letter, can only be very delightful to me.

With respect,

Dr. Jaques

Dr. Wilhelm Exner, president of the Technological Trade Museum and section chief, wrote:

Vöslau, June 29, 1891

Highly honored Baroness:

Your friendly lines of the twenty-sixth instant cause me some embarrassment, as does any disproportionately great reward which one yet neither can nor would decline. I am much surprised to find any value attached to the fact when a politician who *as such* plays so unimportant a part joins himself to those who declare for an idea the justification of which cannot be gainsaid by any one. I made my avowal to the last Peace Congress held in London; what does that signify in comparison with your brilliant literary propaganda?!!!

I am going to send your letter to an autograph collector, who is a friend of mine, the Princess Pauline Metternich, if you will allow me.

It is my intention to go to Rome, if my parliamentary duties permit of it, and I look forward to obtaining one great personal advantage thereby — your acquaintance. If my genial colleagues Pirquet and Kübeck also go to Rome, the days there are likely to be splendid. This prospect is almost too fine to hope for realization.

For the present, allow me, honored Baroness, to express to you my sincerest and warmest thanks for your letter, and to put myself with the greatest pleasure at the service of that endeavor for which your pen is proving to be such a valuable factor.

With especial esteem, respect, and devotion, most gracious Baroness,

Yours,

Exner

To this correspondence belong also the two following letters from the Marquis Pandolfi in Rome.

I

Rome, June 13, 1891

Dear Baroness,

I have to inform you that the deputies of Germany have replied, accepting all our propositions and promising to visit us. Only they wish the Conference to be postponed till the beginning of November.

So then all countries have heeded the appeal with the exception of the parliaments of Vienna and Budapest. These must be labored with, and you can do that better than I, with the assistance of a friend in the Reichsrat.

I am sending you the copy of a letter which I have addressed to the Germans; it may serve you as a pattern of what you will want to write to your friends, of course with such changes as are requisite.

Finally, I beg you to give me the names of the presiding officers of both houses in Vienna and Budapest. I am sending you under separate cover the constitution of our Committee, and later, as soon as it is printed, you will receive the full list of our Parliamentary Committee, — more than three hundred members.

Best regards to your husband, etc.

B. Pandolfi

II

(Without date)

Dear Baroness:

I have come to Stra for some days. As soon as I return to town you will get:

The first circular, which we have sent to all our deputies and senators;

The second circular, which we dispatched a few days ago.

Baron Kübeck will have to do just as I did if he wants to make a success of it:

1. In order to form the first nucleus of deputies he must personally tackle the most active and best-known members, one at a time, and request their signatures to a declaration by which they concur in the formation of a Parliamentary Committee.

2. When this first nucleus is formed (thirty or forty are enough) hold a first meeting and appoint a provisory board.

3. Then the board will send out invitations to all the deputies, explaining the purposes of the organization, and, above all, the first purpose — to designate a number of such deputies as are willing to come to Rome.

4. After that, for all further steps, to communicate with me.

5. As soon as the committee is formed and the board appointed you must let me know their names, and thereupon a letter will be sent to the gentlemen in the name of the whole Italian Committee, asking them to come to Rome. They will receive the formal invitations and programmes later.

In the meantime I will inform you that at the last conference in London thirty-six members of foreign parliaments were appointed to make preparations for the third conference. Among these thirty-six members Austria is represented by Count Wilczek and Cavaliere Bolesta von Koslowski, and Hungary by Count Apponyi and Dr. Viktor Hagara. I have sent to each of these four gentlemen a circular, of which you shall receive a copy as soon as I get to Rome; but thus far not one of the gentlemen has replied, so far as I am aware, and this is not encouraging.

Altogether this committee of thirty-six has turned out badly, and I think the matter must be otherwise arranged in future.

The best way is for Parliamentary Committees to be formed in each country in the manner that I have explained above.

With heartiest greetings, etc.,

Pandolfi

The Interparliamentary Group in Austria was formed —formed through the zeal, born of real conviction, of one of the deputies to whom at my suggestion Baron Kübeck (himself not wholly convinced, as his letter shows) had addressed himself: Peter, Baron Pirquet. He remained for years at the head of the group, represented it with talent and tact at all the subsequent conferences, and his crowning act was the organization of the Interparliamentary Conference at Vienna in the year 1903. After the group was formed, delegates for Rome were appointed, among them Dr. Russ and Baron Pirquet, and thus the participation of Austria in the third Interparliamentary Conference was assured.

XXIX

FOUNDING OF THE AUSTRIAN PEACE SOCIETY

Appeal in the *Neue Freie Presse* · Response from the public · Adhesions and contributions of money · Prosper von Pietie sends a thousand florins · Dr. Kunwald · Preliminary meeting · Joining the International League · Circular for the formation of a national union · Letter from the Duke of Oldenburg · Permanent organization · Voices from members of the world's intellectual aristocracy

BUT how was it with the Peace Congress,—that is, the congress of the private peace society, which was to meet in Rome at the same time,—would Austria be unrepresented in that? Of course, since no peace association existed in Austria. This thought gave me no rest. It must surely be possible to gather adherents for the idea. The result of my excogitations was an appeal which I sent to the *Neue Freie Presse* on the first of September, 1891, without much hope that the paper would publish it. Great were my joy and amazement when on the third of September, on opening the sheet, I discovered my article in a prominent place, with a footnote by the editor saying that "no one can have a better right to speak on the question proposed than the author of *Die Waffen nieder*."

By way of introduction the article told of the approaching congress in Rome, the assured participation of the Austrian parliamentarians, and the need of

forming also a private association whose delegates should take part in the congress at Rome. Then it went on:

This is the way affairs stand: Armies millions strong — divided into two camps clashing their arms — are awaiting only a signal to spring at each other; but in the mutual trembling dread at the immeasurable horror of the threatening outbreak may be found some security for its delay.

But postponement is not suppression. The so-called "blessings" of peace which the system of armed dread endeavors to maintain are guaranteed to us only from year to year, are always represented only as lasting, "it is to be hoped," for a while yet. Of the abolition of war, of a total suppression of the principle of force, the powers that are leagued in an armed fraternity for "the maintenance of peace" will not hear a word. To them war is sacred, ineradicable, and men must not dream of doing away with it; but it is also, in view of the dimensions which a coming conflagration will develop into, dreadful to them, inexcusable before their own consciences, so it must not be begun.

But what an unnatural thing that is which must not stop nor begin, not be denied nor affirmed! An eternal preparation for that which is to be avoided by the preparation, at the same time an avoidance of that which by the avoidance is prepared! This monstrous contradiction is thus explained: that creation of historical antiquity which they are still trying to preserve — "merry" war that shifts jurisdictions, bestows power, and claims only a fraction of the population — has in the course of time, through the development of civilization, become a moral and physical impossibility.

Morally impossible because men have lost something of their savagery and disregard of life; physically impossible because the accessions to our technology of destruction during the past twenty years would make of the next campaign a thing that would be something quite new and different, no longer to be designated by the name of war. *If one should prepare a bath for long hours, heat the water, heat it until it boiled and ran over, then could what happened to any*

one who should at last get into the tub, or rather fall in, still be called a "bath"? A few years more of such "maintenance" of peace, of such inventions of machines for murder, — electric mines, ekrasit-loaded aërial torpedoes, — and on the day when war is declared all the Dual, Triple, and Quadruple alliances will be blown to shivers.

Those who have the slow-match in their hands luckily take notice of this. They know that with such a supply of powder the consequences would be terrible if they should carelessly or even wantonly set it afire. So in order to increase this beneficent carefulness the supply of powder is constantly increased. Would it not be simpler, voluntarily and unanimously to take away the slow-matches? in other words, disarm? Establish an international reign of law — fuse into one group the separate groups which constantly swear to each other that if attacked by some other group they will fight shoulder to shoulder — *found the alliance of the civilized states of Europe?*

The various alliances now stand face to face as equals in power and dignity. What is to hinder their making what they now set as their aim — peace — the foundation of their existence? What hinders it? the law of inertia on the one hand, and on the other hand the fomented national hatred, the flurry constantly kept up by the noisiest party — the war party — in every land.

The noisiest to be sure — but yet at the same time the smallest. A little body of chauvinists here and there. In Russia a group of Panslavists — the Tsar desires peace; in France a group of revenge-seekers — the government desires peace; among us and in Germany a few militarists — both the emperors desire peace. To say nothing of the people; they yearn for peace and have a right to it. The shouts of martial comradeship which are uttered here and there on the occasion of various welcomes to fleets, and which may so easily be interpreted as the expression of a desire for war on the part of the peoples, ought no longer to be so misunderstood: have we really not yet learned that there is nothing more epidemic than hurrahs and vivas? that these shouts must always, on behalf of every cause, rend the air as soon as the first signal is given — by a natural necessity, like the rolling of thunder after the flash of lightning?

Small then, that is certain, is the number of those that still desire

a state of war. Still smaller the number of those that acknowledge this desire aloud and proclaim it in their own name. On the other hand, infinitely great are the masses who yearn for peace, not peace prolonged in fear and trembling but peace securely guaranteed. Among these, however, the number is again very small who believe in the possibility of fulfillment for their wish, and who have combined to proclaim aloud their purpose and to make for this goal with united effort. He who waves the white flag has millions behind him, but these millions are still dumb.

The article then went on to tell of the beginnings that had already been made in other countries, and ended with a request that people would send in letters of adhesion, with the purpose of having the supporters unite in a league which might send its representatives to the congress in Rome.

It had surprised me that the *Presse* so willingly printed my appeal; I was still more surprised at the response which it awakened in the public. Hundreds of letters (they will be found among my possessions when I die) poured in on me from Vienna and from the provinces and from all classes of society. Enthusiastic concurrence, joyous offers of coöperation, also promises of pecuniary assistance. A rich manufacturer of Bohemia, Prosper Piette was his name, inclosed in his simply registered letter a thousand-florin note to be expended at will in the service of the cause; I sent the offering to Rome by the next mail, to the committee for the organization of the congress.

Out of the letters I selected a few which were especially adapted to inspire confidence, and entered into

personal communication with the writers of them so as to form, with them and with their help, a provisory committee that should call a first meeting. Doctor Kunwald the lawyer, one of the first who had sent in their names in response to my article, and whose letter was among the most enthusiastic, gave me efficient help in this matter. An invitation was extended to all authors of letters of adhesion living in Vienna to meet together on a certain day at a certain place for the purpose of holding a constituent assembly. Accompanied by Doctor Kunwald I repaired to the designated hall. My husband had been ill with bronchial catarrh for several days, and could not come from Harmannsdorf to Vienna. The meeting was pretty well attended. The chairmanship was conferred upon me as having sent out the original summons; but, since I was too inexperienced to perform the duties of the office in parliamentary manner, I authorized Dr. Kunwald to preside in my name. Those present listened to the reading of that article of the constitution of the English Peace Association which says:

Each of these national sections, however great the number of their members may be, is constituted through the simple fact that all are agreed to work for the common end.

Even an assembly held in a private house, without any appeal to the public, may be regarded as the nucleus of such a section. It is sufficient to nominate a secretary and to vote to meet at least once a month, in order to keep in touch with the progress of the union and to devise means for propaganda.

As soon as a section is recognized by the Central Committee in London, it belongs to the Association.

I was now commissioned to draw up a new circular inviting to the definitive formation of an association, and to induce influential personages to join in signing this circular as preliminary committee. I undertook this labor, and on the eighteenth of October all the journals printed the following appeal, with full headings:

The International Peace and Arbitration Association (headquarters in London; president, Hodgson Pratt; vice presidents, the Duke of Westminster, Cardinal Manning, the Marquis of Ripon, the Bishop of London, etc.), whose various branches, established in almost every country in Europe, are to be represented at the next Congress (Rome, November 9, 1891), has now among the rest, by action taken at a preliminary meeting of sympathizers held on the twenty-ninth of September, *an Austrian section.*

But in order that this section may be able effectively to perform the duties devolving on it in this country, in order that it may be in a condition to spread and grow strong, it has determined to organize itself as a regular and legal society, whose constitution is then to be submitted to the proper authorities for acceptance.

The Association is *not to be political*, for its object — "the furtherance of the principle of a durable peace among the nations" — is purely *humanitarian.* If, in the last analysis, it is incumbent upon this tendency to exert some influence on the course of politics in general, this is only what is common to all humanitarian and civilizing efforts; for all such are characterized by aiming at the amelioration and progress of human society, and thus influence the development of social conditions in all directions. We are concerning ourselves only with one thing, — the recognition and promulgation of the simple principle that

human society — whether as individuals or as groups of individuals, called nations — has to seek the foundation of its true welfare in unity, not in separation; in mutual coöperation, not in mutual enmity.

Moreover, connection with the society presupposes the conviction that war is a fearful evil, but by no means an *unavoidable* evil; that in the intercourse of civilized nations the status of force should, and may, be replaced by the status of law.

So one who joins the general Peace Association, or any of its branches, does not have to start with any political programme; on the contrary, *the advocacy of any such programme is excluded from the debates of the meetings by the constitution.* In the community of *purpose* is to be found the reason why the hosts of the friends of peace may be drawn from all ranks and all parties; hence it is, too, that in the lists of members of the various peace societies the names of Whigs and Tories, of socialists and aristocrats, of freethinkers and church dignitaries, stand together.

If service in the army were not *in limine* a bar to all participation in public associations, even active soldiers might become members; for they are not there to defend *war*, but to defend their country in case war breaks out. They have just as much human right to desire the disappearance of this calamity as the physician has to desire the disappearance of epidemics. A universally known and honored person has given to this view the following noble and courageous expression, in a letter in which he offers his name for membership:

". . . Although upon the breaking out of any war in which Germany was involved (I am a colonel *à la suite* in the Prussian army; I was retired in 1875 as a semi-invalid) I should immediately present myself for reinstatement in the army, yet I am in no sense fond of war; on the contrary, I regard war as a terrible calamity, even for the *victor*. I have taken part in two campaigns, not as one of a large staff but with the troops, and have thus had enough — more than enough — of opportunity to know from my own observation and experience the whole unnamable wretchedness which every war brings in its train. Joyfully, therefore, do I accept your invitation, and will most gladly strive to further, to the extent of my powers, the large-hearted, noble, and — may God grant it — also beneficent undertaking which you have started.

" Elimar Herzog von Oldenburg."

The first, the only purpose which we have in view is the intimation of our own desire for peace and the creation of a sufficiently educated public opinion.

The practical methods to be used in our activities for this purpose consist in the dissemination of printed matter, circulars, and declarations; the insertion of articles in the daily press, the delivery of public addresses, the familiarization of people with the literature of the subject, and, upon sufficient occasion, the publication of pamphlets or books; the sending of delegates to meetings and congresses; constant communication with the allied societies, and unremitting care to keep up to date the knowledge of the condition and progress of the general movement.

To the constituent assembly — to which all who have sent in their adhesion, or shall send it in, will receive invitations; it will be called together in the second half of this month — is reserved the acceptance of the proposed constitution, the election of the permanent board of management, and the appointment of the delegates which the Austrian Peace Society now in process of formation wishes to send to Rome.

Vienna, October 18, 1891

The preliminary committee:

B. Ritter von Carneri
Geh. Rat Graf Carl Coronini
Graf Rudolf Hoyos
Prof. Freiherr von Krafft-Ebing
Reichsratsabgeordneter Freiherr von Pirquet
P. K. Rosegger
Dr. Carl Ritter von Scherzer
A. G. Freiherr von Suttner
Bertha Baronin von Suttner-Kinsky
Fürst Alfred Wrede

A few days after the publication of this circular the definitive formation of the governmentally authorized *Österreichische Friedensgesellschaft* — Austrian Peace Society — took place in the Old Rathaus, with a membership of two thousand.

Enthusiastic addresses were made, and the delegates were appointed — six in number — who should

represent the youngest peace union at the congress. The treasury of the society had already sufficient funds to enable it to pay traveling expenses.

Now we made our preparations for going to Rome. I also wrote to sundry distinguished personages at home and abroad, requesting letters of greeting and approval which I might lay before the congress.

Some of these, as well as of those that had already been sent spontaneously, I insert here; they belong to the history of the beginnings of the Austrian Peace Society:

Madame:

I was just reading your novel *Die Waffen nieder*, which Mr. Bulgakof had sent me, when I received your letter. I greatly appreciate your work, and the idea comes to me that the publication of your novel is a happy augury.

The abolition of slavery was preceded by the famous book of a woman, Mrs. Beecher Stowe; God grant that the abolition of war may follow upon yours. I do not believe that arbitration is an efficient means of abolishing war. I am just about finishing a treatise on this subject, in which I discuss the only means which in my opinion can render wars impossible. Nevertheless, all efforts dictated by a sincere love for humanity will bear fruit; and the congress at Rome, I am certain, will contribute much, just as that at London last year did, to popularize the idea of the flagrant contradiction in which Europe finds itself between the military status of the nations and the Christian and humanitarian principles which they profess.

Receive, Madame, the assurance of my sentiments of genuine esteem and sympathy.

(Signed) Léon Tolstoy [1]

October 10/22, 1891

[1] Tolstoi's letter is in French. — TRANSLATOR.

Berlin, October 20, 1891

Highly honored Lady:

Receive my sincere thanks for giving me too an occasion for announcing my whole-hearted indorsement of the lofty and magnificent work in which you are taking such a prominent part both in word and deed. I joyfully and unreservedly declare myself in accord with the objects of the International Peace and Arbitration Association. That these objects are attainable, that some day they will be attained, is my firm and heartfelt faith, just as I believe in the progress of humanity. And I could think of nothing that could occupy a human life more greatly and worthily than to coöperate in bringing about this realization, — than to fight for assured peace. If in this battle you can make use of my assistance, highly honored lady, then command me utterly; your call will always find me willing and prepared. I shall never cease to exert myself in public and in private to have war recognized more and more widely as what it is, — as the saddest and most shameful relapse into barbarism, the most terrible crime against the genius of humanity.

Accept the expression of the hearty respect with which I shall always be

Your wholly devoted

Ludwig Fulda

Paris, October 30, 1891

. . . You will not doubt that I am with you at heart, and that I have the warmest sympathy and approval for your efforts to disseminate ideas of peace, of reconciliation, of civilized forms of law, even in the relations of nation to nation.

Of course I know, as well as the doubter and scoffer who seems to himself so wise, that the Peace and Arbitration League can scarcely count on practical results at this moment or in the immediate future. But as a writer I believe in the might of the word, and its function in changing traditional views and spreading new and better ones. If I did not believe in this, I should long ago have broken my pen. So let us write and speak unweariedly against the horror of war. *Semper aliquid haeret*, and gradually we shall convert the governments and nations from barbarians to men!

Dr. Max Nordau

Munich, October 29, 1891

. . . My most respectful greeting to all friends of peace! Only the brute in man can desire war. So let all the inciters and promoters of war be treated as brutes and put out of the decent society of civilized men. And, moreover, let any one who in the press eggs on war and speaks in favor of wholesale murder be brought before the courts as a common bravo and assassin.

. . . The last word in this fearful question of blood, to which the flower of the country is sacrificed, does not rest with the men at all, but with the mothers.

Dr. M. G. Conrad

Neuilly-Paris, October 12, 1891

. . . I rejoice in that happy event, the newly formed Peace Society. This is a fresh encouragement to our endeavors, a new reason to hope for good results. To be sure there are still many prejudices to meet, and perhaps also enmities to overcome; but that is only one more reason for recognizing the necessity of having our efforts supported by an imposing number of representatives of all nations. It is time, it is high time, that genuinely universal demonstrations should — by encouraging the timid — call forth an uprising of the conscience of mankind, and that society should stand on its guard against the ruin, the misery, the crime, by which it is threatened.

Frédéric Passy

Député de la Seine, membre de l'Institut et président de la Société française de la paix et de l'arbitrage

Paris, October 30, 1891

I trust my telegram of greeting to the Austrian Peace Union reached the meeting in time.

Our League, founded at Geneva in the year 1867 under the chairmanship of Garibaldi and Victor Hugo, was the first peace society, I think, that elected a woman to its committee. This will show you, gracious lady, how deeply we wish you well in your noble initiative. With all our hearts we extend to the newly founded society our sympathy and devotion.

Charles Lemonnier

Président de la Ligue de la paix et de la liberté à Genève

Berlin, November 12, 1891

Your name is mentioned among the promoters of a movement which is to lead humanity "upward," Christianity toward its fulfillment.

I regard it as my duty to approach you respectfully and to beg you to regard me as one of those who join in the loftiest efforts with all their might. Every fiber of my being belongs to the "upbuilding of a kingdom of God on earth," to the "coming of Christianity." This comprehends all the efforts of good men. I am all on fire with idealism, and yet I am no fancymonger. You have to do with "a man among men." Undismayed, but also unbefooled, I shall go on in the paths that are marked out for me. The more comprehensive our action is, the more effective; the more resolute, the more beneficent; the more simultaneous along the whole line, the more thorough the success.

"Now, then, something must come." I live in the firm conviction (to me the word "belief" would not be enough for this) that we stand before the gate that at once parts us from and admits us to the age of completion. To grasp the latch with a vigorous hand seems to me the duty of all those to whom God has granted the ability to do so.

M. v. Egidy, Oberstleutnant a. D.

Kilchberg near Zürich

. . . From the inmost conviction I declare myself in accord with the aims of every peace union, in obedient veneration of our sublime Master from Nazareth. Here his disciple, our dear Leo Tolstoi, is incontrovertibly in the right.

Only I believe that we of our profession can accomplish even more for the good and great cause through our slowly but certainly infiltrating books than through associated activities — of this you yourself have given a shining example — though of course the latter also have their value.

Conrad Ferdinand Meyer

(Without date)

I do not believe there can be a thinking and feeling man who does not inwardly belong to the League of Peace; and if our states were "Christian" not merely on paper but in the deep meaning of the word, there would be no need of a League of Peace.

Friedrich Spielhagen

Jena, October 31, 1891

Gracious and honored Lady:

I hope that these lines, with the assurance that I thoroughly approve the aims of the International Peace and Arbitration Association and am ready and willing to become a member, will reach you while you are still in Vienna.

Although I believe with Heraclitus that battle is the father of all things, yet I hope and wish with all my heart that the better stock of competition for the higher blessings of civilization may displace the savage and cruel conflict of races and the bloody warfare between nations, which at present still, as in the Middle Ages, brings the greatest wretchedness to the "highly civilized" nations of the present day.

May the Peace Congress in Rome on the ninth of November be attended by the best results!

With especially high respect, your devoted

Ernst Haeckel

XXX

UNION FOR RESISTANCE TO ANTI-SEMITISM

A. G. von Suttner, Count Hoyos, Baron Leitenberger, and Professor Nothnagel found the Union · Article in the *Neue Freie Presse*

BEFORE I write of the congress in Rome I want to go back a bit. In the spring of 1891 — consequently before the founding of the Interparliamentary Group and the Peace Association in Vienna — my husband had also brought into existence an association of which I wish to tell.

We were still in the Caucasus when, at the beginning of the eighties, we were informed of the Anti-Semitic movement started in Prussia, and propagated by Court Chaplain Stöcker. This phenomenon, I need hardly say, aroused lively disgust in us. We set forth the arguments against this reversion to the Middle Ages in various articles written for the Vienna papers on which we were regular collaborators, but the articles were returned to us on the ground that in Austria there was no Anti-Semitism, and if any of it should spread from Prussia to us the only proper attitude toward it would be contemptuous silence. Later events showed that this attitude was not the proper one. Wrong must be withstood if it is recognized as such; there is no other way. In such cases silence, though

professing to express contempt, is itself contemptible. Not only must the victims react against it, it is also for those who are not personally concerned to antagonize a wrong wherever they see it. Their silence is complicity, and generally springs from the same motives as the silence of the victims, — that is, from timidity. Only not to come into any collision, only not to subject one's self to annoyances, — that is the motive at bottom, even if it does outwardly bear itself as genteel reserve.

After we came home the Anti-Semitic movement in Vienna had taken on especially brutal forms. In the year 1891 it had even gone as far as violence. The indignation which my husband felt boiled over.

"Something must be done!" was his decision.

And he sat down and wrote a constitution and a plan of action and an appeal. And now what he had to do was to find some prominent men who would go hand in hand with him. That same evening — we were just then in Vienna — he went to look up Count Hoyos in his residence on the Kolowratring. "The gentleman is not in," said the servant; "he is downstairs in the club." My husband immediately betook himself to the lower floor, where the clubrooms were situated, and sent for the count, who was sitting at a whist table.

"What is it, dear Suttner, anything very urgent?"

"Yes, justice for the persecuted —"

"Out with it!"

Count Hoyos took hold of the matter enthusiastically, and proposed to invite his whist partner, Baron Leitenberger, the well-known Liberal manufacturer, to join the provisory committee. So he also was called out, and a few moments later the formation of the league was a settled thing among these three. The next day Professor Nothnagel, so highly regarded both as a man and as a savant, came in with them; and a short time afterwards the constituting assembly met, with these four men at the speakers' table. After the appeal had been printed in the papers, several hundred, including personages prominent in Viennese society and politics, had joined. On the day after the first meeting the *Neue Freie Presse* published the following article, which will give the best explanation of the author's ideas and purposes:

THE UNION FOR RESISTANCE TO ANTI-SEMITISM

By A. Gundaccar von Suttner

Vienna, July 21

Yesterday our Union came into existence as a legally recognized society, to begin action against that hostile movement which is aimed directly against a portion of our fellow-citizens. This is the object stated in section 2 of the constitution: in plain terms, to combat the Anti-Semitic movement, and to do this by public lectures, the dissemination of informatory literature, discussions, and, if necessary, the founding of an organ to represent the Union.

Politics is excluded: primarily because our Union is not political, and in the next place because the matter in question is social in the strict sense of the word and has nothing to do with the conduct of state business. The proof of this lies in the fact that we reckon

among our members persons of every shade of belief, that we welcome without exception every one who is in full enjoyment of his civic rights.

A certain order of opponents who are never at a loss for false and mendacious allegations have already made the attempt to represent our Union as one that purposes to take the field against Christianity in favor of the Jews. Hostile attacks of this kind carry their own condemnation. As a proof of the falsity of their assertions stands the fact that we already number among our members priests of the two chief Christian denominations, and that we announce the distinct expectation of gradually enlisting all those who are first and foremost called to preach the word of peace, of love to our neighbors, of humanity.

In a time when men are founding societies to protect dumb animals from cruelty — and that with absolute justification — it is, I think, only logical that we should at last take a stand also against cruelty to our fellow-men, all the more as the attacks have not been confined to assaults upon honor, but have taken the form of acts of violence which have given our Jewish fellow-citizens every reason to fear for the safety of their existence. I will mention only those suburban heroes who smashed the windows of Jewish women and shouted threats of murder at them; those soldiers who struck down an old man on the street; that schoolboy who thrust a knife into the eye of one of his Semitic comrades. These are individual cases out of many; a single one would have been enough to stir all right-thinking men to a great cry of indignation.

The party against which we are arraying ourselves seems to have contemplated nothing less than to decree for Austria a sort of moral state of siege, and thereby to bring a pressure to bear on the timorous souls of whom there are more than enough, whereby many of these will allow themselves to be enrolled in order not to call down upon their heads the wrath of that association, which is always ready with the appellative *Judenknecht*. Special laws directed against the Jews, like those that have reached such a magnificent development in Russia, would naturally not have been long in making their appearance, and ultimately, as a logical consequence, special laws against all who do not think as do those gentlemen of the persecuting party.

Well, to-day, by good fortune, it appears that there are still Austrians who will not submit to such a reign of terror, and who answer such demands with the cry, "Browbeating won't work."

In the bosom of the opposing party, on the other hand, the reign of terror has broken out; every one who there believes himself called to be a leader takes the proverb "Bend or break" to heart; every one collects his troops around him and forms a detachment which snarls at every other. Skirmishes also have already been fought, with fists and words, and the lawsuits growing out of them show us clearly and distinctly what is going on behind the scenes of that stage. This ought to open the eyes of many an objective observer who has supposed that he was falling in with the demands of the times if he joined that troop.

Originally, when Herr Stöcker was still having his day, Anti-Semitism attempted to put itself on the ground of Christianity, and of threatened Christianity at that, and to conjure up a religious question. This plan was a lamentable failure, for there were enough honorable religious teachers who opposed it. Then the attempt was made to lay emphasis on race differences and to make these the basis of up-to-date persecution. Here also the results were meager, and so they ultimately hit upon the method of rousing human passion, of heating up the hatred and envy of all those, bringing all those to the burning-point, who had little or nothing to lose but hoped to gain much. Of course the matter could not be allowed to pass as mere commercial or competitive jealousy; a scientific whitewash had to be applied to the whole thing, and so they got footing on the social question: accumulated capital is the destroyer of the little man; the Jew has accumulated capital in his hands, therefore the Jew is the destroyer of the little man. That there are among the Jews themselves whole masses of little men who have scarcely a crust to nibble was entirely lost from sight — such a thing simply does not count with logicians of that stamp; they have in sight only the Christian little man and the Jewish big man.

It is a recognized fact that you can fool the heedless masses with certain catchwords as much as you please. It is the children's game, *Schneider, leih' mir die Scher* ("Puss in the Corner"), arranged for

the use of grown-up people: the one who tries to find a place knows perfectly well that the place to which the other directs him is not empty, but he runs toward it obediently, and meanwhile the wily fox swaps his place for a better and snaps his finger laughingly at the one dispossessed. This is the game played by those men who sin at the phrase "social question": "The Jew has an empty place" — and the dupe makes for the Jew. Since he knows incidentally that his "friends" are not well disposed toward the Jew, he means at least to get this much advantage from the game, that he will vent his temper on the man; he can do this without any expenditure of great courage and without peril, for he has behind him a superior power which springs to his aid — if the aid costs nothing more than a few fisticuffs.

As far as this dragging in of the social question is concerned, these florid speakers only commit the trifling error of adopting for their science absolutely faulty premises, so that their whole edifice is shaky at its foundation. No social reformer, no economist of the present time will look for the evil in accumulated capital as such. The man who should keep his millions locked up in his strong box in the form of packages of bank notes — for so the common throng imagines it — would ultimately perish of starvation, for it is a law of nature that what is not renewed is at last used up. Accumulated capital, then, is not in itself the cause but only the result. The evil has its roots elsewhere; and if once these roots are radically extirpated, then capital will of necessity circulate in such a way as to pass through all hands.

A few representatives of the people have already indicated the solution of the social enigma — if I am not mistaken, Dr. Menger recently. It is not our affair, however, to go into this in detail here, for our aim is simply to bring out the fact that the Anti-Semitic movement on the basis of social science stands on feet of clay, and that the men who to bolster their cause trespass on this ground have only an utterly superficial acquaintance with the question, most of them none at all. But the average man allows himself to be persuaded easily, for he has learned a deal at school — but not logical thinking. Now if he sees that another is (or rather seems to be) doing this business for him, then so much the better; then he gladly lets the other

take the trouble and believes that he has done his part when he joins in the hue and cry.

A few days ago an Anti-Semitic member of the Reichsrat took the floor with an interpellation; it related to our Union and to the accession of a man whose name is spoken with reverence and gratitude throughout all Austria. The speech may receive a suitable rejoinder in a proper place; I wish only to mention here that the said deputy used words to this effect: that it appeared by our appeal that the Union intended to wage battle in a "hostile," extremely "acrimonious," and "unscrupulous" manner against the Anti-Semitic party as such and also against all those citizens who cherish an Anti-Semitic spirit.

Hostile? Acrimonious? Unscrupulous? I should hope not! Those who think that they have to see in Anti-Semitism a movement serviceable to the general good we pity because they are on the wrong track, and we hope that we shall be able by convincing proofs to bring them back to the right path. Those that have found in Anti-Semitism personal means for personal ends we *despise*, as every honorably-thinking man despises him who uses unfair means to promote his own interests. Hostility and acrimony, therefore, are not the right words. And as for unscrupulousness, it depends on what the word is taken to mean. If our opponents expect that we are going to take the tone that they are pleased to use, — in which, for instance, they give their readers in the *Unverfälschte Deutsche Worte* the news about the formation of our Union, — they are mistaken. Such co-workers we would never accept into our membership, for decency is above all things to be preserved in our camp. We are of the opinion that no cause can ever be helped toward good repute by abusive words. Some hundreds of years ago they would indeed have had their effect, for then behind such strong expressions came knock-down arguments with the fist, and the stronger fist prevailed. But really to-day the great majority is better bred, and rowdy attack with word and deed is not to the taste of the cultured inhabitants of Austria.

Among our objects is also that of stirring our fellow-citizens to independent thinking. We do not wish to dictate, we wish to lead and to point out the way which it would be wise to take. Our two

weapons are to be reason and the sense of justice; with these, we are fit to meet all attacks. We cannot be put down with pseudo-science, with juggled statistics, with distortion of truth and justice, and other such approved weapons; for we have in our ranks men who are pre-eminently qualified to annihilate such arguments with strictly scientific and expert methods, and to floor their antagonists *coram publico*. In a word, we feel that we are strong, we feel that we are equal to the work which we have undertaken.

Their opponents proved to be stronger. I shall have occasion hereafter to tell something of the course that matters subsequently took. But now I will return to the point where I broke off — to the Peace Congress at Rome.

XXXI

THE CONGRESS IN ROME

Frame of mind · Life together in the Hotel Quirinal · General Türr and his career · Little revolution against Bonghi · Alsace-Lorraine · The Grelix couple · Baron Pirquet · Opening festival on the Capitol · Ruggero Bonghi as chairman · Weighty words · Founding of the Bern Central Bureau · Echoes · The monthly *Die Waffen nieder* is launched · A. H. Fried · "The Important Thing"

TO Rome! No one can undertake the journey to the Eternal City without being overcome by a certain feeling of awe. There vibrates in the soul a diapason of historic and æsthetic tones, of memories of antiquity and the Renaissance; pictures rise of Forum and Vatican, of gladiators and cardinals, of palaces and churches, of entrancing gardens and dazzling treasures of art. We also, both of us, quivered with this peculiar *frisson* of joyous expectation when we found ourselves in the train that bore us Romewards. My Own naturally felt it with especial force, for he was to see the Eternal City for the first time. And this frame of mind was still more intensified by the object of our journey, — a congress, a Peace Congress. That was history too, only not ancient history, but the most modern; strictly speaking, the history of a future at whose gates one could as yet only knock; but what a new and beautiful world lay behind these gates! —

And was I actually on my way thither as the delegate of a society which I myself had called into existence, and should I there — in the Capitol — meet and take counsel with statesmen from all climes? Was it not an unheard-of temerity, or, in simpler terms, a piece of impudence? It had all come about so quickly; I had acted under such an irresistible impulse, under the compulsion of an eager will, but also under the protection of that naïveté which consists in ignorance of difficulties and hindrances, and which helps forward every hazardous undertaking better than deliberation and experience.

When we arrived at our destination the Interparliamentary Conference was still in session; our Congress was not to begin till two days later. Almost all the participants in the two events had taken up their quarters in the Hotel Quirinal; and so this whole international society of pacifists — at that time, to be sure, the expression "pacifism" had not been coined — was brought together in constant intercourse, — in the large dining-room at meals, in the halls at all hours of the day in conferring groups, in the drawing-rooms in social intercourse. Here I found all the old friends and colleagues with whom I had so long been in correspondence, and many new friends besides. I remember that at my first arrival there was standing in the vestibule a tall, martial figure, with a white mustache a quarter of a yard long, and an acquaintance who was present introduced "General Türr." Happy omen, that

the first antagonist of war whom we met at the place of the Congress was a general, "a grizzled warrior"! His life's history comprises a whole chronicle of wars: in 1848 as lieutenant under Radetzky in Italy; in 1849 with Kossuth in the Hungarian Revolution. Banished from Hungary, he was one of the English army in the Crimean War; in 1855 arrested in traveling through Hungary, condemned to death — pardoned through the efforts of the Queen of England. In 1859, on Garibaldi's general staff, he takes part with the thousand in the expedition to Marsala; fights at the Volturno with his division; in 1860 is military governor of Naples; in 1861, general-adjutant to King Victor Emmanuel. And now he, the battle-tried veteran, was here, to take part in the peace campaign. Not as a new convert; even when serving with Garibaldi he had been taught the misfortune of war and the hope that a European peace organization might be possible, for he was the inspirer of the famous manifesto sent out by Garibaldi to the princes of Europe inviting them to union; and ever since 1867 he had been a member of the French Peace Society founded by Frédéric Passy.

As the Interparliamentary Conference was still in session when we reached Rome, we had the opportunity of making the acquaintance of the representatives of the fourteen different parliaments who were here assembled under the presidency of Minister Biancheri. It was originally intended that Ruggero Bonghi should preside, but he had withdrawn, for a whole

little revolution had broken out, and the German and Austrian parliamentarians would not have gone to Rome if Bonghi had not waived the chairmanship. What had occurred? The famous savant and former Minister of Public Instruction had published in some review an article which contained language expressing sympathy with the French conception of the Alsace-Lorraine question. I find among my letters an echo of the feeling that was aroused at that time in both the parliaments of Central Europe. Superintendent Haase, member of the Austrian Reichsrat, wrote me:

Noble and highly honored Baroness:

After a three weeks' absence I came to Vienna yesterday by way of Teschen, where I gave hasty attention to only the most important official papers and packed into my trunk the private letters that had arrived for me. I am sincerely distressed to find now that your letter of the twenty-third of last month has remained unanswered, and that you must be having a very curious idea of my politeness. So, in the first place, I crave your pardon.

As regards the business, I must make a distinction between the general and the specific. Whatever service I can perform in the cause of human charity will always be gladly done; and if you should ever be in want of my commonplace services, call upon me. It will be a double pleasure to me to help forward a good work if at the same time I can be of service to an ideal woman, so worthy of deference for her high-mindedness. Do not, I beg of you, take this as banal flattery. But the special case with which we are concerned to-day has become different since you wrote to me. To take part in the Interparliamentary Conference this year, and in the Peace Congress at Rome, as I had intended, is no longer possible for me.

For, even though Signor Bonghi does at a later time give out that Alsace-Lorraine will not be spoken of at the Congress, yet in

consideration of what he has already said he is not the man under whose leadership the friends of peace can meet in conference.

War is not merely a misfortune, it is a crime, committed by the person who calls it forth. But in the statement that a demand which can be made effective only through the force of arms is justifiable there is surely involved a sort of "summons to the dance," and whoever issues it, even indirectly, becomes an accessory and responsible for the bloody consequences. Signor Bonghi's utterances about the position of France toward Alsace-Lorraine would, in case France declared war upon Germany, compel him to approve of *this* war at least. This involves a logical impossibility of his condemning war altogether; and if he nevertheless does so, he comes into contradiction with himself: Bonghi versus Bonghi.

This contradiction would be bad enough in all conscience if it related to a war of Peru against Chile; but, since the point of Bonghi's well-known utterance is directed against Germany, those among the friends of peace who are friends of Germany can least of all participate in an assembly over which Bonghi presides and to which he in a sense gives character. I do not know how you feel about this matter. But I should wish that all of us who unite with our hereditary love and fidelity to our Austrian imperial dynasty and fatherland the warmest sympathies for our ally, the German Empire, should not part company in our feelings about this situation.

And now, highly honored Baroness, accept the expression of my most distinguished consideration, with which I sign myself

Your wholly devoted

Vienna, October 9, 1891 Dr. Haase

The days before the opening of our Congress were devoted to preparatory labors and to confidential communications. The French, English, and Italians wanted to bring before the Congress a discussion of the Alsace-Lorraine affair, which had been tabooed by the Interparliamentarians; but we Austrians succeeded in persuading our foreign colleagues not to touch upon

this ticklish theme. It would make the Germans too shy to be handled; they would be afraid of being regarded at home as guilty of high treason should they permit the result of the Frankfurt treaty to be treated as a "question" in their presence. The peace movement was as yet a very tender plant; it must be kept away from any over-chilly draft. In the confidential session there was utterance of various views, but not the slightest discord. All alike felt themselves comrades, fellow-combatants for a great object which promised a blessing equally to all nations. The two great peace veterans Frédéric Passy and Hodgson Pratt had the gift of spreading around them an atmosphere of confidence and devotion; it was felt that the fundamental trait in their nature was greatness of soul. And Ruggero Bonghi made a third. The chairmanship of the Congress was put into his hands.

We also met the Grelix couple — that is, Grete and Felix Moscheles. Grete looked as if she were Felix's daughter, a dainty little Sèvres figure; blond hair, done up with the touch of genius and framing her face as with a mist of gold; a delicately cut and amusing visage — amusing because it was animated by mischievous dimples and sparkling eyes, and because the mouth, opening a trifle awry in speaking, disclosed among her white teeth an especially comical, conical eye-tooth. At the same time this little woman with the scintillating wit always wore, in opulent variety, toilets in the height of style and yet arranged to suit her own artistic taste

— Grete is a painter. Always costly ornaments suited to her gown; but an enthusiastic socialist — the two things are quite compatible, it seems.

Baron Pirquet, who had taken part in the Conference as a member of the Reichsrat, now came into the Congress in his quality as a director of the Austrian Peace Society. This man of peace had, like General Türr, begun his career in the military service. The son of an Austrian general of Belgian extraction, he had been in the campaign of 1859 against Sardinia as a lieutenant of dragoons; and then for many long years was connected with the diplomatic service. Very distinguished in his appearance, with a classically handsome head and most delightful manners — such was the man outwardly. The inner man I learned to value in after years as a true friend and as a zealous worker in the cause of peace. He remained at the head of the Austrian group of the Interparliamentary Union until he was taken ill; and he prepared the way for, and brilliantly organized, the Conference of 1903, which was held in Vienna.

Great and deep were the impressions which I brought away from those meetings in Rome. In later times I have been present at many other Peace Congresses which were not less magnificent; but that one was the first I had attended, and we know how everything which is experienced for the first time is felt as a tenfold intensified experience.

First the opening session on the Capitol. The very

approach of the delegates was spectacular. When they got out of their carriages on the square before the Capitol, a military band played the march from *Lohengrin*, and a double lane of guards in gala uniform stood on the terrace, on the steps, and before the entrance of the great hall where the meeting was to be held. In the hall itself, the walls of which were decorated with the flags of all the nations represented, stood the president's table, in the background on a platform; on the right and left, in seats arranged like those in an amphitheater, a numerous public; and in front of these seats, on each side, a row of curule chairs reserved for the leaders of the various delegations (just imagine with what pride I took my place there: *sella curulis*—once the seat of honor for the kings, and later for the magistrates); at the directors' table Minister-President Biancheri, who delivered the address of welcome. After he had finished, the delegates of the peace societies were to speak, one for each country. They were called up in alphabetical order: "Angleterre" was the first. Hodgson Pratt left his curule chair and mounted the platform. When he had ended his words, "Autriche" was called, and, as I was the presiding officer of the Austrian group, I as their spokesman had now to repair to the chairman's table.

Stage fright . . . that was a condition from which I had suffered distressfully all my life. When I was to sing at the Duprez recitals, or later at concerts, or even before two or three expert critics, the demon *trac* would

always, even after long familiarity with the experience, clutch me by the throat and deprive me of half my powers amid unspeakable moral anguish. And here, for the first time in my life, at a world's congress, in the presence of statesmen, in such a solemn assembly, in such a place — the Capitol! — I was to deliver a public address, the words of which would be taken down stenographically and sent off by telegraph by the newspaper correspondents of all countries. One would have supposed that the aforesaid demon must now pounce upon me and throttle me lamentably. Nothing of the sort. Quite calmly, unconcernedly, in glad exaltation, I said what I had to say, and a storm of applause followed my words. This is the way I explain the matter: stage fright is an accompaniment of vanity, a trembling question addressed to Fate: How shall *I* please? with the whole accent on the word "I." Here at the Capitol, among the servants and interpreters of a world cause, *I* was an incidental! I had something to say which seemed to me important, and which I knew would be a welcome and joyous message to the like-minded persons who surrounded me. Who was going to say it, and what personal impression my insignificant person would produce, was a thought that did not come to my consciousness at all; and so I spoke without any uneasiness, with the assurance of an ambassador who has definite and good tidings to communicate. I could tell them that in a country of Central Europe where no Peace Society existed till six weeks ago, to-day, at the

first summons of a powerless woman who had no other claim than having written an honest book, two thousand people had already banded together that they might be represented in Rome; and if in a few days two thousand fellow-combatants had offered themselves, then at the next Congress there would be twenty thousand members of the Austrian group to be represented. In conclusion I laid on the chairman's table some of the most enthusiastic letters of approval, signed by illustrious names — Tolstoi, Haeckel, the Duke of Oldenburg, and others.

I was mistaken in my prophecy that during the following year the membership of the Union would be increased tenfold. The New does not march forward so rapidly. When it first makes its appearance it powerfully attracts all who were already quietly cherishing similar ideas. The rest of the world now gives ear in surprise, but means to wait and see if the New is successful; and if that does not come to pass immediately, then they turn away again and decide that the matter has no vitality. Meantime it germinates and sprouts and ramifies quietly until it reveals itself once more to the contemporary world with a new impulse.

So my début as a Peace-Congresswoman came off with great success, and I confess I was rather proud that I had spoken — think of it! on the Capitol; the only woman in history to whom such a thing had happened. But this pride was somewhat taken down when there

came to my notice a newspaper item which told of the occurrence and added that "it was not the first time that one of the sisterhood had quacked on this spot, and this time it was not even a matter of saving the Capitol—"

On the next day the deliberations began. Ruggero Bonghi presided. The vivacious little man acquitted himself of that duty with humor and rigor, to the delight of all. He was easily enraged, and then he pounded heavily on the table with his fist; and universal applause followed this gesture, for it always emphasized an energetic preservation of order. Famous savant and philanthropist that he was, he enjoyed Queen Margherita's especial confidence. She intrusted him with the management of her charities, and frequently enjoyed his gift of conversation.

I jotted down at that time some weighty passages of his introductory discourse:

The question is often raised whether these unions are working toward a goal that can be attained; but this question comes from men who have incorrectly understood the teachings of history and do not see that the progressive development which lies behind us is a guaranty for what is going to be.

The system of arbitration has already been repeatedly put in operation for the settlement of controversies; and what we demand is nothing further than that this principle should unfurl its banner and call to humanity, "Here I am. Change your course and I will give you peace."

It is said that the armies and fleets, that this monstrous expenditure of men and money, is for the purpose of preserving peace. It would follow that our opponents pursue the same object as we do—

with the difference that we pursue that end with means corresponding to the cause, while they proceed in a manner diametrically contrary to it.

It is certain that we have before us a lofty ideal; and those that ridicule the ideal and its adherents are like men who should maintain that it were idle to take a torch when one had to go through a dark passageway.

Every nation should contribute its quota to the general good of humanity. In this way the human race would move toward an increasing perfection, which, sustained by intelligence and philanthropy, will awaken the energy for greater and greater performances.

At this Congress it was determined to found a central bureau at Bern. The plan for this was suggested by Frédéric Bajer, and he and Hodgson Pratt made the proposal. Although attacked in certain quarters — is not every positive new thing always attacked? — the motion was carried, and Élie Ducommun, the Swiss delegate, was commissioned to take charge of the preliminary arrangements. The privilege of starting the first fund in the treasury of the Bern bureau was mine by virtue of the circumstance that the proprietor of the Roman daily *Fanfulla*, the Marquis Alfieri, asked my authorization to publish an Italian translation of my novel *Die Waffen nieder* in the feuilleton of his paper, to which I agreed on condition that the honorarium — fifteen hundred francs — should be paid over to the treasury of the Bern bureau when it should be founded.

In order to give a picture of those days and of the impression that they made on my mind at that

time, I insert here what I wrote about them in the first number of my monthly, *Die Waffen nieder*, in January, 1892:

Echoes of the Peace Congress

So, then, the beautiful days at Rome and Naples have now rushed past us like the rest! . . .

But this does not mean that all that filled those days has vanished — that is to say, that the words are stilled, the thoughts dispelled, the pictures obliterated. . . . We know that every slight motion of the hand, by disturbing the surrounding air, operates to immeasurable distances, and in the same way we know also how through unreckonable time the movement of spirits sets the surrounding and succeeding world of spirit in vibration.

"Never-to-be-forgotten" is the word ordinarily employed for days so richly filled. But it is not the correct word, for ultimately everything is forgotten; even should all those who shared the experience preserve to the end of life their recollections of what they experienced, yet there comes the time in which they themselves are forgotten, in which their ashes are scattered to the winds, their archives buried in ruins. So we will not call the contents of these days of the Congress never-to-be-forgotten, but rather ineradicable.

And be it said that this event cannot be compared with a slight motion. The echo which the Congress and Conference this time awakened in the public could hardly have been wished louder. When it is realized how the Peace Congresses of 1889 and 1890 passed almost unnoticed, and what general attention was attracted to the one this year, it is fair to hope that in like progression one of the next will become an event that stirs the world. And to bring this to pass would take nothing more than either an avalanche-like spread of the announced will of the nations for peace, or the resolve of the governments themselves to come together in a High Council of Peace to plan the bases of arbitration treaties.

Such confidence in the simple and probable realization (most likely within our lifetime) of the ideal set before us should fill the hearts of those that are fighting for this. Let the skepticism that wisely

balances difficulties be left to those that stand aside. "Let us keep ever before our eyes the sacred purpose which we have set before us," said Bonghi in his concluding address; "let us work with such fiery zeal as if the attainment of this depended wholly on us and as if we could attain it even to-morrow. If others hinder us, then it is not our fault. Let us scorn those that jeer at us and pity those that do not understand us. What we desire is the noble, the just, the beneficent; and if there be any one who believes that these things are forever denied to men, then for God's sake and for man's let him hold his tongue, for life would be altogether too sad if we all had to think as he does."

"Words, words!" say our opponents in derisive tones. This objection also Bonghi meets with that genial humor which frequently flashes through his style. "You reproach us for putting forth nothing but words; did we ever claim to be cannon?" And in saying this he gave that short chuckle of his which stimulated his hearers to irresistible laughter.

Truly it would be nothing to deplore if the purpose of these congresses and conferences — the international reign of law — received valid realization by their pronouncements; rather, it is to be deplored that doubters and scoffers exert themselves to retard such realizations, and that those who have the power of decision are not already coming together for united work, but are contenting themselves — each in isolation — with avowing their own peace purposes in words — words — meanwhile augmenting the preparation for war by their uninterrupted action.

It is only mutual mistrust that keeps up this inner contradiction. But fair dealing will put this mistrust to rout; the lust for war perpetually attributed to "the others" will prove itself to be a phantom; the suspicion that the governments are not willing to renounce war, that the peoples are not willing, will disappear, and thereby the renunciation will have become a reality, the word an act.

What accelerative effect the congresses are producing in this respect, cannot be determined by any measurement. The opponents of the movement, indeed, — the indifferent or the so-called "practical," — stick at the lack of immediate validity in the resolutions, at the

difficulties, misunderstandings, and blunders which must inevitably come up in the deliberations of a multitudinous (and also polyglot) body of men.

"That such an unwonted instrument of will must work imperfectly for a time is obvious," remarked a member of the German Reichstag, Dr. Barth, in speaking of the Conference, "and it takes just about the intellectual superiority of Frau Wilhelmine Buchholz and her (very widely scattered) kin to see nothing more behind this natural imperfection. On the other hand, whoever has any understanding for the imponderable things in the life of nations, and can separate the appearance from the actuality, will recognize in this as yet clumsily working Conference a very notable stir of the humanitarian sense of solidarity."

It is to be desired that Congress and Conference may in future be held simultaneously, that is to say in alternate sessions, so that the participants of the one may be able to attend the other; for the representatives who meet in the Interparliamentary Conference are for the most part also members of the peace societies of their respective countries; their voices should therefore not be wanting in the deliberations of the Congress. And especially should all share unitedly in the festivities, the receptions, the gala performances and excursions which the city where the Congress is held offers to its peace guests. Too much is demanded of the people when they are expected to divide their enthusiasm between two successive occasions dedicated to the same object. Two opening ceremonies on the Capitol, two gala representations of *Amico Fritz*, two special trains to Naples and Pompeii, two illuminations of the Forum and the Colosseum in the course of a fortnight; it was a serious tax. And yet the Roman Committee, the authorities, and the generous-hearted southern populace managed to entertain in equally brilliant fashion first the Parliamentarians and immediately afterwards the delegates of the Peace Unions.

The two bodies are really at bottom only two different forms of the same movement, closely connected, the one an outgrowth of the other; the upper and lower house of the same parliament, so to speak. The unconstrained intercourse in an exalted frame of mind, plus the joyous acclamations of the populace, the waving of banners, the bands

of music, — all this brings on fraternization and mutual understanding more, almost, than the deliberative work that precedes it. Besides, what can be produced by the congresses does not consist in effective paragraphs of law; it is only a fundamental thought that is to be championed — a great, shining, heart-warming fundamental thought — the principle of the solidarity of nations, the fellowship[1] of all the civilized peoples. Of such a fellowship void of enmity we surely have a joyous foretaste when we — the representatives of seventeen different nations — banquet around a flower-decorated table (the word PAX in white camellias on a green background) or take a jolly excursion in a special train furnished by the government, are greeted on our arrival by a crowd shouting *evviva* and received with official manifestations of respect, and take our places in the waiting landaus or banner-hung boats — and all this under the gracious ensign of harmony; they were intoxicating moments full of blessed inspiration. We forgot that what we had come to battle for there is not yet attained, that the world outside is still in the sign of Hate; at all events the world that we were just then in the midst of was unanimously inspired by the same faith, the same ideal. Yes, they were — I had almost said — "never-to-be-forgotten" hours!

There such images and impressions were imprinted on our minds as could be received only in such circumstances. It is one thing for a solitary tourist to wander through the streets of Pompeii, another thing for a happy pair on their wedding journey; still another for the assembled participants in a Peace Congress. All thoughts converge to the same paramount center. The view of Vesuvius, for example, whose summit was enveloped in clouds of smoke, could only on this occasion have suggested to a traveling politician the following observation which I heard from the lips of our Austrian delegate, Baron von Pirquet:

"How the old volcano hides his face in a veil of fog — apparently he is ashamed, in presence of us friends of peace, of the destruction which he has poured out upon the poor city and its wretched inhabitants. And yet what is the petty mischief that he has on his conscience compared to the devastation and scenes of horror that were

[1] *Zusammengehörigkeit*, "together-belongingness."

spread over this very same region by the martial legions! . . . How infinitesimal are the crimes of such a mountain against mankind in comparison with the crimes against mankind which men perpetrate; it is for us to be ashamed."

And when we all stood in the great arena listening to the explanations of the professor who was detailed by the government to guide us, that the gladiatorial contests were counted "the indispensable" for the Romans, we could not but say to each other, "And yet people have learned to dispense with them and to abhor them." So if to-day many still count war indispensable, what does that prove? Or, again, many of us might make this observation: at bottom it was an innocent gratification to look on and see how a few dozen wrestlers — criminals at that, condemned to death — stretch each other on the sand or are killed by wild beasts, compared to that other custom of drilling millions of innocent men for the giant arena in which they are to be mangled and dashed to pieces not by lions and tigers but by artificial murder-machines. . . .

In one of the little Pompeian houses an ancient inscription was still perceptible on the wall; our professor of archæology read it off:

A WOE TO HIM WHO CANNOT LOVE
A DOUBLE WOE TO HIM WHO WOULD PROHIBIT LOVE.

Then the thought thrilled through me:

O ye who would hinder us from working at the weaving of the band that is to gird all nations together in concord, ye who scoff at us because we would choke out hereditary hate, because we would fan the flame of the love of humanity — "a double woe to you!"

The monthly from which the above extract is taken was published for eight years until the end of the century, when it was replaced by the *Friedenswarte*. The idea of issuing a periodical did not come from me. After the newspapers had spread the tidings of the founding of a Peace Society in Vienna and the part which it was to take in the approaching Congress, a

young publisher in Berlin wrote me an enthusiastic letter in which he suggested the establishment of an organ for the new movement; he would publish it, I was asked to be editor in chief and to put my name on it as such. An eager devotee of the idea of peace since his earliest years, since he had for the first time seen the Vereshchágin pictures, he now desired to dedicate all his powers as a publicist to the cause of peace. His letter was burningly written, and I consented. From that day to this A. H. Fried has been my most zealous fellow-combatant.

So then I stood in the midst of the young movement; I had a new Union to preside over, a review to edit, a regular correspondence to carry on with the colleagues whom I had gained in Rome, and once more my life and activities were filled with something which I recognized as " the one important thing."

PART SEVEN

1892–1898

XXXII

HOME AND FRIENDS

We two · Business troubles · Deaths · Family life at Castle Stockern · Home theater · The twelfth of June · Visit of Prince André Dadiani

THESE pages have of late been very full of Union reports and "movement" news, and it looks as if we both had been immersed in political life and sadly taken up with league-breeding. But when I look back to those days, there rise in my memory a multitude of other recollections connected with our private life, with the family and social life that we led, and especially with our cloudlessly happy married union. The outside world with its mediæval darkness and its pitiable conditions caused us much annoyance, and we took the field against these as well as we could; we found much satisfaction, too, in the battle itself; but our chief joy, our wealth, our fullest gratification, was each other. We had lost nothing of our gayety, of our frivolous childishness, nothing of our deep, fully confiding love. We swam in it as fishes in the sea; and, whatever made us gasp and suffocate when we ventured out on the beach sands, we could always dive back again into the vivifying currents of our happiness.

A filigrain happiness, a miniature happiness. It did not consist of soaring emotions and boisterous

enjoyments. The everyday was its territory; the everyday with the petty sweetnesses of comfort and humor. We were not lost in astonishment, in admiration, in worship of each other; better than anything of that kind, we loved each other, — loved with all our weaknesses and faults. To lay one's self out to be of assistance, to procure a better existence for our fellow-men now and in the future, is all very fine. Yet the best and first of duties is to give as much joy as possible to one's partner in life, and at the same time to be joyful one's self. To what end do we want to free mankind from persecution, from disease, from oppression, from violent killing, if not to provide mankind with the possibility of enjoying life? So that is the chief end. But we ourselves, and those who stand nearest to us, have the same claim; why should this claim be left unrecognized, when it is the easiest of all to satisfy? If in a circle of ten each sacrifices himself for the welfare of the other nine, who of the circle gets the intended welfare? Well, we two *did* fare "cannibalistically well," if not *wie fünfmalhunderttausend Säuen*, "like half a million swine," as the well-known student song has it, yet like two jolly little pigs.

And it was not all a bed of roses at Harmannsdorf either. The business of the estate would not go right, the quarry least of all. They changed superintendents, changed managers, negotiated with agents for contracts, but there was no improvement. On the contrary, the enterprises planned, ever arousing new hopes, led

to risks, and when they ended in smoke we were a bit worse off than before, but ready to come up to the next hope all the more trustfully. And, since a modicum of volatility was characteristic of the whole house of Suttner, we shook off the worry and took from the day whatever of good the day brought.

All these long days had also brought something of sorrow. My Own's oldest brother Karl was suddenly attacked by pneumonia, which carried him off in a week. My sister-in-law Lotti, the Countess Sizzo by marriage, lost her husband. The bereavement was not very severe. It had not been a wretched marriage, but not a happy one either; the two were incompatible and lived for the most part separated, — he in his home in Southern Tirol, she at Harmannsdorf. Karl's daughter Mizzi, who was then sixteen, after his death came to live in her grandparents' house and was always with us thenceforth. Her uncle Artur, whom she genuinely worshiped, had to take her father's place.

The liveliest intercourse was kept up with the neighboring castle of Stockern. There lived (and still live) my husband's older brother Richard, nicknamed *Igel*, "hedgehog"; his wife Pauline, called *Das Weib*, née Ponz von Engelshofen, châtelaine of Stockern and mother of five children, — one daughter and four sons, the eldest of the sons born in 1871, the youngest in 1886, so that there was much fresh, gay youth; and, in addition, governesses, tutors, aunts, cousins, and other guests. Lively times were always going on there. Very

often the whole train would come to Harmannsdorf, especially on occasion of birthdays, patron saints' days, hunts, vintages, and harvest-homes; still more frequently we drove over to Stockern, or both families would join in excursions to near-by Rosenburg or some other place of resort.

"Das Weib" was the last survivor of several brothers and sisters who in the war year of 1866 had fallen victims to the epidemic of cholera which had broken out in the country. The stories of that time when nine persons in the family and service of Stockern were carried off by the destroying angel in six days served as the basis for the episode "The Cholera Week" in my novel *Die Waffen nieder.*

Now grass had grown over all that tragedy. Man's memory is so terribly short. Stockern was now full of happy people, and we two contributed our mite to the gayeties. Uncle Artur was his young nephews' favorite comrade, and "Tante Boulotte" was no spoil-feast either.

I recall among other things a tragi-comedy entitled "Cleopatra," which was performed on the domestic stage. My Own had written the text, in gory doggerel, and composed the music for it as well. The rôle of the Egyptian queen was intrusted to my hands. The eldest son of the house, at that time already a lieutenant of dragoons, appeared as a helmeted officer of the Roman Guards; a neighboring proprietor played Antony; the young girls of the family had to enact the part of slaves, and the author of the masterpiece mimicked an old

wandering prophet who knew all things in advance, from the Queen's death of snake-bite up to the latest events in the Vienna city council. The governess at Stockern, a wonderfully pretty young English lady, had to play the part of Cleopatra's maid, whose most important function it was to groom her mistress's pet snake. Miss Pratt's English accent had a monstrously comical effect. As she knew no German, her part had been hammered into her only with the greatest difficulty. In a soliloquy she had to apostrophize the snake intrusted to her care with the words *o du elendes Mistvieh* — "O you wretched dung-brute" (from that specimen of the text may be got some idea of the loftiness of the poem), but she declaimed it *o du ellen Mittwoch!* From that day, when people at Stockern wanted to be rude they called each other *Mittwoch*, "Wednesday."

To us two the greatest festival of the year was always the twelfth of June, the anniversary of our marriage. But we never cared to celebrate it with more company than ourselves, and so it came to pass that if we were at Harmannsdorf at that date we left for parts unknown early in the morning and were gone at least twenty-four hours. Having run away on our real wedding day, we did so on the anniversaries too. Of all things, no congratulations and toasts on that day; we wanted to be alone — in devotion. We would drive down to the railway, take tickets to any station; arriving there, we would hunt up the local hotel to order a dinner, and then go out into the fields and woods.

June, you know, is the happy month when everything is in full bloom, when roses grow rank and the cuckoo calls, when all nature is a wedding celebration. We would wander about for a few hours and then come to our dinner with a glorious appetite; we would have it served under an arbor in the hotel garden. And then out to the woods again. There we would seek out a shady or perchance a sunny place — we were not afraid of the sun, but had a lizard-like predilection for its caressing glow — and there other hours of hallowed dialogue would pass: hours which were prolonged till the setting of the sun, till the rising of the moon, till the blowing of the evening breezes. Then back to the inn, where supper was awaiting us in a neat room. And our material for conversation was still not exhausted — from year to year it grew richer; for what we said to each other on those days was the manifold variation of the now cheerful, now melancholy, but always sweet, theme, "Do you remember?" All that we had experienced together, seen together, learned together, we passed in review, and when we took out and rearranged our memories and conceptions it was as if we were counting treasures, — the joy of wealth obsessed us. Rich we were in remarkable memories that were common to both, rich in accordant ideas, and superlatively rich in intertwining feelings of never-cooling affection, of never-failing confidence.

And on the next day we would go back among men again — as if nothing had happened.

We had kept up a correspondence with our friends in the Caucasus. The Murats were still in Zugdidi; Prince Niko was living for the most part in St. Petersburg. One day there came from Prince André Dadiani a letter postmarked at Vienna, to say that he was passing through the city and ask if he might call. We, too, had to be in Vienna — for a festival meeting of the Peace Union, at which, among other things, Peter Rosegger and the court actor Lewinsky made addresses. Accordingly I wrote the prince to come to the meeting, and he did so. After the addresses the company stayed to supper, and our Caucasian friend stayed with us. All this may possibly have been Greek to the Russian officer who had fought at Kars, but he expressed himself as quite in sympathy with my aims and endeavors; whether from politeness or conviction, I will not undertake to say. On the following day we took him with us to Harmannsdorf, where he remained for some time as our guest.

XXXIII

LETTERS FROM ALFRED NOBEL

I KEPT up a regular correspondence with Alfred Nobel. I will quote here some of his letters[1]:

Dear Baroness:

If I have not replied sooner to your kind and courteous letter, it is because I was in hopes of bringing you my answer *de vive-voix*, my respects *de vif-cœur*.

Here I am in Vienna, but you are not, and I am told that you do not often come. On the other hand, if I should go to Harmannsdorf I should be greatly afraid of causing you trouble, and in this respect I am as timid as the most sensitive woman.

How happy I am to know that you are happy and contented, back at last in a land which you love, and rested from struggles of which my sympathy can measure the extent.

What shall I tell you of myself — a shipwreck of youth, of joy, of hope? An empty heart, whose inventory is a white — or gray — page.

Pray remember me cordially to your husband, and accept, dear Madame, the assurance of my best sentiments founded on profound respect and genuine devotion.

A. Nobel

Vienna, Hôtel Imperial, August 17, 1885.

The visit at Harmannsdorf was nevertheless paid. In the year 1887 we had seen Nobel again in Paris, and the following letter shows that we were urging him to visit us in our own home:

[1] The original of Nobel's letters is in French, except that of September 14, 1891, which is in English. — TRANSLATOR.

Dear Baroness:

The proof that there is no justice in this world is that you take me, I am sure, for an ill-bred man and an ingrate. And yet there is no truth in it, for ever since I had the pleasure of seeing you at my house I have been anxiously watching for the moment of leisure that should permit me to go and shake hands with two friends. But if you could see, only for a day or two, the life I am leading, you would realize how impossible it is to make the two ends meet. For a week past, with my trunk packed, I have not been able to get away; and yet my visit to Manchester is urgent. But at this moment all the *dynamiteurs* in the world — the *dynamiteurs* are the directors and managers of the dynamite companies — have conspired to come here and bother me with their affairs, — conventions, plans, deceptions, etc., and I am ardently wishing that a new Mephisto would come to enrich hell with these evil-doers.

A thousand friendly things — never friendly enough for you — and the assurance of my good will.

A. Nobel

Paris, January 22, 1888

The following letter is the answer to mine in which I wrote that I had been told at a florist's that he was married and that the presence of a Madame Nobel had been announced in Nice. I asked whether I might congratulate him. He wrote back:

Dear Baroness and Friend:

What an ingrate this old Nobel is, but in appearance only, for the friendship which he feels for you only increases, and the nearer he approaches the final nothingness the more he values the few persons — men or women — who show him a little genuine interest.

Could you have really believed that I was married, and married without informing you? That would have been a double crime against friendship and against courtesy. The bear has not as yet got so far as that.

In making me married, the florist was using flowery language. As for Madame Nobel of Nice, it was in all probability my sister-in-law.

That is how the secret and mysterious marriage is explained. Everything does in the end get explained in this world below, except the magnetism of the heart, to which this same world is indebted for its existing and living. Now this magnetism is just what I must be lacking in, since there is no Madame Nobel and since in my case the dust that is thrown in the eyes is inadequately replaced by gunpowder.

You see there is no *jeune femme adorée* — I am quoting word for word — and I shall not find in that direction a remedy against my *nervosité anormale* — once more a literal quotation — or against my gloomy ideas. A few delicious days at Harmannsdorf might perhaps cure me, and if I have not as yet replied to your arch-amiable and friendly call of hospitality, that comes from a multitude of reasons which I will explain to you by word of mouth.

Whatever happens, it is absolutely necessary that I should come *soon* to see you, for if not, who knows if I ever have this pleasure and consolation. Fate, alas! is unwilling to be converted into an insurance company; and yet we would offer her very tempting premiums.

I beg of you, assure your husband of my best sentiments; as for yourself, it is idle to reaffirm to you my affectionate and fraternal devotion.

A. Nobel

Paris, November 6, 1888.

On December, 10, 1889, my husband's oldest brother Karl died. As Nobel, during his last stay at Vienna, had become acquainted with Karl and his wife, I informed him of the bereavement. Nobel wrote:

Copenhagen, December 19, 1889

Dear Baroness and Friend:

On receipt of your brief note of the 10/12 I addressed to the Baronne Charles de Suttner the expression of my condolence. Will you be the intermediary of my lively sympathy for your husband and your relatives?

I also have sad news to announce. I am just here from Stockholm, where I have been to conduct to her last home my poor dear mother, who loved me as people do not love nowadays, when feverish life serves as a check on sentiment.

I press your two hands — the little hands of a dear, kind sister who wishes me well just as I wish her and hers well. A. Nobel

My appeal in the *Neue Freie Presse* of September 9, 1891, was partially reproduced in the Paris newspapers, and editorially commented on. Nobel wrote to me regarding this:

My dear Friend:

Delighted I am to see that your eloquent pleading against that horror of horrors — war — has found its way into the French Press. But I fear that out of French readers ninety-nine in a hundred are chauvinistically mad. The government here are almost in their senses; the people, on the contrary, are getting success- and vanity-drunken. A pleasant kind of intoxication, much less deleterious unless it leads to war, than spirits of wine or morphium.

And your pen — whither is it wandering now? After writing with the blood of martyrs of war, will it show us the prospect of a future fairy-land or the less utopian picture of the thinkers' common-wealth? My sympathies are in that direction, but my thoughts are mostly wandering towards another common-wealth, where silenced souls are misery-proof.

With kindest regards ever yours

Paris, September 14, 1891 A. Nobel

After the Austrian Peace Society had been founded and the Roman Congress was in prospect, I informed my friend about it and asked him for a contribution to the treasury of the Union; here is his reply

53 Avenue Malakoff, October 31, 1891

Dear Baroness and Friend:

I do not see very clearly what great expenses either the Peace League or the Peace Congress can have to bear. Nevertheless I am quite ready to make a pecuniary contribution to its work, and I hasten to send you for this object a check, inclosed herewith, for £80 sterling.

What you need to get, I think, is not the money but the programme.

Wishes alone do not assure peace. The like may be said of big dinners with big speeches. One ought to be able to present well-minded governments with an acceptable plan. To demand disarmament is almost to make one's self ridiculous without profiting any one. To demand the immediate establishment of a court of arbitration is to come into collision with a thousand prejudices and to make every ambitious man an obstructer. To succeed, one ought to be content with more modest beginnings, and do as they do in England with legislative projects whose success is dubious. In such cases they content themselves with passing a temporary law, limited in duration to two years or even to one year. I do not think there would be found many governments that would refuse to take into consideration such a modest proposition, provided it were supported by statesmen of note.

Would it be too much to ask, for example, that for one year the European governments should engage to refer to a tribunal formed for this purpose any difference arising between them; or if they should refuse to take this step, to defer every act of hostility until the expiration of the period stipulated?

This would be apparently little, but it is just by being content with little that one arrives at great results. A year is such a small period of time in the lives of nations, and the most blustering minister will tell himself that it is not worth while to break by force a convention of such short duration. And at the expiration of that period all the states will make haste to renew their peace compact for another year. Thus, without a shock and almost without realizing the fact, they will come to a period of prolonged peace.

Then only will it be of any use to think of proceeding little by little to that disarmament which all good men and almost all governments desire.

And suppose that in spite of everything a quarrel should break out between two governments, do you not think that nine times out of ten they would calm down during the obligatory armistice which they would have to respect?

Believe, dear Baroness, in my affectionate sentiments,

A. Nobel

XXXIV

IN BERLIN AND HAMBURG

My review · Invitation to Berlin · A. H. Fried and his plans · The reading · The Berlin *Tageblatt* on a letter from Frédéric Passy · A banquet · Voices from the Press · Evening at Spielhagen's · Dinner at Mosse's · The Empress Frederick · Professor W. Meyer does us the honors of "Urania" · Excursion to Hamburg · An evening tea with Hans Land, Dr. Löwenberg, Otto Ernst, and Detlev von Liliencron · A letter of Liliencron's

AS aforesaid: on January 1, 1892, began the publication of my review *Die Waffen nieder*, through the house of A. H. Fried, Berlin. The publisher helped me very zealously in the editing. Distinguished collaborators were represented in the very first numbers: Carneri, Friedrich Jodl, Ludwig Fulda, Björnson, Bonghi, Karl Henckell, Rosegger, Widman, Moritz Adler, and others sent me articles. I published the review for eight years, until the end of 1899. From that time forth its place was taken by the *Friedenswarte*, edited by A. H. Fried, which is still — in 1908 — being published, and to which I regularly contribute a running chronicle entitled *Randglossen zur Zeitgeschichte*, "Comments on the History of the Time."

But let us return to 1892. Through my participation in the Congress at Rome, through my editorial labors on the peace review, through correspondence with sympathizers in all parts of the world, through the

duties connected with the Vienna Union, I was now wholly absorbed in the movement. The next object of my desire — and in this also I was incited and supported by A. H. Fried — was to see a peace society established in Berlin likewise.

I received from the Berlin Press Society an invitation to give, on one of their literary nights in the following March, a public reading of some chapters from my novel *Die Waffen nieder* in behalf of the endowment fund of the Society. I accepted the invitation, and my husband and I started for Berlin full of anticipation. For I had learned by previous letters from A. H. Fried that a very special honor was in store for me, namely a banquet, whose committee of organization presented the following signatures: Dr. Baumbach, vice-president of the Reichstag; Dr. Barth, member of the Reichstag and editor of the *Nation;* Wilhelm Bölsche, author; Oskar Blumenthal, dramatic writer; Gustav Dahms, editor of the *Bazar;* Paul Dobert, editor of *Zur guten Stunde;* Karl Frenzel, writer; Dr. Max Hirsch, member of the Reichstag; Hans Land, author; A. H. Fried, publisher; L'Arronge, theatrical manager; Fritz Mauthner, author; Dr. Arthur Levysohn, editor in chief of the *Berliner Tageblatt;* O. Neumann-Hofer, editor of the *Magazin;* Paul Schlenther; Prinz Schönaich-Carolath, member of the Reichstag; Zobeltitz; Albert Traeger, member of the Reichstag; Julius Wolff; Baron von Wolzogen; and Friedrich Spielhagen.

It was A. H. Fried who had been the original promoter of this affair, and who had also succeeded in obtaining such brilliant names on the dinner committee. He was waiting for us at the railway station on our arrival, and this afforded me my first opportunity of becoming acquainted with the publisher and co-creator of my review. A young man of twenty-eight, all fire and flame for the cause of peace, full of zeal for organization. He began at once to unfold plans for using my presence toward realizing the establishment of a proposed union. There was already in existence a small Interparliamentary Group, and this must now be followed by a private peace society which might send its representatives to that year's Peace Congress at Bern.

The hall where my reading had been announced as to be given had been long sold out, so that many demands for seats had to be refused. The Empress Frederick had engaged a row of places, but the death and funeral obsequies of her brother-in-law the Grand Duke of Hesse called her away from Berlin at that time.

The evening of the reading was successful — that is to say, I was received with applause and was applauded at the end; but I read altogether too softly, as I afterward heard. That the public and the critics gave me such a favorable reception in spite of that, I attributed to their sympathy with the cause which I represented.

Frédéric Passy sent a letter to me at Berlin, in which he pleaded for our cause with his usual eloquence. I handed the letter over to the editors of the *Berliner*

Tageblatt, and it was published on the day after my reading with the following editorial comment:

Mr. Frédéric Passy, the president of the French Peace Society, a political economist whose high reputation is not confined to France, is a member of the Académie des Sciences and enjoys universal respect. If there were never any but such voices sounding over the Vosges from France, the cause of peace, of humanity, of the higher civilization, would soon have the victory. Let us hope that Mr. Passy's eloquent words will waken in his own country also the universal response which they so thoroughly deserve.

A glittering picture of the dinner has remained in my memory. In the richly flower-decked banqueting-hall stood a table laid for two hundred and fifty guests. There was a preliminary gathering in side parlors, and there I made the acquaintance of a great number of literary colleagues of both sexes, and also found again many whom we had met seven years earlier at the Authors' Convention; there were also parliamentarians, publicists, and other notabilities of Berlin. About ten o'clock Friedrich Spielhagen escorted me to the table, at which he presided. He it was, too, who pronounced the oration of the evening. After he had ended, my right-hand neighbor, Dr. Barth of the Reichstag, spoke. And now I had to express my thanks. A stenographer took down my maiden after-dinner speech, and I found it the next morning in the newspapers:

It is in joyful exhilaration that I express to you, Meister Spielhagen, and to you, Herr Dr. Barth, and to all the company who have done me the honor of gathering here, my deep-felt thanks. To be so acclaimed and by such persons — for those who entertain me are

certainly among the foremost in the literary and political world here — must indeed fill any one's heart with pride.

Indeed, if one feels, as I do, that this lavish homage so far exceeds the desert of her to whom it is offered, then must the wish be aroused to protest against it and to cry out: It is too much — take back the praise, take back the expression of such kindly sympathy! You fill me with happiness, but you fill me also with mortification.

Yet I can gather from your addresses that the reason why the honor conferred upon me so far exceeds the value of my performances and my person is that it does not really concern them, but the principles which I endeavor to serve. They are the same principles to which you, highly-honored artists, representatives of the people, and publicists, devote your work and your works — the enfranchisement, ennoblement, and fraternization of civilized mankind. Those minstrels and legislators and journalists who pay homage to war and stir up national differences have assuredly remained absent from this banquet.

I trust that an echo from this festival so indescribably beautiful to me will make its way to all our fellow-citizens. By this I mean all, whatever nation they belong to, who strive for righteousness. All on this side or that side of the Rhine, this side or that side of the ocean, this side or that side of every other boundary of country or class — I could wish that these fellow-citizens of ours might learn how in the circle of the most intellectual men of the capital of the German Empire a simple woman, hitherto unknown to them, has been so brilliantly honored, merely on account of the will which she has manifested in the cause of peace. In giving me your approval for a book bearing the title "Away with Weapons," in sanctioning my endeavor which took me to the Peace Congress at the Capitol, you coin that title into a watchword and recognize that endeavor as a legitimate ideal of civilization.

Thus understood, ladies and gentlemen, I joyfully accept all that you have said to me; thus understood, no enthusiasm is too impetuous for me, no love too warm, none of those who entertain me too high in rank and repute. With joy I take from your hands the roses and the wreaths, and — merely as an intermediary — lay them at the

feet of the genius in whose name you have summoned me here. In this sense I am ready to drain my glass in the heartiest thanks to you who are present, and in brotherly greeting to the absent friends of peace in all nations, in the name of the whole table!

Albert Traeger spoke after me, and then, as a special surprise, the great tragedian Emanuel Reicher was called upon and read to us a translation of Maupassant's short story *La Mère Sauvage.*

In the account given in the *Berliner Tageblatt,* from the pen of the editor in chief, it said:

It cannot be sufficiently reiterated that this festival has powerfully contributed to strengthen all who have at heart the blessings of international peace in their endeavor diligently to cultivate the humanitarian and civilizing might of the peace idea, without reference to the unfavorableness of the times and the tendencies of the day. Thus, then, the festival that was planned in honor of a single person may be considered as a link in the chain of phenomena by means of which the enlightened spirits of the century are seeking to build up the higher (*kulturellen*) interests of humanity.

Nevertheless, I must note that several Berlin newspapers spoke disparagingly of my appearance there in particular and of my aims in general, for the most part making reference to the so-often-cited saying of Moltke, "Perpetual peace is a dream and not even a beautiful one!" But even the antagonistic voices refrained from abuse and ridicule. That would not have been the case twenty or perhaps even ten years before. Then the whole matter would have been half laughed to death, half scolded to death, — or wholly smothered to death by silence.

We stayed in Berlin for a number of days, and these days were crowded with participation in conferences, talks, and plans for the establishment of a German Peace Society in Berlin. Yet nothing definitive resulted. Dr. M. Hirsch and Baumbach were in favor; Rickert disapproved.

Friedrich Spielhagen gave us a delightful reception at his house one evening before my reading took place. About forty persons were present. At the table I sat between the host and Albert Traeger. There I became acquainted with Ossip Schubin, Wolzogen, Stettenheim, Dahms, Wolff. A Prinz Reuss, an officer, asks for an introduction, and says in a modest way, — of course it was meant ironically, —

"I ought to be ashamed of being in uniform in your presence."

I could not think of anything to say; later, on the stairs, some very appropriate answers occurred to me.

I also remember a Lucullus dinner which the proprietor of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, Rudolf Mosse, and his wife gave us in their splendid new *palais*. Frau Mosse, who was engaged in all sorts of philanthropic undertakings, often had the opportunity of talking with the Empress Frederick. She knew that the Empress would have been glad to hear me. The Empress had now returned from the funeral of the Grand Duke of Hesse, and on the next day Frau Mosse was to meet her at some kind of a function. She intended to ask her if she wished me to be presented to her. This

would have been a great pleasure for me, because I cherished a deep respect for the widow of Frederick "the Noble." But the following day I received a note from Frau Mosse stating that her plan had fallen through; her Majesty thought best to forego the pleasure — "from motives of prudence."

Professor Wilhelm Meyer also invited us to inspect his "Urania," and he did us the honors of all the sections, explaining the whole series of wonders in his poetically clear manner. "Those are the churches of the future," I wrote in my diary at that time.

From Berlin we made an excursion to Hamburg. Hans Land accompanied us. My diary mentions drives among marvelously beautiful country establishments; a trip on the Elbe to Blankenese; meals in the famous Restaurant Pfordte; a performance of *Der Vogelhändler* in St. Paul's Theater; and an evening tea at our rooms in the hotel. This made a vivid impression in my memory, for we had a very interesting little circle and the conversation was highly stimulating. Our guests, besides Hans Land and his sister and brother-in-law, were Dr. Löwenberg, Otto Ernst, and Detlev von Liliencron. Otto Ernst was not as yet the celebrated dramatist, but a simple school-teacher; yet he had with his *Offenes Visier* written himself on our hearts. Detlev von Liliencron was already at the height of his celebrity — the king of German lyric poets at that time. Certainly no pacifist; on the contrary, a strenuous, mettlesome advocate of war — but

none the less admired by me. I welcomed the chance of making his acquaintance. His conversational talent was brilliant. I had corresponded with him some years before, expressing my admiration and sending him some of my husband's writings. I insert his reply here:

Kellinghusen (Holstein), April 27, 1889

Gracious Baroness:

How gracious and kind of you — hearty thanks! Twice already I have been eager to write to you; first after reading *Es Löwos*, which I find so incomparable, and then after reading the *Inventarium einer Seele*. I did not do so especially because I thought you would not care to pile up still more correspondence. Now I have the privilege of offering you my sincerest thanks for both, — and how touching, heart-quickening and lovely is *Es Löwos!*

You, most gracious Baroness, and your husband are fighting together with us, the little band that there is of us, against the absolute bogging, the absolute collapse, of our literature. We who are living shall have no laurels, — scorn and ridicule are too strong, — but we have smoothed the way for our successors.

I have already heard so much about you from my friend Hermann Friedrichs, whom I honor so highly — if only he were not so gloomy. In political matters — I am very conservative, and am growing more so every day if possible — Friedrichs and I are antipodes. But in other respects we have many views in common.

You must be in the midst of springtime in your beautiful Lower Austria; in my cloudy and ever-damp home and in the loneliness in which I am compelled to live like a deaf-mute, scarcely a leaf is on its way.

I beg you most humbly to remember me most cordially to your husband. *Daredjan*[1] — wonderful.

I am the most gracious Baroness's most obedient

Baron Detlev Liliencron
Captain retired

[1] The title of A. G. v. Suttner's first novel with scene laid in the Caucasus.

Well, between the date of that letter and our meeting in Hamburg three years had passed, during which the most gracious Baroness had chosen "Away with weapons" as a watchword, which probably went against the grain of the most obedient and conservative Captain retired. None the less we got along together all right.

From Hamburg we went home by way of Berlin again, but stopped there only from one train to another. During this delay we conferred once more with Dr. M. Hirsch, who promised that he would do his best to establish a Berlin Peace Union.

I have not yet told of one encounter which took place in those Berlin days. Because it was the one that made the deepest and most lasting impression on me, because it remained interwoven with my further thought and activity, I have reserved speaking of it to the end.

On the forenoon of the eighteenth of March — it was the day after my reading — we made the acquaintance of a man with whom we had already had intellectual relations for a long time, — Moritz von Egidy. I would remind the reader of his letter of November, 1891, which I quoted among the other documents addressed to me on the occasion of the Congress at Rome. Now I was to see face to face the man who had offered to join with me in "putting his hand to the latch of the gate that admits us to the age of completion."

One forenoon during our stay in Berlin — I had just written to Egidy to ask when we might see him — his card was handed to us. He came in, and — but of this man, this creature of light who was snatched away all too soon from the world of his day, I will not speak incidentally, but devote a special chapter to him.

XXXV

MORITZ VON EGIDY

His confession of faith · Further development · Candidacy for the Reichstag · From his address to the electors · On the fear of revolution · Idealists in act · My first meeting with Egidy · Visit at his home · Consistency of preaching and practice · A letter from Egidy

Von Halbheit halte den Pfad rein,
Der ganze Mann setzt ganze Tat ein,
Und wahre Ehre muss ohne Naht sein.

Ernst Ziel

Keep thy path from halfness free;
Whoso is whole, whole deeds plies he;
Genuine honor must seamless be.

WHEN the report went through the papers that a lieutenant colonel of the Prussian army had written a pamphlet entitled "Serious Thoughts," in which he renounced the teachings of the Church, and that as a result of this he had been obliged to send in his resignation, it was regarded as a spicy bit of news. People sent for the pamphlet expecting to find in it the views of an enemy of religion; and behold, they were the thoughts, the serious and quickened thoughts, of one of the most religious and Christian men that could be found; but one who, like unnumbered multitudes of his contemporaries, did not regard the dogmas and formulas of official orthodoxy as true and binding — who, however, in contradistinction to the

contemporaries that pass over this discord, considered it incompatible with his human dignity and his religious nature to pretend to a belief which he did not cherish.

His demand was that the Church should cease to impose articles of faith that are in contradiction with the conscience of the time, and that instead of the narrow sects a broad, great, united Christianity should embrace all those who feel the need of a consecrated life, and who carry in their hearts faith in God, and the Christian ideal.

Honest, solid, frank, glowing with inward warmth, was every word of the booklet; and even one who occupied a quite different standpoint—that is to say, one who had not reached the author's degree of doubt or who had got far beyond it—could not but feel the one desire to shake that man's hand.

That it is not compatible with the position of an active officer to utter thoughts that are not merely "serious" but revolutionary, since they assail an established institution sanctioned by the State, was doubtless clear to the penalized lieutenant-colonel himself; and he accepted his discharge without resentment, as a matter of course. And where he had posted himself he kept his stand, with head erect.

To be of use to the men of his time, to make a way out of untenable contradictions for them, to free the sacredness of genuine inward religion from external fetters of falsehood, was what had constrained him to write. And he felt himself doubly bound to continue

the work that he had begun after a multitude had flocked to him waiting for his further leading.

The sentence above, "Where he had posted himself he kept his stand," is in reality inaccurate, for Egidy went on from this place step by step in the same direction — that is, along the upward path of knowledge — with the same resolute gait, and where he stood a few years later he had immeasurably widened his field of view, and consequently his field of influence also. Although he remained true to himself, or rather by remaining true to himself, he had become almost another man since his first appearance with his "Serious Thoughts"; he had gone on thinking with the same seriousness, gone on willing with increasing power, and the domain which he surveyed at the end of his career, the ideal toward which he was then striving, went as far beyond his first announcement as that went beyond the narrow dogmatic track which he had originally renounced. And yet he did not for a moment need to disavow the basis of his endeavor; the watchword that he followed was from first to last "Religion no longer beside our life, our life itself religion!" Only his religion was then no longer "Mere Christianity," but the push toward goodness, inner consecration; the striving for knowledge, for development. "Love is power" was another of Egidy's maxims. He had begun with the demand for a change in the religious sphere, because there first he felt the discrepancy between old canons and new needs of the spirit; but gradually his demands

had extended to the bettering of all — especially social and political — conditions.

He had put himself at the service of his convictions with a strength of character that was matched only by his strength for work. He went on lecture tours, published a weekly entitled *Die Versöhnung* ("Reconciliation"), gave an answer to every one who in person or by letter came to meet him either as a seeker for advice or as an opponent; he took a stand publicly with regard to all problems and events of the day, and when election time came he announced himself a candidate for the Reichstag.

But the election went against him. One who subscribes to no party programme does not get the voters, for they too have been drilled into partisan politics.

Here are a few passages which I have extracted from his appeal to the electors, premising only that this man was never an opportunist, that he forever scorned to say A and insinuate B, or to show gray in order to attain white. Certainly this method is unpolitical according to prevalent customs, and apparently Egidy's attempt to enter political life was wrecked on that reef. The worship of party and special interests in which our life is swamped comports but ill with a series of declarations in which the first sentence ran, "I belong to no party and to no group of interests," and where a little further on it says:

The question does not concern the advantage of a group or class, or the principles of a party; the question is to serve the community

— without any limitation of the concept. He who cannot take into his heart and brain the concept community (*Gemeinsamkeit*) in all its completeness and elevation, is no such representative of the people as the times require.

The goal which Egidy saw before him was,

for every individual an intellectual independence limited by nothing, and an existence secured against all material oppression, for these are the conditions of inner freedom. There is no such thing as a welfare outside of freedom, at least for any one who feels himself a man. Until all are free, none is free. The ruling portion of the people is just as little free as the ruled. The continual fear of losing the rule paralyzes the sense of welfare — makes unfree.

We need conditions which shall make it possible for every one of the people to lead a life worthy of humanity. We are a people no longer under guardians, and we shall get ourselves these conditions. The way to this end: a peaceable transformation of our circumstances, from the present as starting-point, with the unselfish coöperation of all. No *tabula rasa*, not a "future society" to begin day after to-morrow; but a resolution of the people, clearly expressed in some form or other, that from now on other fundamental conceptions sway our institutions and consequently our existence. The change of conditions takes place in proportion to the progressive development in ourselves.

We all, without exception, are in a process of development. The transition to a new view of the world, which has long been on the way, is to take place during the next few years in the soul of the people. Whoever hampers this development commits a crime against the ordinances of God. Only when rationality and natural sensibility rule the thought of the majority, can we dare think of actual upbuilding. All enterprises undertaken in the meantime are only barracks which will be crushed by the spirit of the new time as it will soon appear with elemental power.

Again, as to his attitude toward the military bills that were pending at the time of his candidacy, Egidy expresses himself in such fashion as no legislator in

our country has yet ventured on. He binds himself neither to Yes nor to No. He reserves the right to examine each situation as it comes:

Should the duty of the representative of the people be understood as many would have it, he would not need to enter the hall, but might send in on paper the written Yes or No with which his electors have stamped him for each individual question. Just because I believe so fearlessly in the victory of good in the world as a whole, just because I believe rock-firmly in peace, I must also conscientiously hear the others. If the representative comes to-day to a decision that binds him, then he relinquishes the right to approach the champions of the measure with questions, desires, proposals, and discussions. What more intelligence does any one need who is tagged beforehand?

On the other hand, a candidate for election must carry with him serious reflections regarding this as well as every question. My reflections are as follows: I am persuaded that we are not on the immediate verge of a war; nor is a war between civilized nations any longer thinkable. We are on the verge of peace. A war of battles is a phenomenon which the consciousness of civilized nations has got beyond. "Peace" does not mean "no more struggle"; "peace" means only "no more war." That we ourselves do not desire war and have no use for it, we affirm on every occasion; our neighbors assert the same. Either we have confidence in these assertions, and then nothing hinders us from accordingly realizing peace, — to-day we are only living in an armistice, — or we do not have confidence in these assertions, and then we must forthwith get a certainty of how we stand with our neighbors. The present status is unworthy of a dignified nation. "The quietest man cannot live in peace if it does not suit his malignant neighbor" — but the proof that the neighbor is malignant is lacking; the proof that it does not suit the neighbor is lacking; and, above all, the proof is lacking that from the moment when we should pave the way for peace it would not suit the neighbor; quite apart from the fact that we have no right to designate ourselves as quietest men. As yet nothing has been done to convince our neighbors by our actions that we love peace. Only after attempts directed

toward this end have shown a negative result will it be permissible to say that our neighbor is thinking of war. But in that case the sooner we strike the better. So I shall first ask for the proof of the factors of danger which the champions of these measures may allege, and shall, as occasion may demand, suggest and support measures which shall practically demonstrate to our neighbors that love for peace which we have always professed. *Si vis pacem, para pacem.* One party must begin; he is free to begin who is most sensibly conscious of his strength; he is bound to begin who can say with the best conscience: "Not from fear of war do I put aside my weapons, but from love for peace." The manliness of the nation should assuredly not be lost; but for its exercise the handiwork of war is no longer necessary, nor for its preservation the battlefield.

It was a time when in the German Empire the combating of the so-called revolutionary parties was part of the order of the day. Egidy took a stand with regard to this question also, and gave his discussion of it a particularly interesting turn; for his conception of "religion, order, propriety," — three ideas which he assuredly held in the highest esteem, — differed fundamentally from the popular conception which demands a clinging fast to all the established. He who fights under the banner of Evolution does not want to "revolutionize" the established, but to "transform" it. I let Egidy speak for himself:

I do not see any revolution (*Umsturz*, "upset") threatening, anyhow; at least I do not feel threatened so long as I still have the confidence, which hitherto remains unshaken, that we shall wake to reason at the right time. To begin with, there is no need of thinking of such a thing as an upset, but only of the breakdown, the collapse, of an antiquated view of the world. Things can come to an upset, i.e. a topsy-turvy state, a reign of terror, only if the representatives of the

hitherto-existing order, in melancholy blindness or from outright selfish motives, contumaciously oppose the collapse of antiquated notions, set themselves against the breakdown of untenable social formations. That they can prevent the collapse is of course a thing not to be thought of, no more than any one may imagine that he occasioned this breakdown.

Egidy's style acquires a distinct individuality from its conciseness and perspicuity of expression, which are the consequences of the absolute honesty and straightforwardness of his thought. Never, for the sake of a fine-sounding phrase or a rhetorical effect, will a superfluous word or a periphrasis be found in it; but the heartfelt quality of the thought does now and then create for itself new words and new compoundings which unintentionally become stylistic beauties:

The community is a living organism, in which injuries can be cured only from within outward, only by a new, pure, warm heart-blood. No sentimentality, no full-toned din of words. The will to resolve. The doing, also, by each in his own way. We want to be practical idealists, idealists in realization, idealists in act.[1]

We were entertaining callers when Lieutenant Colonel von Egidy was announced: our ambassador Count Szechenyi, and Ossip Schubin the famous Austrian novelist, who had moved from Bohemia to

[1] The new lexical formations which this quotation professes to exemplify will be best seen in the original: *Keine Empfindelei, kein klingendes Wortgetöse. Sich-entschließen-wollen. Jeder in seiner Weise auch tun. Wir wollen praktische, wollen Verwirklichungs-, wollen Tatidealisten sein.* The translator finds himself unable to reproduce these compounds in English without losing their quality as "stylistic beauties"; for he does not recognise the language of recent newspaper headlines as English until he shall hear the same sort of language in conversation, or read it in letters, or at least see it in the newspapers themselves elsewhere than in headlines.

Berlin awhile previously with her sister the painter. A pretty, vivacious, elegant lady. A new novel of hers had just been published, adding yet more to her already well-established reputation as a notable delineator of Austrian high life. When Egidy came in Count Szechenyi took his departure, but Ossip Schubin remained awhile longer. Joyously we went forward to greet our caller and shake hands with him. After a long correspondence a first meeting is the meeting after an absence.

Egidy, although rather short in stature, had a very martial appearance; his bearing, his voice, his accent, were altogether those of a Prussian officer of hussars. But the rigorous face with its thick mustache was lighted up by a pair of smiling, gleaming blue eyes.

The presence of the strange lady kept the conversation in conventional channels at first; there was no talk about the things that were close to our hearts. The lieutenant colonel and the authoress had ten minutes of very lively converse. Then Ossip Schubin took leave of us. Later it came out that neither of them had ever heard of the other. Evidently Egidy was not interested in fiction and Ossip Schubin cared still less for political addresses.

Then, as soon as we were alone, we broached the subject of the efforts in which we were respectively engaged. I had not then heard any of Egidy's public speeches, but even in his conversation words flowed warmly and eloquently from his lips. He was

so completely penetrated with his ideas, his plans, his hopes, that he uttered what he was full of. Such an utterance were his speeches also, as I afterward discovered; only in them he spoke with an exceptionally loud, clear, and deliberate utterance, and was often carried to heights of eloquence by his inward fire. In the drawing-room, of course, he spoke gently and more simply, but still with ever logical fullness of thought, always consistent with himself. We now let him know our ideas and aims also. The peace cause Egidy had not yet included in his programme, although theoretically he agreed with us.

The next day we visited him in his home. A beautiful, harmonious family circle. A congenial wife — born Princess of something, I have forgotten the name — and ten children. To be sure, not all ten were at home. The oldest son was serving in the navy; one daughter was studying in Sweden; but at any rate there was a fine bunch of Egidy children present, and all seemed to worship their father. One of the daughters acted as his secretary. Charming hours those were which we spent in the plainly furnished home in eager speech and reply, in which the wife and the older children took part, about the loftiest aims of human struggle and labor,— reconciliation, peace, consecration of life. "We are pulling on different ropes," said Egidy to us, "but it is the same bell."

Later, when on the occasion of his candidacy I wrote to him how desirable it was that such servants of the

community, such thinkers who stood above narrow party interests, should be members of the popular assembly, and how different everything would then at once be, he wrote back to me:

Everything will not be different at once, but gradually — of course; but the tempo decides. "Gradually" everybody says; the point is whether it is slow step by numbers — One — back again — One — back again — Twooooo (you surely know something of the drill-ground?) or, of course, rather livelier, try even a bit of quick step for aught I care — no need that it be a double quick with *tambours battants*. And it is coming. It has to come. What phases we may still have to pass through I would not say, in view of the latest phenomena in our public life. As yet I still do not believe in a bloody settlement. The incoming of the new view of the world will come about, not without tears and outcries, but still as a natural process, as a birth.

You speak of my working power. Well, yes, I have working power and creative impulse, and how I yearn to be able to bring both "immediately" into service. Inwardly I am so well prepared and equipped that at a second's notice I could take up my duties. I am sure of myself. If one chooses to speak at all of a value which I may be supposed to represent (as your words do in such a wonderfully pretty way), this value can only be seen in the future. Many have already spoken and written, but if they were put before the "doing" they gave out; they made miserable compromises with shallow unchangeableness and other wretched notions. Honesty, concord, the bringing into concord of preaching and practice, is what the business means for me. And in this matter I will not yield a hair's breadth from my apprehension of the truth.

On our return from Hamburg, where we had gone after my Berlin address, we stopped in Berlin (as has already been mentioned) for only an hour at the railway station. Thereupon Egidy wrote me the following letter, which also I will put on record here because it

shows so very clearly how Egidy conceived of his busy work and of a possible coöperation with me:

Berlin, N. W., Spenerstrasse 18, May 11, 1892

Highly honored Lady:

You passed through Berlin and we knew nothing about it, when we had been taking so much pleasure in the anticipation and planning everything so as to enjoy, if possible, a few more hours of interchange of thought with you and Herr von Suttner.

For in truth I had my heart very much set on it. I would gladly have anchored our acquaintance on a ground that might be fruitful for the community. We must act (operate) on one set of principles. Guerrilla warfare of individuals, or even of groups, must be superseded by a systematic action of all under one controlling idea, with each one conscious of the object to be attained. The heads of all columns must now appear on the battlefield; those who always do nothing but talk of religion, Christianity, and the Church, without being honest men or thinking of their brothers, — those we leave to march in circuit around the battlefield as they have been doing in the past. Our idea is the conquest, not merely the combating, of the old view of the world; the new appears to me under the name "Christianity," to you under the name "Humanity." That ought not to separate us, however, but should make the one complement the other. Perhaps, too, with the meaning which I give to the concept "Christianity," "Humanity brought closer to the Godhead," you may be able to accept the word. For the success of our endeavors, and *that* is the only point that concerns us, the word "Christian" is indispensable. Yes, the circles that you already have will be content with the word "Man"; but millions will not accept it.

We must take Christianity *seriously* — that is the sentence which I lately cried out to the literary world when I had invited them to meet in the Chamber of Deputies. In speech and writing, in our own lives, wherever we come forward, we must verify the Christian consciousness, must "*live love.*" I was understood without doubt — but faith is lacking; faith in the possibility of a realization of my endeavors. And that is fearfully sad!

Others again, who share the faith with me, cannot conceive the realization with retention of the external forms, as I strive for it; often, therefore, they scarcely believe in the audacity and intrepidity of my will. The sort of spiritualization of the established (altar and throne), or "idealization," is to them unthinkable, and just as unthinkable to them is it that in my concrete demands on the future I go beyond them all. None of all these dream of anything *so* radical as the changes I want to make, because in many cases, it must be admitted, they lack the clear conscience: they want to "destroy" — much at any rate — while I would only build up.

I recently had an intensely serious interview with two teachers. One of them wanted to compile the views of the most prominent champions of the development of mankind relative to the schools: the anonymous author of *Maschinenzeitalter* — I helped him over the anonymity to begin with (could do so the more freely because on the day before that splendid booklet *Wilhelm II., Romantiker oder Sozialist* had come into my hands, on the cover of which Frau v. S. is named as the author of that work). It was highly interesting to hear and to see how the two developed the fact that, and the reasons why, they had believed, not believed, believed again, and ultimately not believed, this or that. The other observations of these (still rather young) men were also very noteworthy, their zeal for the development of mankind downright magnificent. And of such there are thousands — only the faith is lacking, and for that we ourselves are to blame, if we do not work unitedly and so become to those who are striving and willing, demanding and yearning, a real *safeguard* for their hopes.

Therefore, Frau von Suttner, place your efforts also under the banner of a pure religiousness, true and genuine;[1] only so can you *uphold them before every one* as justified. Those who care nothing for the word "Religion" will not ostracize your efforts because of a word; and those to whom religion is everything will recognize your efforts for very religion's sake. But religion in a sense which excludes any limitation of belief, any Churchism and any Judaism, all sectarianism, and the like.

[1] The longing for higher development, and the faith in it, *is* religiousness. — B. S.

I had my heart too much set on saying these additional words, highly honored lady; I may take it, since the acquaintance we have formed, that you have a friend's comprehension of the unreservedness of my discussion. We are dealing here with something too high for phrase-making. Above all, I beg you to see in the fact that I have written you thus at all a proof of pure and genuine esteem — else had I remained silent. And this honest and convinced esteem I feel (together with all my family) in no less a degree for your husband, whom I respectfully salute. My wife and daughter desire me to express to both of you their warmest greetings and respects. Your visit remains for us all a valued memory.

Sincerely yours

M. von Egidy

I should not be at a loss to characterize the whole man Egidy in one word. Just as there are, for example, men of steel and iron, so hard and keen; men of gold, so good and true; men of wax, so soft and plastic; so is Egidy, in his transparent luster, a man of crystal.

XXXVI

VARIOUS OPINIONS

Letters from Alphonse Daudet, Paul Heyse, the Bishop of Durham, Ruggero Bonghi, and Count Kamarofski

AFTER our return from Berlin we gave ourselves up once again to our literary and propagandist labors. We exerted ourselves to find out what distinguished contemporaries thought of our purposes, and to utilize their approval if we got it. So it was that I gained the authoritative approval of Björnson and Fulda and Edmondo de Amicis and Émile Zola and many others. But we also encountered opposition and doubt, though only rarely. My husband, who during our stay in Paris had won Alphonse Daudet's sympathies, now wrote to him about the founding of the Peace Society and about the Congress in Rome, and asked him if he would help in the cause. Here is the answer:

My dear Colleague,

War is odious and your work is fine. So I am with you against war; but do you really believe that we can do anything in behalf of peace except wave our arms and utter sounds? To me war is a thing fated, and the *apple* side of my nature — mankind is divided into pears and apples, idealists and others — the terrible apple side of me, then, takes from me all hope of success in the campaign which I am ready to undertake with you.

Remember me to Madame Suttner, and believe me wholly

Yours, Alphonse Daudet

And to me a famous German poet wrote:

Honored Baroness:

Is there need of an express assurance of my warmest approbation of the ends and aims of the Peace League? And yet, as I am convinced that mankind, ruled as they are more by passions and instincts than by reason and love, will approach these ends only by the civilizing labors of centuries if they ever do at all, it goes against my grain to express in solemn protests, from which I am unable to hope for any practical result, pious wishes which for a nobler humane minority are self-evident. As long as European civilization is still threatened by a half-Asiatic barbarism which will never submit to an arbitrator's decision but will yield only to force, I regard the *Ceterum censeo* of such congresses even as a danger, like everything else by which our readiness for defense, indispensable in the interest of the world's peace, is impaired.

With sincere respect

Yours very devotedly

Paul Heyse

Munich, October 31, 1891

I append a few other letters from that time:

Auckland Castle Bishop Auckland

July 12, 1892

Dear Madam:[1]

Englishmen cannot but hail with the fullest, heartiest sympathy the work which you have taken in hand, as well as the success that has attended it. The promotion of the business of peace in the nearest future depends in large measure on the mood of the German race, and on this you have already made a deep impression.

As far as I am personally concerned, I have faith enough — may I say, I have confidence enough in the power of the Christian

[1] The letter of the Bishop of Durham is given by the Baroness in German, without any such note as she appends to the next letter. Presumably, then, the Bishop himself translated his English thoughts into German when he wrote. But even on this assumption the present version has substantially the character of a retranslation, and retranslations must be largely conjectural. — TRANSLATOR.

faith? — to expect that if once the magnanimity of opposing nations is awakened, which is quite within the range of possibility, there will also be found a way to obviate the persistent causes of mutual irritation. Then the natural institutions of peace will suffice to furnish the nations with that powerful discipline, consisting in self-denial, which at present has to be maintained by perpetual readiness for war.

Would it be going too far to express the hope that even our generation may yet live to see France, Germany, Russia, fenced in as it were by a neutral girdle, enabled to improve their resources without being obliged to anticipate untoward events, and to perform their functions in the service of man — at the same time forwarding the kingdom of God on earth.

May a rich blessing attend your efforts!

With the sincerest feelings of respect, dear Madam, I am

Yours truly

B. F. Dunelm.[1]

I had kept up a correspondence with the chairman of the Congress at Rome, Minister Ruggero Bonghi. Here is one of his letters (the original in Italian):

Anagni, July 9, 1892

Dear Friend:

Since you permit me to call you "friend," I will no longer give you any other name, for there is none tenderer. And the consciousness that I am speaking to a friend sweetens writing for me, makes it almost seem pleasanter to me than wandering about the fields to breathe in the fresh breezes which blow here on the heights of the Apennines in these early morning hours — here where I now, as Petrarch says, "dwell serious and sad" (*doglioso e grave or seggio*), and where in days gone by so much martial rage was let loose, while to-day such deep peace and quiet reign. Here in this ancient Anagni whose origin is lost in gray antiquity, which took the highest place in a people that had been subjected by Rome, and which was once the home of haughty popes who from their dwelling-place there ruled the world — here, I say, I indulge in considerations about the

[1] That is, Brooke Foss Westcott. — TRANSLATOR.

fortunes of my country, about the difficult remedies for its ailments; and withal, in my orphanage I watch the little girls grow up. And I instruct them so that when they have grown big, and return to their families, they may have an influence upon them to make them better and may turn the future into a more friendly channel. . . .

It almost seems to me, dear friend, that I am thus doing a work perhaps more useful — though it may be insignificant — than the work of very many who carry their chatter into the assemblies, and their passions and infatuations into the privy council. And when I think of you I rise to that ideal of unity and peace which lives in your spirit and your heart, and which bears witness to nobility of soul in those who can grasp it and love it, — while despising it, deriding it, and denying it, attests the opposite.

What has war accomplished here? It has laid waste these landscapes, and often in the course of the centuries scattered the inhabitants so that even the traces of their habitations have disappeared. Often, also, in the course of the centuries, Anagni and the Secco valley above which it lies have risen; and as often it has been again reduced by the power of arms and the ambition of the great. And now the valley is unhealthy; one can scarcely get safety from its miasmas up here, about five hundred meters above the level of the sea.

I have an idea, and I am almost afraid to express it, my dear lady. It is this: I believe that Rome, by which the first conquest of these territories was effected, also brought the first misfortune upon them. Either the whole history of the first centuries of Rome is false, or else the peoples which first fell under the Roman yoke were previously happier and more numerous and lived on healthier and more fruitful lands and in more widely spread residences than after that. What benefit has war realized here or anywhere else?

If in the deeds to which it constrains men not all is evil, and if many a virtue shines out in connection with them, this is because man, savage and — I feel like saying — bestial as he may become, still never wholly ceases to be human, and in some way mitigates the harm which his own work inflicts. If war has done anything good in any respect, this has been done, one may say, in its own despite and contrary to its intent. Even if many instincts impel man to war, how

much nobler are those that repel him from it! How august sounds the voice that would restrain him from it, in comparison to the angry shout that eggs it on! To-day I read the maxim of old Lao-Tse: "If two armies of equal strength are pitted against each other, the victory belongs to that one whose leader was the more merciful."

That is — unfortunately — not correct. But it is one of those human illusions that are more valuable than a truth, because they prove that man feels ruth at the use of arms, that his conscience is not easy even when he is compelled to use them, and that he seeks the basis for victory in some virtue, in some feeling that might absolve him. We promoters of peace, who work for it with glowing zeal, have in the last analysis no other object than this, — that man shall become *wholly human*.

And, as I am in the habit of ultimately ending my letters to my friends, I make an end of this one. Have a little affection for your

Bonghi

After my trip to Berlin I received from Bonghi the following lines, this time written in French:

Rome, April 26, 1892

I follow you and applaud you. You have everything that is necessary for the beneficent and intelligent part that you are playing. You have had the courage to go and plant our banner in Berlin, in the very fortress of our enemies.

Write me, dear Baroness, as often as you can; you will be doing me a very great favor. A thousand greetings to your husband.

Yours altogether

R. Bonghi

From the famous Russian folklorist and professor in Moscow University, Count Kamarofski, I had received an article for my review and the following letter:

Moscow, May 18/30, 1892

Highly honored Lady:

Accept my thanks for your letter and the pamphlets accompanying it. You are right: you are no stranger to me since I have learned to

esteem you from your beautiful story, *Die Waffen nieder*. I am sending you herewith my lecture which I delivered in behalf of the famine-stricken, and give you permission to make such extracts from it as you may see fit. As for an original article for your review, I will get one ready as soon as I find the opportunity.

In Russia people defend the tremendous military preparations as necessary on account of the Triple Alliance, and especially of Germany; thus every one talks of his merely defensive designs, and attributes to his neighbor the most threatening plans. Surely a melancholy sign of the times!

In view of this, all friends of peace are called upon to act on public opinion, and through it on the governments, as much as possible; and certainly the chief part in this noble effort belongs to women, for they are most able to influence education and morals.

I am yours, etc.

Graf L. Kamarowsky

XXXVII

THE BERN SESSIONS

Journey to Switzerland · Poem by Count Hoyos · Letter from Prince Camillo Starhemberg · Opening of the Congress · First impulse to arbitration treaties, from America · League of European states · Social life of the Congressists · Arturo de Marcoartu · Alfred Nobel complies with my invitation · On the Lake of Lucerne · A parable by Ruchonnet · Protest against distorted reports · A lively debate · Arrival of the Interparliamentarians · The Conference · A prophetic toast

IN August, 1892, we proceeded to Bern, where the fourth World's Peace Congress and the fourth Interparliamentary Conference were invited to meet. It was our first journey to Switzerland — for us both an intense delight. The name Switzerland awakens in the mind a whole mass of mountain poetry and ideals of freedom: glaciers and Rütli oath, cow bells and Tell's arrow. To go with this, a highly modern international hotel life. The plainest and most democratic country in Europe, and withal the meeting-place of the traveling aristocrats and plutocrats of the Old and New Worlds.

The way to Bern took us to the Lake of Zurich. My Own reveled in the spectacle of this magnificence of nature. Curious — when my mind reverts to the journeys which I took with my husband, it is only

through the medium of the pleasure which *he* found in them that I recall all the beauties of art and nature which we enjoyed. Now I myself am also susceptible to such enjoyments; but when I was with him I felt only the reflex of his feelings.

We put up at the Berner Hof. On our first arrival, although it was late in the evening, we met many of our friends of the Rome Congress, — Frédéric Passy, Ducommun, the Moscheles pair, Hodgson Pratt, Pandolfi, Émile Arnaud, and many others. The next morning a new, joyous surprise: the glass door of our room opened out on a great terrace, and from here the gaze swept over the hotel garden, over the city, and over the horizon of snow-glittering peaks of the surrounding mountains.

"It is beautiful here, my Löwos!"

"Yes, My Own, beautiful; and we will have our breakfast here on the terrace."

So the luminous pictures flash, so fresh breezes of happiness blow over from the past into my gray, lonely present, as I look back upon the journeys which we two took together, when we carried with us everywhere, into the most serious days filled with work and political problems and into the different imposing surroundings, our modest, sunshiny bit of home. On that first morning in the capital of the Swiss Confederation the mail brought me various letters, — from Count Hoyos a poem dedicated "to the Peace Council at Bern," and entitled

NEVER THROW DOWN YOUR WEAPONS

Wenn blinder Haß die Krallen regt

When blindfold Hatred's claws are shown
And Falsehood's wings come dark behind,
Stand to your arms, and lay not down
The weapons of the Mind!

The war of nations, demon strange,
Before the truth shall shrieking flee;
Man's genius good shall fearless range
After the victory.

Pour from your sword-blade floods of light,
Be love the sign upon your shield;
These arms by their o'erwhelming might
Shall make the tempter yield.

From the Liberal member of the Herrenhaus, Fürst Camillo Starhemberg, whom I had requested and half persuaded to come to the Interparliamentary Conference at Bern, I received the following communication, interesting from many points of view:

Schloss Hubertendorf, Nied.-Oest.
August 21, 1892

Honored Baroness:

The quite abnormal heat that has been prevalent for some time has so affected my nerves and made me so unwell that I shall hardly be able to carry out my intention of taking part in the Conference at Bern.

I will not yet definitively decline, but I hardly believe that I can get to Bern. I have no desire to act as a dumb listener and looker-on, and for taking a part in word and deed I do not, to speak frankly, feel myself either in the mood or well enough.

At the request of Baron Pirquet I have, during the recent sessions, put questions to various members of the Herrenhaus, and sounded

them as to whether they would not be pleased to take part in the deliberations of the Conference, and, anyhow, to express their sympathy with our endeavors by letting their names appear on the list of those who are working for peace in the world.

Unfortunately, the least that I got was a courteous declination; in most cases it was an ironical answer, of course always in such polite terms as admitted of no decided protest. I had also the opportunity of speaking with a personage of exalted position about the idea of peace in general, but everywhere I found expressed more or less the idea that the German lady betrothed to a German officer, on page nine of the Festival Number of *Die Waffen nieder*, develops:[1] Sooner sacrifice millions, sooner bring upon men limitless misery, sooner ruin states financially, decimate the population, plunge families in want, mourning, and the deepest distress, than be unfaithful to traditional ideas; every thought of a peace movement of that kind is actually interpreted as if there must be cowardice back of it.

I cannot say that these utterances which I have recently heard enhance my hopes of *a speedy success*, but none the less I harbor the conviction that sometime the idea will make its way, and that at least the civilized nations of Europe will acknowledge allegiance to the principle of arbitration and will bring their controversies to a decision in that way.

I had not very long ago an extremely interesting letter from a Pole who is very warm on the peace question and sends me all sorts of peace journals and bits of news, but will not agree to peace, to the idea of a *permanent* peace anyway, till Poland is an independent kingdom and free both from Russia and from Austria — and he himself admits that of course this could not be attained until after a bloody war and strife. And this is the way with a good many adherents of the peace idea: first they want to see their own object attained, they

[1] An article by Björnson, in which he relates this anecdote: "A German lady betrothed to a German officer was making a journey through Norway. Certain persons were talking with her about the war that might soon break out over Alsace-Lorraine, and some one said it would be best if Alsace-Lorraine could dispose of itself in accordance with its own will. At this the German lady replied, 'Rather than that, two million soldiers, my fiancé among them, should lie dead on the battlefield!'"

shrink from no difficulties, no deluge of blood, and only when they have gained their own ends are they willing to make peace. The fact is, to accept subordination, to submit, is what individual men cannot do, much less peoples and nations; and just as we stand for the idea of peace and are carrying on a propaganda for it — of course only with very slight progress against the existing hostility to it — so others are fanning the hatred and discord of the nations, are egging on the nations to senseless national hatred, and use this to serve their own foul purposes, to attain their own despicable ends.

Most heartily wishing the best success to you at Bern, highly honored Baroness, and promising that in thought and feeling I shall be one at this so honorable assemblage which is striving for the ennobling of humanity, I sign myself with the assurance of my fullest respect and devotion,

Your sincerely admiring and appreciative
Starhemberg

I had also written to Alfred Nobel asking him to come to Bern and attend the deliberations of the Congress, but had received no answer to this.

— So after the festive breakfast on our terrace we went with tense anticipation to the opening of the Congress. The great hall of the Bundesrat was filled to the last seat. The galleries were crowded as densely as on days when an especially interesting parliamentary session is expected.

Louis Ruchonnet, who the year before had been President of the Swiss Republic, was to be chairman. In the hall we met several more friends. Professor Wilhelm Löwenthal of Paris was among them. After Ruchonnet's inaugural address a representative from each of the different nations made remarks; and that brought the first formal session to a close. The

deliberations did not begin till the second session, which took place in the afternoon in the hall of the Museum.

In the course of years I have attended more than a dozen peace congresses and conferences, the protocols of which I possess in as many volumes. I cannot propose to insert in these recollections of my life the speeches, resolutions, and festivities which this small library chronicles. I shall reproduce only what especially impressed itself on my mind, what was a part of my experience so to speak, and thereby afford to such of my readers as here seek a historical sketch of the movement with which my name and activities are associated a glance at its development. It is always interesting to follow the line along which certain phenomena of contemporary history move — now swiftly, now slowly, now standing still or even backing, to go forward again with all the greater rapidity; it is noteworthy, too, how many an after-phase is prophetically adumbrated, how projects come up and are dropped and afterward come up again as something entirely new; how that which is at first a matter of contention gradually becomes a matter of course, and how apparently insurmountable obstacles, which one does not even try to remove, are later found to have simply vanished away.

In Berlin no peace society had as yet been formed, so Germany was not represented by any one from its capital, but by Dr. Adolf Richter from Württemberg. From the United States Dr. Trueblood, president of

the Boston Peace Society (founded in 1816), was there. Ducommun was in the chair at the second session, and made a report on the establishment of the permanent International Bureau, the honorary secretary of which this splendid man continued to be until his death in 1906.

Hodgson Pratt brought an interesting piece of information: the President of the United States had sent to all governments a letter announcing the resolution of the United States Senate and House of Representatives expressing the wish to have permanent arbitration treaties concluded with all other nations. Hodgson Pratt added to this communication the proposal that we should work in every country to have this letter answered by the respective governments. So that was the beginning — suggested by America, supported by England — of "permanent arbitration treaties."

There was debated, and adopted, a motion proposed by E. T. Moneta, S. J. Capper, and the Baroness Suttner, with the title, "A Confederation of European States."

Oh, that Capper! What a half comical but wholly pleasing figure of a congressman! The white beard of a prophet and a tall white hat. A vibrant voice that uttered itself by preference in French but with the most exaggerated English accent; enthusiasm and fire, and at the same time solid common sense.

But to return to the motion, "A Confederation of European States." At that time the idea had not yet begun to be understood at all; it was generally

confounded with "United States," after the pattern of North America, and proscribed for Europe. So thoroughly proscribed that a Swiss paper called *Les États-Unis d'Europe* was forbidden to be brought into Austria.

The Capper-Moneta-Suttner motion read:

Whereas both the injury caused by armed peace and the danger that is ever threatening the whole of Europe from a possible great war have their basis in the condition of lawlessness in which the different states of Europe stand toward one another;

Whereas a confederation of European states, which would be desirable also in the interest of the commercial relations of all countries, would do away with this condition of lawlessness and create permanent legal relations in Europe;

And finally, whereas such a confederation would in no wise impair the independence of the individual nations as regards their internal affairs, and therefore as regards their forms of government:

The Congress invites the European peace societies and their adherents to exert themselves, as the highest aim of their propaganda, for the formation of a confederation of states on the basis of the solidarity of their interests. It moreover invites all the societies in the world, especially at the time of political elections, to draw attention to the necessity of a permanent congress of nations, to which every international question should be submitted, so that every conflict may be settled by law and not by force.

The members of the Congress — at least the greater part — were together the whole day long, for most of them lodged in the same hotel and took their meals there at a great common table between the sessions. There they went on conferring during luncheon and dinner. Especially at the after-dinner coffee, which was taken in a covered veranda adjoining the dining-room,

groups of friends were formed and indulged in unconstrained conversation.

One afternoon a large circle of us was gathered in this veranda to hold a mock trial. At table a little controversy had arisen between the Marchese Pandolfi of Rome and Senator Arturo de Marcoartu of Madrid. Now, in jest, a court of justice was appointed; the two contending parties had to submit their cases, each of them chose an advocate, and the judge was to give his decision. I no longer remember what it was all about; I only know that it was very amusing. One of the advocates — it was Gaston Moch, a former French artillery officer — proved to be very witty, and the two opponents likewise put the whole tribunal in the merriest of moods by their repartee.

Arturo de Marcoartu was the only Spaniard who attended the Peace Congress; I believe the Spanish Interparliamentary Group and the Spanish Peace Society consisted of himself and no one else, — at least he was the only active member. He spoke a good deal and was very long-winded, and he was not a popular speaker because he had a very indistinct enunciation and he was all the time repeating himself; but when his speeches were read they were found to contain notable ideas. He had been working for years with the greatest zeal to help spread the idea of universal peace. Even before the first London Conference he had tried in Vienna to win to the cause a number of prominent politicians and aristocrats, and

had found appreciation and assistance in Fürst Joseph Colloredo, a very liberal-minded man. The beginning of an activity had ensued, but this first stream was soon lost in the sand. I shall by and by introduce a letter from Marcoartu, containing many interesting discussions and observations which have been justified by events. As long as he lived Marcoartu never was missing at a Peace Congress or an Interparliamentary Conference; since his death, Spain has been unrepresented at the Congresses.

To return to that afternoon in the veranda: my husband, who was employed as Pandolfi's advocate, was in the act of delivering a humorous plea, when a waiter came to me where I sat at one side, said that a gentleman in the drawing-room wished to speak to me, and handed me the man's card, — Alfred Nobel. Joyfully surprised, I hastened to the drawing-room, where my friend came to meet me.

"You called me," he said; "here I am. But incognito, so to speak. I do not want to take part in the Congress or make any acquaintances, only to hear something specific about the matter. Tell me what has been done so far."

We remained absorbed in a long conversation. Alfred Nobel displayed much skepticism, yet he seemed anxious to see his doubts dispelled. He left Bern that same evening, but he made my husband and me promise to come and visit him for two days at Zurich after the Congress was adjourned.

Among the festivities which were arranged for the benefit of the Congressists was an excursion to the Lake of Lucerne. It was a grand trip. We had a collation at Lucerne. Of course toasts were made; but all after dinner eloquence evaporates with the froth of the champagne. Nevertheless, something that Ruchonnet said — not in a speech but in conversation with his vis-à-vis — made a great impression on me, and I copied it into my diary. Some one had spoken of the objection that is often heard made by the opposing party that it would be an impossibility, a misfortune, to reduce the armies — it would be simply unthinkable from the standpoint of civilization and political economy. Then Ruchonnet made this comparison: If to-day, by some misfortune, the sun should be darkened, then men would use every effort to provide artificial light and artificial heat; new industries and new professions would come into existence; and then, if after a few generations people should come along with the proposition to abolish the sun's eclipse, there would be a general outcry, "That would be a calamity, an impossibility — what would become of the heat factories, of the numberless light-makers?"

On the day after the excursion to Lucerne the deliberations were resumed. First of all, A. G. von Suttner took the floor to protest against the false, distorted reports of a certain correspondent. The person inculpated had done nothing less than to send the newspapers a telegram in which the opening assembly was

pictured as a turbulent scene among people who were stirring up war in their own camp. The speaker read aloud the distorted reports in question, which had furthermore given the foreign press material for sarcastic comments, and called on the chair to send an official denial to the newspapers; and this was done. It proved later that the correspondent was an avowed opponent, who had declared to a colleague that he was not willing that the movement should take root in Switzerland.

There did come a somewhat lively scene in the course of the Congress, however, when the Polish member of the Austrian Parliament made a speech in which he demanded the restoration of Poland as an independent kingdom. Ducommun, who was in the chair at that session, as well as several other speakers, notably Frédéric Passy, laid down the law to the Polish patriot, who would not accept the partition of his fatherland, declaring that the Congress could not possibly occupy itself with the revision of Polish history. The justice of the future is to be made ready for; the individual injustices of history cannot now be rectified, for all the divisions of the land as at present constituted are based on the ground of force; new laws, new ordinances — and they must be worked for — have no retroactive power.

Now the Parliamentarians too took their turn in Bern. Their Conference was to be opened after the close of our Congress, on the twenty-ninth of August.

There we again met many old acquaintances: Dr. Baumbach and Dr. Hirsch from Berlin; Frédéric Bajer from Denmark; Philip Stanhope, brother of the Minister of War, Cremer, Dr. Clark, from England; and many others. We also learned to know many new faces: from Norway the president of the Storthing, Ullman, was present, and Honduras and San Salvador were this time represented by Minister Plenipotentiary Marquis de Castello Foglia. Altogether thirteen nations were represented. The sessions were held in the Federal Palace. The rest of us — nonparliamentarians — were allowed to be present in the galleries. The Conference was received by the director of the Department of the Exterior, Bundesrat Droz. Of the transactions I note the following:

The French Senator Trarieux and the Englishman Stanhope took up the American overture in regard to arbitration treaties and proposed the establishment of an international tribunal. Pandolfi pleaded for "a permanent International Conference." Marcoartu demanded the neutralization of isthmuses and straits. Baumbach, vice president of the German Reichstag, — even then the German politicians were showing themselves very reserved toward the idea of peace, — spoke in behalf of the protection of private property at sea in times of war. The debate on this topic became rather excited. The Frenchman Pourquery de Boisserin explained in fiery words that a Peace Conference could not, on principle, take under advisement any

eventualities of war — and there he was right, a hundred times right!

The other standpoints, however, — "that we cannot be satisfied with pious wishes; we cannot as yet proclaim permanent peace, so we must content ourselves with what is attainable, and every factor that works toward the humanizing of war, the diminution of its horrors, is itself a mighty step toward better things," — these standpoints won the day, and the Baumbach motion was passed.

Even at luncheon — I sat between Baumbach and Pourquery — the controversy was kept up. And it has lasted till to-day. There are still those who want to guide the work of peace along the course of mitigating and regulating the phenomena of war, in order to demonstrate thereby that they are too practical to strive for the "impossible," and in order to postpone to misty future times the attack on the real enemy, "war," for which they show especial regard and respect; and in contradistinction to these there are those who assert that if the goal lies in the south one ought not to pave the way toward the north.

During the session of the Conference the Parliamentarians were given a festival at Interlaken. On that occasion Schenk, who afterward became President of the Confederation, offered a toast containing a prophecy for which even the speaker himself probably did not foresee so speedy a fulfillment.

"I am glad," said he, "to see the representatives of

parliaments here assembled to deliberate about peace and arbitration; still more glad should I be on the day when the official commissioners of the governments should assemble for the like purpose — and that day will come."

That day arrived only seven years later, when twenty-seven governments sent their official representatives to The Hague for that same purpose.

XXXVIII

VISIT TO ALFRED NOBEL

Arrival at Zurich · Nobel begins to take an interest in the peace movement, and joins us · Trips on the lake · A glimpse into his views of life · His first project for an act in furtherance of the cause of peace

WE left Bern a few days before the close of the Conference in order to accept the invitation of Alfred Nobel, who was staying at Zurich. Our host had put at our disposal in the Hotel Bauer *au lac*, where he himself lodged, a suite of rooms that the Empress Elisabeth had vacated the day before after a short visit. I found still lying on the toilet table a pale faded rose . . .

Alfred Nobel came to meet us at the railway station and conducted us to the drawing-room prepared for us, and there, a half hour later, he joined us at dinner. He had us tell him all about the meetings of the Bern Congress. He also gave us his name as a member of the Austrian Peace Society, with a contribution of two thousand francs. He had sent a like sum through me to the Congress committee at Rome the year before.

"What you are handing me, — and I thank you for it," — I said, "comes from amiability rather than from conviction. A few days ago in Bern you expressed your doubts regarding the cause . . ."

"Regarding the cause and its justice — no, I have no doubts about that, but only as regards the question whether it can be realized; nor do I yet know how your Unions and Congresses propose to take hold of the work . . ."

"Then if you knew that the work was being well taken hold of would you take a hand and help?"

"Yes, I would. Inform me, convince me, — and then I will do something great for the movement."

I replied that I could not then, *entre la poire et le fromage*, explain the whole matter, expel deeply-rooted doubts, and evoke firm conviction; but I would from that time forth keep him posted, send him regularly my review and other publications appertaining to the matter, and would endeavor to give him not only "information" but enthusiasm.

"All right, try for that — I like nothing so much as to be able to feel enthusiasm, a capacity which my experiences in life, and my fellow-men, have greatly weakened."

Nobel owned a tiny aluminium motor boat, in which we took delightful trips around the lake in his company; the silvery craft darted swiftly over the waters without rocking. We sat leaning back in comfortable deck chairs covered with soft plaids, let the magic panorama of the lake shores pass before our eyes, and talked about a thousand things between heaven and earth. Nobel and I even agreed that we would write a book together, a polemic against everything that

keeps the world in wretchedness and stupidity. Nobel was very strongly inclined to Socialism in his views: thus, he said it was improper for rich men to leave their property to their relatives; he regarded great inheritances as a misfortune, for they have a paralyzing effect. Great accumulations of property should go back to the community and common purposes; the children of the rich should inherit only so much that they could be well educated and kept from want, but little enough so that they should be stimulated to work, and through this to renewed enrichment of the world.

The days in Zurich went swiftly. Trips on the lake, excursions to places within and without the city, during which I admired the opulence of the villas that fringe the city, which all look more like castles.

"Yes, the silkworms have spun all that," said Nobel.

"Perhaps dynamite factories are even more profitable than silk mills," I remarked, "and less innocent."

"Perhaps my factories will put an end to war even sooner than your Congresses; on the day when two army corps may mutually annihilate each other in a second, probably all civilized nations will recoil with horror and disband their troops."

It was his belief that scientific progress and technical discoveries are destined to regenerate mankind. "Every new discovery," he wrote me once, "modifies the human brain and makes the new generation capable of receiving new ideas." From a letter of Alfred Nobel's which was not addressed to me, but came

under my eyes, I copied the following passage; it gives a glimpse into his philosophy of life:

To spread the light is to spread prosperity (I mean general prosperity, not individual wealth), and with prosperity will disappear the greatest part of the evils that are the inheritance of dark ages.

The conquests of scientific investigation, and its ever-widening field, awaken in us the hope that the microbes — the soul's as well as the body's — will gradually disappear, and the only war which mankind will wage will be the war against these microbes. Then Bacon's splendid phrase that there are deserts in time will be applicable only to times that lie far back in the past.

On our departure I had to reiterate my promise to keep Alfred Nobel regularly informed about the progress of the peace movement; and from that time forth, though (alas!) I never saw him again, I corresponded with him indefatigably in regard to the cause of peace. As a testimony of how quickly and eagerly he became interested in its behalf I include here a letter which he wrote me a few months after our meeting in Switzerland:

Paris, January 7, 1893

Dear Friend:

May the new year prove prosperous to you and to the noble campaign which you are carrying on with so much power against human ignorance and ferocity.

I should like to dispose of a part of my fortune by founding a prize to be granted every five years — say six times, for if in thirty years they have not succeeded in reforming the present system they will infallibly relapse into barbarism.

The prize would be awarded to him or her who had caused Europe to make the longest strides toward ideas of general pacification.

I am not speaking to you of disarmament, which can be achieved only very slowly; I am not even speaking to you of obligatory

arbitration between nations. But this result ought to be reached soon — and it can be attained — to wit, that all states shall with solidarity agree to turn against the first aggressor. Then wars will become impossible. And the result would be to force even the most quarrelsome state to have recourse to a tribunal or else remain tranquil. If the Triple Alliance, instead of comprising only three states, should enlist all states, the peace of the centuries would be assured.

XXXIX

ESTABLISHMENT OF THE GERMAN PEACE SOCIETY IN BERLIN

WHEN we came home from Bern much work was waiting for us. The editing of the review, the duties of the presidency in our two Unions, and at the same time uninterrupted literary activity,— all this gave us much to do. My correspondence had greatly increased. It was my ardent wish that a peace society should be established also in Berlin. During my visit there the matter had indeed been broached, but had not come to anything. Now once more I began correspondence with prominent persons in Berlin in order to take further steps in this matter. Even at the beginning of the year I had written letters with this object in view, and now I resumed these connections with redoubled zeal.

Passages from my own letters give some precise basal facts about the course of events connected with the founding of that society. I will put down these passages. The material lying before me consists of the letters that I wrote in those years to my publisher, A. H. Fried, who zealously coöperated with me in this matter — who indeed had really given the first impulse to it. He preserved all my letters, and has, at my

request, put at my service the package containing those of 1892, from which there clearly appear, authentically and in chronological sequence, certain data which I should otherwise have forgotten long since, relating to that enterprise which lay so close to my heart.

January 2, 1892

There is really as yet no German peace society. Virchow was persuaded originally, but has since then relapsed into silence. Max Hirsch, member of the Reichstag, now wants to found one. Dr. Barth, the editor of the *Nation*, is also on our side. In Frankfurt there is also a Union, I believe.

January 14, 1892

Your question about Dalberg is justified too, for such a party politician as Hirsch would not be the right man at the head of the movement. I am just at work getting into communication with others in Berlin.

January 29, 1892

It is almost certain that there is now going to be a peace society in Germany. Hirsch wrote me to-day that the sixty deputies of the peace bureau of the Reichsrat[1] will doubtless effect the formation of a society, and that I shall find it already in existence when I reach Berlin. That would doubtless mean a growth for our paper.

March 1, 1892

Laying of the corner stone during my visit — that would be splendid! I would see to communicating a great declaration of sympathy from the French Parliament on that occasion. If only a revolution does not break out in your beautiful Berlin between now and then, and the Lord God of Dannewitz throw in a bomb[2] . . .

[1] The Baroness inserts "*sic!*" probably with reference to the wording of her own letter rather than of Hirsch's. — TRANSLATOR.

[2] Upper and Lower Dannowitz are in Moravia, fifty miles or so north of Vienna. Grimm says that to speak of the Lord God of one or another town is a popular German form of asseveration, probably originating from the former presence of a miracle-working image of Christ in the place named. — TRANSLATOR.

March 9, 1892

Gustav Freytag would doubtless be the right man as to his standing, but, I believe, not as to his opinions.

April 4, 1892

Dr. Hirsch has written me that the question [as to the establishment of a society] cannot come to discussion in the assembly mentioned; but that I must not be troubled. Well, for a time I will not be troubled, and then I shall go to writing letters and articles until a German peace society is formed. We *must* have it. Karpeles ought to talk with Hirsch. To get signatures, a provisory committee must first be made up, which then signs under the reservation that they will *not* have to be active afterwards. That is the way I did in Vienna. Then the big fish remain only as honorary presidents. That suffices perfectly.

April 9, 1892

To-day I wrote a long letter to Karpeles to push the Berlin peace society; if you have the opportunity, look up Karpeles and talk with him about the matter. If only Du Bois-Reymond would lend us his name! A German society must be called into existence before Bern.

Bern, August 31, 1892

Because of the society forming here you need not discontinue your labors there. Just go ahead gathering names, please. It will ultimately centralize itself in Berlin all the same.

September 5, 1892

Yes, the Berlin movement will halt — that I understand [because of the worthless partisan reports about the Bern Congress]; but between now and the next Congress societies must be formed and they will be.

September 10, 1892

The Grelling news is very good. I can now see that the society in Berlin will be formed. I will write to Grelling.

Karpeles is quite right in his unwillingness to serve; the thing to do is for him to coöperate, to get people into the committee, but not to sign. As things stand, the initiative must not have too many Jews back of it, else it will be immediately classified; no more than it could afford to be, say, too strongly Social Democrat. The Austrian comic papers are caricaturing me as the leader of a troop of Polish Jews as it is.

I will name several other people who will be helpful to the German society. The time for founding the society is the most propitious conceivable on account of the impending military bills. In order that the mammoth petition which our Bureau has drafted may get signatures in Germany as well as elsewhere, societies must also exist there. The manifestation may become just as imposing as that against the school laws, — even more imposing! since it is to spring up simultaneously all over Europe.

September 1, 1892

Here are two more letters of adhesion to the Berlin peace society. Hirsch's is indeed good news.

October 24, 1892

— No, nothing can be done with the party men who will not do anything but go with Rickert and the opponents of the Peace Union there; especially if they take the view that the military bill — that splendid occasion for a mammoth protest — is a *hindrance*. Nor do we need the Radicals; they constitute the Peace-Conference group anyhow — others will surely join. Only there must be one to appear as chairman.

October 27, 1892

I will try to induce Hoyos, Starhemberg, or the Duke of Oldenburg to come to the Berlin assembly, or at least to write. Wrede will write — he cannot take the journey. Am looking forward to a bulletin with keen anticipation. Südekum must write me fully and frequently.

October 28, 1892

Dr. Förster will not be willing, I think. Also too much worried. Bothmer, perhaps — I am writing to him and others. I do not know whether his means will permit. So you need titles, you Democrats? — Don't see the need of it. He who was born in Bethlehem had no title either, and his Union is still flourishing.

November 1, 1892

It seems things have got into a scrape. Well, it will go through; it cannot get wholly to sleep again now. . . . The notice of an incipient society — how am I to do that? Without names, without details. . . . I have often announced that one was going to be formed, — before my Berlin trip and before Bern, — and nothing ever came of it. People

will not believe my word any longer. Possibly the inclosed? If you agree, send it to the printer. Anyhow, such a notice can be made at the last moment, and you who are on the spot will know best what there is that can be said.

November 1, 1892

What our Südekum — he is one of us — writes me causes me to doubt whether the peace society that we need is going to be formed. In the inclosed I have set down a few thoughts relating to that. Herewith I send also a letter to Hetzel. Please see that it reaches him. I wrote to Oldenburg yesterday, also to Hoyos. But of course all these suppose that it is to be a Union after the pattern of the Austrian one. If, however, it is the forming of a new political party, so be it; but outside of the great Union which women and teachers may join. Our head center is at present the Bern Bureau. That is the rendezvous of nonpolitical Unions. The politicians meet in the Interparliamentary Conference; and even they must have the tact not to trot out the *status quo*, else the French members instantly leave the hall, and what is the good? In the same way the French must keep quiet about their hopes of recovering their lost provinces through the future arbitration tribunal or future congresses of governments, else the Germans would have to leave. There will be time to get an agreement on these matters when, through the power of public opinion, the governments shall be compelled — with a view to the assurance of peace — to adjust such questions. Adieu! it is to be hoped that the majority of the preliminary committee will vote for the formation of a nonpolitical Union. And it is to be hoped that then Dr. Schlief will not deprive us of his energies.

November 4, 1892

Received your two letters to-day simultaneously. Am highly delighted about Förster, Spielhagen, etc. Well, I will not exult until I know definitely how the session of Thursday resulted, since it is still possible that an agreement was not reached. But then I shall scream with delight. Oldenburg has been predisposed through me. A request to join the committee will then have more of a chance to succeed if coming from Förster and Spielhagen. Especially Spielhagen, because Oldenburg is literary too and must therefore be taken hold of on the

fellow-craftsman side. The incendiary letter desired I will write to the Excellency mentioned.[1] Next thing you will be putting me into correspondence with Death. . . . Am eager for the next news; but should not be surprised, and *not discouraged*, if the thing did not get into running order at once.

November 5, 1892

My dear Fried:

I have not in a long time experienced a greater joy than that which your dispatch afforded me! That is splendid. What we owe to you in this matter is incalculable; if you had not kept tirelessly at work, nothing would have been effected, — at least not for a long time.

Fifteen founders! Of these Förster and Spielhagen alone would be sufficiently influential. If Levysohn is also of the number, then the *Berliner Tageblatt* will do much for its reception among publicists, and Mosse, we may hope, for the pecuniary side. Wrede's dispatch went off without my having anything to do with it, else I should not have permitted my name to be put in the foreground. Well, of course the main thing will be the greetings for the first great public meeting; and I will be trying to induce Krafft-Ebing, Starhemberg, Oldenburg, etc., to be on hand. Then will the Germans and Austrians be working "shoulder to shoulder," but not in the old teeth-showing style.

You must now endeavor to have our review the "official organ" of the German society. The secretary would then have to send a short report each month. If in the other cities of Germany still other societies should arise, so much the better for the movement.

November 7, 1892

Through a blunder my letter to Roggenbach only went off to-day, so that it will not be in his hands before Wednesday. Passy wrote me to-day a delighted card about the *bonne nouvelle* from Berlin, — as if I were not aware of it! Your letter came too late, because it was addressed to the Chamber of Deputies. His address is Frédéric Passy, de l'Institut, Neuilly, near Paris.

It is too bad that Schlief stays out; but the Union could not be political. If on the outside there is formed a political party devoted

[1] Minister von Roggenbach.

wholly to the interests of peace, that would be fine, of course. It is good that the A.-L.[1] question is passed over in silence; but it must be real silence, not saying in the appeal that we say nothing of it because we do not recognize it; that would render the international relations of the new society more difficult. The solution must be, "We do not say where the right lies in the pending conflicts; we only desire that a system of law and a tribunal should be created in which those who are competent and *in authority* (as we are not) should settle the conflicts without violence."

November 9, 1892

Grelling's words in the first meeting give me great pleasure. Let Schlief just form his political party outside; all the better.

November 13, 1892

Virchow's sympathy is valuable. I would propose to make use of this sympathy in this way, — to add to the appeal something like the following:

"Prevented by professional obligations in other departments from taking an active part in the management of our society, but penetrated with perfect sympathy for our aims, the following persons have permitted us to use their names in this appeal and so to make known their agreement with what is here said:

"Virchow. Schönaich-Carolath. Etc."

The page proofs of this appeal must be sent to such of the persons concerned as we wish to draw in further. To-morrow I will let you have a sketch; to-day no time.

If so be that the appeal is already made, I hope it is as brief as possible. That avoids contradiction. It does not need to make converts before it can do its work. Only sympathizers come in, anyhow; and they are — God be praised — numerous.

November 14, 1892

Here is that sketch. Perhaps the gentlemen will find in it something to start from. I think perhaps what is good in it may be the fact that it contains a programme which marks out the line for further

[1] In the German "E.-L.," of course. — TRANSLATOR.

activity and eliminates that which a peace union cannot do; that is to say, *itself* founding peace, removing the political causes of war.

Here is also a second sketch for notices in the papers — will be easier to find room for than the big appeal. Oh, this overloading with work! One is caught in the wheels of so many machines that one scarcely knows where one is. *You* are in it too now. It is lucky, anyhow, that Südekum can help. The unpleasantnesses and difficulties in the birth and infancy of the Union — oh, I know them too; the only thing that helps one over them is a look toward the loftiness of the goal. With hearty hand-clasp to the brave comrade in arms, etc.

November 16, 1892

From Roggenbach I received the inclosed letter, which I beg that I may have back after a few days. I send it because it contains so much that is important, and what it contains is so useful for the formation and the programme of the new society, that it is well for you and the comrades to read it. The point is — this grows clearer and clearer — neither to deny nor to affirm the *status quo;* simply to leave it unmentioned. Only in this way can Frenchmen and Germans work in common for our end.

November 21, 1892

In your letter received to-day I am startled by "Förster is not willing." Had he not already given his adhesion? Have we not published the news a little too soon? To-day I have written twelve pages again to Roggenbach.

November 29, 1892

I am very much delighted at the organization of the Committee. If a session took place, please get this intelligence into No. 12. . . . Unfortunately, Oldenburg will not come forward. He declares he has never wanted to go before the public politically, and as a colonel still less can he do so in the peace movement. But perhaps I may accomplish something yet. On the seventh of December he is coming to the General Assembly; on the eighth we dine with him and his wife at Castle Erlaa; perhaps at dessert he can be brought to something.

December 3, 1892

The remissness of Förster and G[isitzky] I can very easily explain to myself; they are with their whole soul "Ethics,"[1] and in that case one cannot take charge of any second undertaking. The position of president might well remain temporarily vacant. The main thing is the secretary. Besides him, all the great names as "Honorary Presidents."

December 5, 1892

Here is the letter desired. Write address and name on it. Perhaps in the meantime K. [Professor Kohler] has already declined or you have another in mind.

December 5, 1892

That was right unfriendly of Spielhagen. In the very lines in which he declined [the presidency] he might have included a manifesto. The *heart* must be in it. Well, — and thank God, — ours is!

December 16, 1892

As to the election of a president, I think once more that if worst comes to worst the position can remain vacant and two vice presidents can be chosen. The main thing would be an energetic secretary. To *drop* the matter is no longer admissible. They are rejoicing over it too warmly in Bern; besides, it has already been announced everywhere by the autograph correspondence of the Bureau. Hodgson Pratt is in raptures. So stick tight and hold out. If they do not at once get a clear idea of what they are about, no matter; the important thing is, to be; the rest takes care of itself.

December 21, 1892

How my heart throbs at it! [That is, at the meeting of the German Peace Society set for the twenty-first of December.] How I rejoiced over your *Habemus Papam!* Yes, that *is* a Christmas deed!

Thus the long-desired formation of the Society had become an accomplished fact!

[1] The main thing in Professor Wilhelm Förster's life in 1892 was the founding of the German Society for Ethical Culture. — TRANSLATOR.